THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728 by Benjamin Franklin

Volume 199, Number 15

OCT. 9, 1926

5cts.

Donn Byrne — William J. Neidig — F. Britten Austin — Corley McDarment
Hendrik W. Van Loon — R. G. Kirk — Elsie Singmaster — George Pattullo

Does YOUR grocer carry these DEL MONTE *varieties?*

Of course you know DEL MONTE Apricots, Peaches, Berries, Cherries, Pears, Pineapple, Spinach and Asparagus! Quality foods—every one of them. But there are many other varieties, equally tempting and convenient. A few are illustrated here. Does your grocer carry them? If not, why not ask him to keep a supply on hand—as he is always anxious to please you. Or fill out the coupon below. We will try to have him put them in stock.

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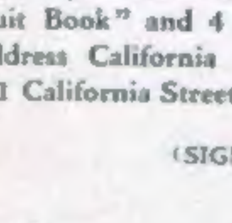

If you like red pimientos—and who does not—you'll certainly appreciate the quality of DEL MONTE. Grown from selected seed. Distinguished for their thick, tender flesh, rich color and mild, sweet flavor.

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Pickles, in cans, the modern, sanitary way to buy them! Always uniformly crisp, tender, fine in texture and flavor. Many varieties, too—Dills, Sour Gherkins, Sour Mixed, Sweet Gherkins, Sweet Mixed, Sweet Midgets, etc.

DEL MONTE Red Sockeye Salmon is that rich, red salmon you like so well—caught right from the cold northern waters of Alaska. Noted for its richness, its firm yet tender flesh, fine texture and unsurpassed flavor.

—and here's the new way to buy prunes—packed dry in cans by special vacuum process. Always fresh and clean. Right from the can, a healthful confection for children. Or cooked in half the usual time.

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The "smack" of a good meal! DEL MONTE Chili Sauce has all the keen, natural relish of fully-ripe tomatoes and carefully selected spices—blended according to our own treasured recipe. A condiment you are proud to serve

And finally, rich-red, tender beets—sweet and crisp. A delightful hot vegetable—a quick, colorful salad.

Would you like to have these products in stock at your grocer's? Use this coupon

(Cut along this line)

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(SIGN YOUR NAME HERE)

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DE LUXE PLUMS		CRUSHED PINEAPPLE	
TOMATOES		PEAS	
ASPARAGUS TIPS		TOMATO SAUCE	
PICKLES		SALMON	
DRI-PAK PRUNES		SLICED PEACHES	
CHILI SAUCE		BEETS	

(Cut along this line)

MY REGULAR GROCER'S NAME IS

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STREET _____

CITY & STATE _____

I ALSO TRADE WITH

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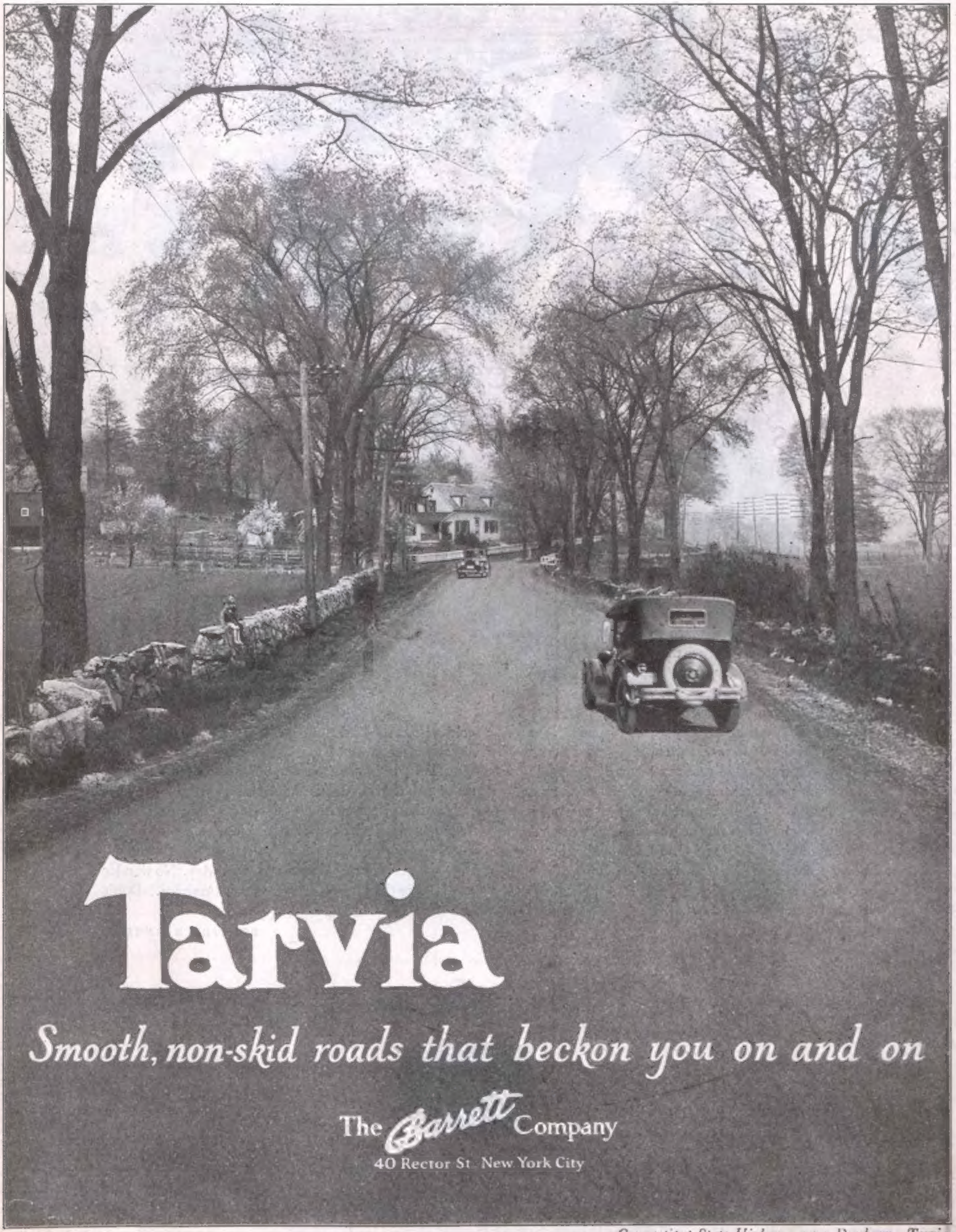

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ACTUAL VISITS TO P & G HOMES
No. 6

When two-year-old Bunny keeps up with the "regular fellows"

NINE children! We counted them. One on a velocipede, two in a wagon and the rest on active little feet, swarming around a pleasant house in a Boston suburb one bright morning not so long ago.

"Surely this is a good place to inquire about laundry soap," we thought. "Mothers always know more about washing than anyone else."

*Mrs. Martin smiled a young, cheerful smile when we told her why we had called. "Mercy, only three of these are *my* children," she said, "that two-year-old in rompers and those two boys."

"But three children make a great deal of washing," she went on. "I think I must have tried nearly every soap on the market to find one that saved work. And I certainly found it in P and G. I hardly rub at all now. I never feel that it is necessary to boil my clothes. I soak them only a few minutes, and P and G takes the dirt right out.

"I notice too how fresh it keeps the color. I wash out a pair or two of rompers for two-year-old Bunny every day, now that he tries to toddle around after his brothers and the rest of these youngsters. You can imagine how dirty he gets his clothes, too. Yet with P and G they come out as bright and fresh and clean as ever.

"I like the way P and G rinses out and the way it works in either hot or cold water. And I love the nice fresh smell of the clothes afterwards."

Millions of women now use P and G for the same reasons that Mrs. Martin does. It *is* a good soap. It gets the clothes clean without injuring colors or fabrics. Whether you boil them or not, white things come out dazzling white and as fresh and sweet and clean as though they had been aired and sunned a whole day. No wonder P and G is the largest-selling soap in America. Don't you think it should be helping you too?

PROCTER & GAMBLE

* Not her real name, of course.

The largest-selling laundry soap in America—that is why it costs so little

P and G became popular because it was such a fine soap. It is now the largest-selling soap in the world, so you can buy it at a price smaller, ounce for ounce, than that of other soaps.

Laundry hint from Mrs. Martin

"I have found that it saves considerable time and confusion in the kitchen to sprinkle the clothes before taking them off the line. I simply take a pail of water and whisk broom and sprinkle them as they hang. Then I take the articles down, all sweet-smelling and clean from their P and G tubbing, fold them one at a time and put them in the basket."

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., and Richmond, Va.

Volume 199 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., OCTOBER 9, 1926 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 15

THE DERBY RULE

"My Very, Very Dear," Said the Gypsy Lady to My Blind Aunt Jenepher, "I Would Wish You to, for Where You are Sitting, There a Blessing Will Be"

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

I THOUGHT first of the old lady's face, in the candlelight of the dinner table at Destiny Bay, as some fine, precious coin—a spade guinea, perhaps, well and truly minted. How old she was I could not venture to guess; but I knew well that when she was young, men's heads must have turned as she passed. Age had boldened the features much, the proud nose and definite chin. Her hair was gray, vitally gray, like a gray wave curling in to crash on the sands of Destiny; and I knew that in another woman that hair would be white as scutched flax. When she spoke, the thought of the spade guinea came to me again, so rich and golden was her voice.

"Lady Clontarf," said my Uncle Valentine, "this is Kerry, Hector's boy."

"May I call you Kerry? I am so old a woman and you are so much a boy. Also I knew your father. He was of that great line of soldiers who read their Bibles in their tents and go into battle with a prayer in their hearts. I always seem to have known," she said, "that he would fondle no gray beard."

"Madame," I said, "what should I be but Kerry to my father's friends?"

It seemed to me that I must know her because of her proud high face and her eyes of a great lady, but the title of Clontarf made little impress on my brain. Our Irish titles, since the German kings came to England, have become so hawked and shopworn, that the most hallowed names in Ireland may be borne by a porter maker or former soap boiler. O'Conor Don and MacCarthy More mean so much more to us than the Duke of This or the Marquess of There, now that politics have so muddied chivalry. We may resent the presentation of this title or that to a foreigner, but what can you do? The loyalty of the northern Irishman to the crown is a loyalty of head and not of heart. Out of our northern country came the United Men, if you remember. But for whom should our hearts beat faster? The Stuarts were never fond of us, and the Prince of Orange came over to us, talked a deal about liberty, was with us at a few battles, and went off to grow asparagus in England. It is so long since O'Neill and O'Donnell sailed for Spain!

Who Lady Clontarf was I did not know. My Uncle Valentine is so offhand in his presentations. Were you to come on him closeted with a heavenly visitant, he will just say, "Kerry, the Angel Gabriel." Though as to what His Angelicness is doing with my Uncle Valentine you will be left to surmise. My Uncle Valentine will tell you just as much as he feels you ought to know and no more—a quality that stood my uncle

in good stead in the days when he raced and bred horses for racing.

I did know one thing: Lady Clontarf was not Irish. There is a feeling of kindness between all us Irish that we recognize without speaking. One felt courtesy, gravity, dignity in her, but not that quality that makes your troubles another Irish person's troubles, if only for the instant. Nor was she English. One felt her spiritual roots went too deep for that. Nor had she that brilliant armor of the Latin. Her speech was the ordinary speech of a gentlewoman, unaccented. Yet that remark about knowing my father would never fondle a gray beard!

Who she was and all about her I knew I would find out later from my dear Aunt Jenepher. But about the old drawing-room of Destiny there was a strange air of formality. My Uncle Valentine is most courteous, but tonight he was courtly. With his great height and his vast red-gold beard, he was like some Hungarian or Russian noble welcoming an empress. There was an air of deference about my dear blind Aunt Jenepher that informed me that Lady Clontarf was very great indeed. Whom my Aunt Jenepher likes is lovable and whom she respects is clean and great. But the most extraordinary part of the setting was our butler, James Carabine, the great old fighter with the little rings of gold in his ears. He looked as if royalty were present, and I began to say to myself: "By damn, but royalty is! Lady Clontarf is only a racing name. I know that there's a queen or princess in Germany who's held by the Jacobites to be queen of England. Can it be herself that's in it? It sounds impossible, but sure there's nothing impossible where my Uncle Valentine's concerned."

II

AT DINNER the talk turned on racing, and my Uncle Valentine inveighed bitterly against the new innovations on the track—the starting gate and the new seat introduced by certain American jockeys, the crouch now recognized as orthodox in flat racing. As to the starting gate, my uncle was open to conviction. He recognized how unfairly the apprentice was treated by the crack jockey, with the old method of the flag, but he dilated on his favorite theme—that machinery was the curse of man. All these innovations——

"But it isn't an innovation, sir. The Romans used it."

"You're a liar!" said my Uncle Valentine.

My Uncle Valentine, or any other Irishman for the matter of that, only means that he doesn't believe you. There is a wide difference.

"I think I'm right, sir. The Romans used it for their chariot races. They dropped the barrier instead of raising it." A tag of my classics came back to me, as tags will. "'*Repagula submittuntur*,' Pausanias writes."

"Pausanias, begob!" My Uncle Valentine was visibly impressed. But as to the new seat he was adamant. I told him competent judges had placed it about seven pounds advantage to the horse.

"There is only one place on a horse's back for a saddle," said my Uncle Valentine. "The shorter your leathers, Kerry, the less you know about your mount. You are only aware whether or not he is winning. With the ordinary seat, you know whether he is lazy, and can make proper use of your spur. You can stick to his head and help him."

"Races are won with that seat, sir."

"Be damned to that!" said my Uncle Valentine. "If the horse is good enough, he'll win with the rider facing his tail."

"But we are boring you, madame," I said, "with our country talk of horses."

"There are three things that are never boring to see—a swift swimmer swimming, a young girl dancing and a young horse running. And three things that are never tiring to speak of—God and love and the racing of horses."

"A *kushto jukel* is also *rinkeno, mi peu*," suddenly spoke our butler, James Carabine.

"*Dobla*, James Carabine, you *roher* like a *didakai*. A *jukel* to catch *kanangre!*" And Lady Clontarf laughed. "What in all the *tem* is as *iinkeno* as a *kushti-dikin grai?*"

"A *tatsheno jukel, mi peu*, like Rory Bosville's"—James Carabine evidently stood his ground—"that *noshered* the Waterloo Cup through *wafro bok!*"

"*Avali!* You are right, James Carabine." And then she must have seen my astonished face, for she laughed, that small golden laughter that was like the ringing of an acolyte's bell. "Are you surprised to hear me speak the *tawlo tshib*, the black language, Kerry? I am a gypsy."

"Lady Clontarf, Mr. Kerry," said James Carabine, "is saying there is nothing in the world like a fine horse. I told her a fine greyhound is a good thing too. Like Rory Bosville's, that should have won the Waterloo Cup in Princess Dagmar's year."

"This is the Younger of Destiny Bay," Said the Old Lady, "Who is Kind Enough to be Our Friend"

"Lady Clontarf wants to talk to you about a horse, Kerry," said my Uncle Valentine. "So if you would like us to go into the gun room, Jenepher, instead of the withdrawing room, while you play ——"

"May I not hear about the horse too?" asked my Aunt Jenepher.

"My very, very dear," said the gypsy lady to my blind Aunt Jenepher, "I would wish you to, for where you are sitting, there a blessing will be."

III

MY UNCLE VALENTINE had given up race horses for as long as I can remember. Except with Simonides, he had never had any luck, and so he had quit racing as an owner and gone in for harness ponies, which, it is admitted, he bred and showed the finest of their class. My own two chasers, though winning many good Irish races, were not quite up to Aintree form; but in the last year I happened to buy, for a couple of hundred guineas, a handicap horse that had failed signally as a three-year-old in classic races, and of which a fashionable stable wanted to get rid. It was Ducks and Drakes, by Drake's Drum, out of Little Duck, a beautifully shaped dark gray horse rather short in the neck; but the English stable was convinced he was a hack. However, as often happens, with a change of trainers and jockeys, Ducks and Drakes became a different horse and won five good races, giving me so much in hand that I was able to purchase for a matter of nine hundred guineas a colt I was optimistic about, a son of St. Simon's. Both horses were in training with Robinson at the Curragh. And now it occurred to me that the gypsy lady wanted to buy one or the other of them. I decided beforehand that it would be across my dead body.

"Would you be surprised," asked my Uncle Valentine, "to hear that Lady Clontarf has a horse she expects to win the Derby with?"

"I should be delighted, sir, if she did," I answered warily. There were a hundred people who had hopes of their nominations in the greatest of races.

"Kerry," the gypsy lady said quietly, "I think I shall win." She had a way of clearing the air with her voice, with her eyes. What was a vague hope now became an issue.

"What is the horse, madame?"

"It is as yet unnamed, and has never run as a two-year-old. It is a son of Irlandais, who has sired many winners on the Continent, and who broke down sixteen years ago in preparation for the Derby and was sold to one of the Festetics. Its dam is Iseult III, who won the Prix de Diane four years ago."

"I know so little about Continental horses," I explained to Lady Clontarf.

"The strain is great-hearted, and with the dam, strong as an oak tree. I am a gypsy woman, and I know a horse, and I am an old, studious woman," she said, and she looked at her beautiful, unringed golden hands, as if she were embarrassed, speaking of something we, not Romanies, could hardly understand; "and I think I know propitious hours and days."

"Where is he now, madame?"

"He is at Dax, in the Basses-Pyrénées, with Romany folk."

"Here's the whole thing in a nutshell, Kerry: Lady Clontarf wants her colt trained in Ireland. Do you think the old stables of your grandfather are still good?"

"The best in Ireland, sir; but sure there's been no horse trained there for forty years, barring jumpers."

"Are the gallops good?"

"Sure you know yourself, sir, how good they are. But you couldn't train without a trainer, and stable boys ——"

"We'll come to that," said my Uncle Valentine. "Tell me, what odds will you get against an unknown, untried horse in the winter books?"

I thought for an instant. It had been an exceptionally good year for two-year-olds, the big English breeders' stakes having been bitterly contested. Lord Shere had a good horse; Mr. Paris a dangerous colt. I should say there were fifteen good colts, if they wintered well, two with outstanding chances.

"I should say you could really write your own ticket. The ring will be only too glad to get money. There's so much up on Sir James and Toison d'Or."

"To win a quarter million pounds?" asked my Uncle Valentine.

"It would have to be done very carefully, sir, here and there in ponies and fifties and hundreds; but I think between four and five thousand pounds would do it."

"Now if this horse of Lady Clontarf's wins the Two Thousand and the Derby and the St. Leger ——"

Something in my face must have shown a lively distaste for the company of lunatics, for James Carabine spoke quietly from the door: "Will your young honor be easy, and listen to your uncle and my lady?"

My Uncle Valentine is most grandiose, and though he has lived in epic times, a giant among giants, his schemes are too big for practical business days. And I was beginning to think that the gypsy lady, for all her beauty and dignity, was but an old woman crazed by gambling and tarot cards; but James Carabine is so wise, so beautifully sane, facing all events, spiritual and material, foursquare to the wind.

"—— what would he command in stud fees?" continued quietly my Uncle Valentine.

"If he did this tremendous triple thing, sir, five hundred guineas would not be exorbitant."

"I am not asking you out of idle curiosity, Kerry, or for information," said my Uncle Valentine. "I merely wish to know if the ordinary brain arrives at these conclusions of mine; if they are, to use a word of Mr. Thackeray's, apparent."

"I quite understand, sir," I said politely.

"And now," said my Uncle Valentine, "whom would you suggest to come to Destiny Bay as trainer?"

"None of the big trainers will leave their stables to come here, sir, and the small ones I don't know sufficiently to ask. If Sir Arthur Pollexfen were still training, and not so old ——"

"Sir Arthur Pollexfen is not old," said my Uncle Valentine. "He cannot be more than seventy-two or seventy-three."

"But at that age you cannot expect a man to turn out at five in the morning and oversee gallops."

"How little you know Mayo men!" said my Uncle Valentine. "And Sir Arthur, with all his triumphs, never won a Derby. He will come."

"Even at that, sir, how are you going to get a crack jockey? Most big owners have first or second call on them. And the great free lances—you cannot engage one of those and insure secrecy."

"That," said my Uncle Valentine, "is already arranged. Lady Clontarf has a *gitano*, or Spanish gypsy, in whom her confidence is boundless. And now," said my Uncle Valentine, "we come to the really diplomatic part of the proceeding. Trial horses are needed, so that I am commissioned to approach you with delicacy and ask you if you will bring up your two excellent horses, Ducks and Drakes and the St. Simon colt, and help train Lady Clontarf's horse. I don't see why you should object."

To bring up the two darlings of my heart and put them under the care of a trainer who had won the Gold Cup at Ascot fifty years before, and hadn't run a horse for twelve years, and have them ridden by this *gitano*, or Spanish gypsy, as my uncle called him; to have them used as trial horses to this colt which might not be good enough for a starter's hack! Ah, no! Not likely! I hardened my heart against the pleading gaze of James Carabine.

"Will you or won't you?" roared my uncle diplomatically.

My Aunt Jenepher laid down the lace she was making, and reaching across, her fingers caught my sleeve and ran down to my hand, and her hand caught mine.

"Kerry will," she said.

So that was decided.

IV

"KERRY," said my Uncle Valentine, "will you see Lady Clontarf home?"

I was rather surprised. I had thought she was staying with us. And I was a bit bothered, for it is not hospitality to allow the visitor to Destiny to put up at the local pub. But James Carabine whispered: "'Tis on the downs she's staying, Master Kerry, in her own great van, with four horses."

It was difficult to believe that the tall graceful lady in the golden-and-red Spanish shawl, with the quiet speech of our own people, was a roaming gypsy, with the whole world as her home.

"Good night, Jenepher. Good night, Valentine. *Boshto dok*, good luck, James Carabine!"

"*Boshto dok, mi peu.* Good luck, sister."

We went out into the October night of the full moon—the hunter's moon—and away from the great fire of turf and bogwood in our drawing-room; the night was vital with an electric cold. One could sense the film of ice in the bogs, and the drumming of snipes' wings, disturbed by some roving dog, came to our ears. So bright was the moon that each whitewashed apple tree stood out clear in the orchard; and as we took the road toward Gray River, we could see a barkentine offshore, with sails of polished silver—some boat from Bilbao probably, making for the Clyde, in the daytime a scrubby ore carrier, but tonight a ship out of some old sea story, as of Magellan, or our own St. Brendan.

"'*Féach air muir lionadh gealach buidhe mor ór,*'" she quoted in Gaelic. "See on the filling sea the full moon yellow as gold. It is full moon and full tide, Kerry. If you make a wish, it will come true."

"I wish you success in the Derby, madame."

Ahead of us, down the road moved a little group to the sound of fiddle and mouth organ. It was the Romany bodyguard ready to protect their chieftainess on her way home.

"You mean that, I know, but you dislike the idea. Why?"

"Madame," I said, "if you can read my thoughts as easily as that, it's no more impertinent to speak than think. I have heard a lot about a great colt tonight, and of his chance for the greatest race in the world, and that warms my heart. But I have heard more about money, and that chills me."

"I am so old, Kerry, that the glory of winning the Derby means little to me. Do you know how old I am? I am six years short of a hundred old."

"Then the less ——" I began, and stopped short, and could have chucked myself over the cliff for my unpardonable discourtesy.

"Then the less reason for my wanting money," the old lady said. "Is not that so?"

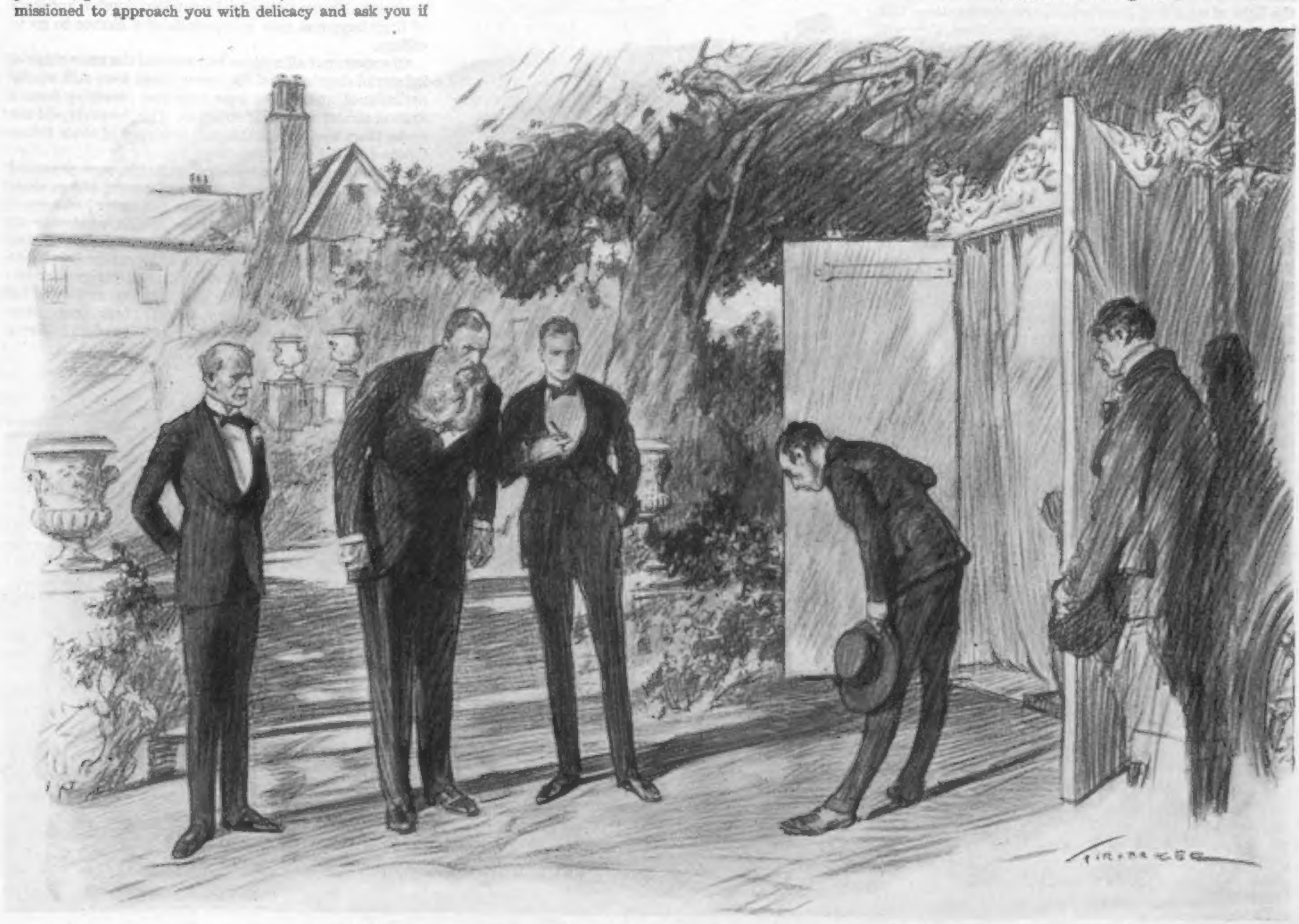
"Exactly, madame."

"Kerry," she said, "does my name mean anything to you?"

"It has bothered me all evening. Lady Clontarf, I am so sorry my father's son should appear to you so rude and ignorant a lout."

"Mifanwy, Countess Clontarf and Kincora."

(Continued on Page 226)



He Took Off His Hat and Bowed First to My Uncle Valentine, Then to Sir Arthur, and to Myself Last

SEVEN YEARS LATER

By Hendrik W. Van Loon

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THE Treaty of Versailles was written with the point of a bayonet, and however useful the invention of Colonel Puységur may have been in a close scrimmage, as an instrument of peace it has never been considered a success. To make matters worse, the people who handled this deadly weapon were all of them old men. It is one thing when a band of young fellows get into a scrap. They will fight one another with a deadly hatred. But once they have got rid of their pent-up anger, they can return to the affairs of the day without any great personal resentment toward those who only a short while before were their enemies.

But it is something very different when half a dozen graybeards, filled with the futile rage of a lifetime of frustrated ambitions, sit down around a green table and make ready to judge half a dozen defenseless opponents who in the heyday of their victory disregarded every principle of law and international decency.

On such an occasion, may heaven have mercy upon us!

The story of the past seven years is an almost uninterrupted recital of ignominious blunders, of greed, of cruelty and shortsighted meanness—an epoch of such hair-raising imbecility that it stands unique among the dreary annals of human stupidity, which—if I may be permitted this aside—is saying a great deal.

The Naive Policy of William II

IT IS, of course, quite impossible to predict what the people of the year 2500 will have to say about the underlying causes of the great upheaval that destroyed the civilization of Europe and bestowed upon the unsuspecting American people the leadership of the human race. But in the light of what had gone before, ever since nations had become highly organized business organizations, they will probably come to the conclusion that an outbreak of some sort between two contending commercial factions was absolutely unavoidable, and was bound to occur sooner or later.

We who lived through the struggle find it much more difficult to see the events of the past decade in their true light; but now, after seven years, it is possible to draw a few fairly definite conclusions without causing too great a dissent among the mass of our peaceful neighbors.

The history of the past 500 years is really the record of a gigantic struggle between the so-called leading powers and those that hoped to deprive them of their fortunate position and become their successors as the recognized masters of the seas. Spain came to glory across the dead bodies of the great Italian commercial republics and of Portugal. As soon as Spain had established that far-famed empire upon which the sun—for reasons of geography or honesty—was never known to set, Holland tried to rob her of her riches; and in view of the differences in size of the two countries, the Dutch Republic achieved a very remarkable success. But no sooner had Holland acquired those parts of the world which then seemed to offer the biggest chance of immediate profit than France and England appeared upon the scene to despoil the Dutch people of their newly acquired possessions. When this had been accomplished, France and England fought for the spoils, and after a long and costly struggle, England came out on top. Thereafter England dominated the world for more than a century.

In view of these well-known economic developments—faithfully described in every primary textbook of history—the policies which the rulers of Germany followed during the first two decades of the twentieth century seem little short of naïve. Some people claim that the former Kaiser was to blame, and their argument deserves our close attention. William II was a man of very restricted ability and a victim of that strange form of self-delusion which is so common among those who are by birth lifted into the seats of the mighty, and who contemplate the rest of the world from such a high pinnacle of anointed superiority that they soon lose all touch with the ordinary run of humanity. This much is certain—that no man ever tried so hard to gain the good will of the British people and that no foreigner ever failed quite so ignominiously to understand the true nature of the English character.

That curious island on the other side of the North Sea lives by and of and for trade. Those who do not interfere with British commerce are, if not exactly friends, at least tolerated strangers. Those on the other hand who, however remotely, might become a menace to the imperial hegemony are enemies. And all the lovely speeches and all the obvious manifestations of good will and friendship on the part of the Anglophile Teuton emperor never—even for a single moment—made the average Englishman forget that the Germans were his most dangerous competitors and would sooner or later try to dump their own cheaper wares upon every part of the civilized and uncivilized world.

But that was only one side of the question; a most important one, but not sufficient to account for the wholesale slaughter that was so characteristic of the late war.

A World-Wide Workshop

IN THE happy days before the railroad and the telegraph, when each country was more or less of a definite entity which proceeded upon its own career with the plodding determination of an elephant pushing a circus truck, the quarrel between the two contending candidates for commercial supremacy would have proceeded slowly, and the wily diplomats of the old school would probably have succeeded in localizing the quarrel. Unfortunately, in the year 1914 the whole world was one large international workshop.

A strike in the Argentine was apt to cause suffering in Berlin. A rise in the price of certain raw materials in London might spell disaster to tens of thousands of long-suffering Chinese coolies who never even had heard of the existence of the big city on the Thames. The invention of some obscure *Privatdocent* in a third-rate German university would often force dozens of Chilean banks to close their doors, while bad management on the part of an old commercial house in Gothenburg might deprive hundreds of little boys and girls in Australia of a chance to go to college.

Of course, not all nations had reached the same stage of industrial development. A few of them were still wholly agricultural and others were only just emerging from a state of almost medieval feudalism. This, however, did not make them undesirable allies in the eyes of their industrialized neighbors.

On the contrary, such states, as a rule, were possessed of almost unlimited reservoirs of man power, and as sheer cannon fodder the Russian peasant had never had a rival.

How and in what way all these different and conflicting interests were marshaled into one gigantic group of associated nations and why for more than four years they consented to fight for a

The Peace of Versailles, the Last Great Gesture of the Old Regime, Was Meant

common purpose—these are questions the solution of which we had better leave to our grandchildren. The world will have to know a great deal more about the preliminaries of the war than it does today before it can pass judgment upon those misguided patriots who turned the continent of Europe into one vast shambles.

All we can hope to do in the year of grace 1926, is to draw attention to one salient fact which is almost invariably overlooked by those who call themselves historians—to wit: that the great European conflict which began as a world-wide war ended as a world-wide revolution, and that it did not mean a short interruption of the normal development of affairs—as all the wars of the past 300 years had done—but marked the beginning of an entirely new social and economic epoch. The old fellows who were responsible for the peace treaty of Versailles were too much a product of their own original surroundings to be able to recognize this.

They thought and talked and acted in terms of a bygone age. That probably is the reason why their labors proved such a curse to the rest of humanity. But still one other element which contributed greatly to the disastrous outcome of the war for democracy and the rights of small nations was the belated participation in the struggle on the part of the United States of America.

As a nation, the American people, feeling themselves safely intrenched behind 3000 miles of ocean, had never taken any deep interest in foreign politics. Accustomed to think in terms of slogans and captions and headlines, and cheerfully ignorant of the historical development of Europe—or for that matter of any other part of the world—during the past 2000 years, the majority of President Wilson's fellow citizens were obliged to get their historical information secondhand. Aided and abetted by certain colossal crimes on the part of the German military and naval leaders, it was an easy task for the manufacturers of Allied propaganda to make their American friends see the war as a definite struggle between right and wrong, a clash between white and black, a duel to the death between the angels of Anglo-Saxon self-determination and the devils of Teutonic autocracy.

A Sad Mixture of East and West

UNTIL the American people, kind-hearted and sentimental—and therefore apt to run to certain curious extremes of emotionalism and cruelty—felt that they could not possibly keep out of the struggle without becoming unfaithful to all that was good and decent in their own manhood. A hot wave of a crusadelike zeal and eagerness swept across the country. Slowly but steadily the gigantic mills of American industry began to grind and erelong 2,000,000 men were hastening to the battlefields of Europe to put a stop to the intolerable depravities of the Hun.

Now it was only natural that these millions of serious-minded and earnest young men should try to revaluate their fighting ideals into terms that should be comprehensible to all of their fellow countrymen. Hence the slogan of A War to End War. Hence the famous fourteen points of President Wilson—the new code of international righteousness. Hence the enthusiasm for the self-determination of small nations, the hilariously expressed desire to make the world safe for democracy.

The commander in chief of millions of men, the trusted gatekeeper of all the treasures of the world, must be listened to with an outward semblance of respect. Hence the leaders of the different European nations, during the last year and a half of the war, fought for certain ideals for which they had no more use than for those fantastic economic innovations which were now being promulgated in a hundred different tongues from the battlements of the old Kremlin. And as soon as the Germans, agreeably surprised by the reasonable terms of their much-feared American antagonists, had thrown their emperor overboard, had changed the name of their country from an empire to that of a republic and, adorned with red cockades and singing the popular song of international brotherhood, had started upon their famous backward march to the Rhine, the Allied chieftains hastened to rid themselves of those foolish and embarrassing American ideals and made ready to conclude a peace upon that well-known principle of woe to the loser, which ever since the days of the cave man had been accepted as the logical conclusion to a well-regulated physical encounter.

Their task would have been a great deal less complicated if President Wilson had not hit upon the unfortunate plan of taking a direct and personal part in the diplomatic negotiations of the year 1919. Had he remained at home, the European powers would have concluded peace according to their own terms of right and wrong. From an American point of view, they would have been wrong; but right or wrong, their decisions would have been an honest expression of a definite school of thought. Now, however, American and European ideals—which never have mixed—got so horribly interwoven that nothing was definitely settled, that every one of the Allies was left with a grievance, and that the peace proved infinitely more costly than the war.

But there was still another element which contributed greatly to the chaos caused by the Treaty of Versailles. President Wilson, himself the head of a federation of semi-independent nations, had visions of a federated world state. The thing had proved possible on the American continent. For more than a century it had given an ever-increasing number of sovereign states a degree of political liberty and economic well-being which had made the nation as a whole the most prosperous and the richest country on the entire planet. Why should not the people of Europe learn the lesson which Virginia and Pennsylvania and Massachusetts had taken to heart in the year 1776?

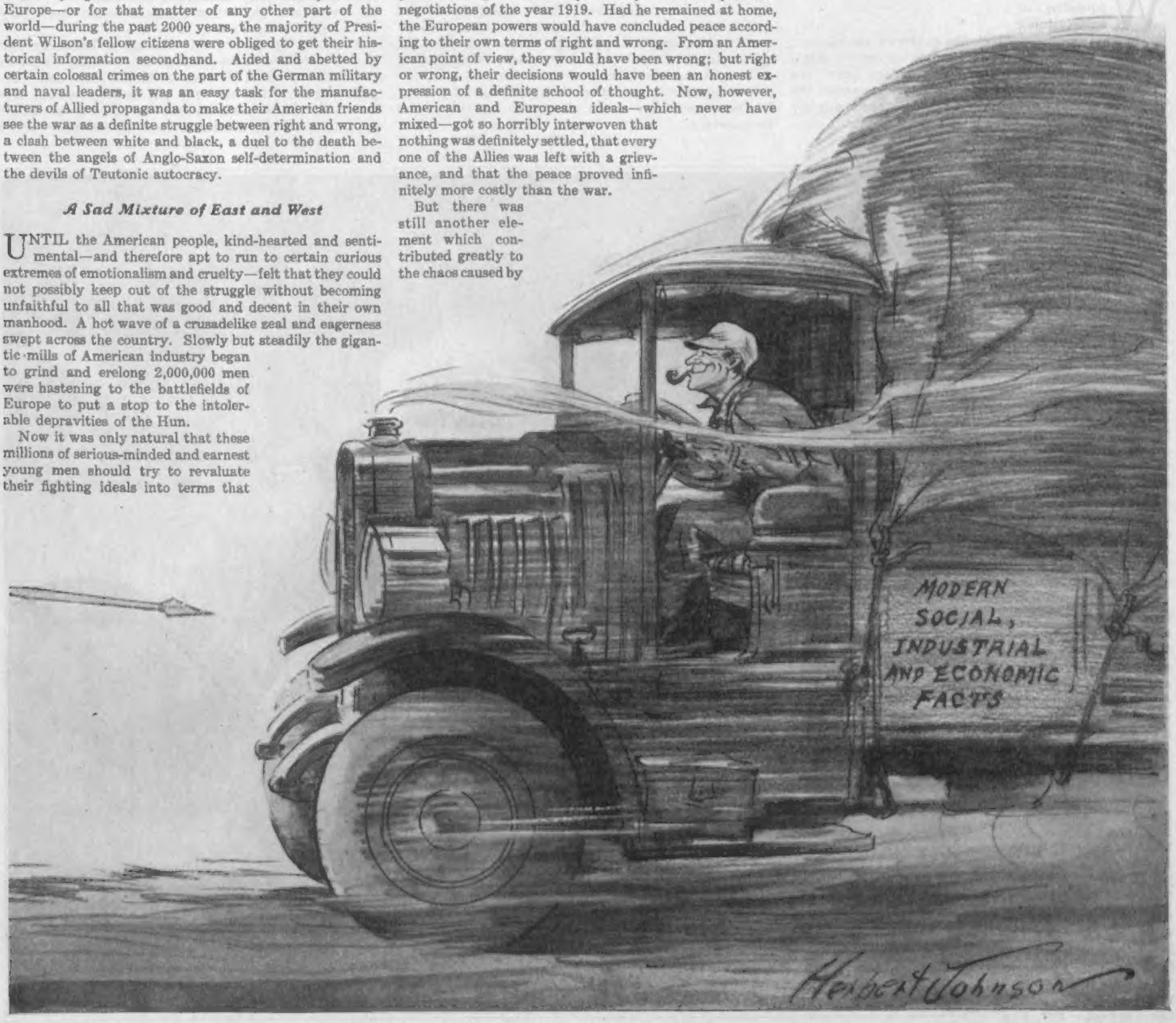
Why not, indeed?

Back to George Washington's Policies

AND so the Allied leaders bowed low and listened respectfully when Mr. Wilson explained his scheme for a League of Nations. Under the press of circumstances, they even agreed to incorporate the principles of a United States of the World into their treaty of peace. But just as soon as the presidential ship had hoisted anchor and had set course for the Western Hemisphere, they began to undo the work that had been closest to the heart of the great President and returned to the old diplomatic ideals of secret treaties and surreptitious alliances.

Meanwhile a very definite revulsion of feeling had taken place in America itself. It is, of course, very easy to blame certain personal characteristics of Mr. Wilson for this

(Continued on Page 234)



as a Final Stronghold Against the Inevitable Approach of the Modern Era

When Mankind Was Young

THE COVERED WAGON, B.C. 2000

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

WITH a horrific squealing of axles tortured by clumsy tree-section wheels the ox-drawn, roofed-over, ponderous wagons descended the pass. From the single forward window of each, fair-haired children looked out and shouted at the herdsmen struggling to keep upon the narrow track the bunched-up nervous horses or the stupidly recalcitrant sheep and cattle interspersed in separate ownership between the vehicles. There were perhaps a score of these wattle-built wagon houses, conducted by big-framed, fair-haired women goading on the heavily yoked oxen, encouraging them with uncouth cries as their hoofs slipped on the worn rocks of the track. A dozen or so of lightly constructed pair-horsed war chariots preceded them at a precarious, constantly jibbing walk down the steep path, the half-running drivers clinging to the tossing heads of the animals they strove to lead. In front of these trudged on foot a small body of long-haired, blond-bearded warriors, armed each with a couple of copper-flashing spears and a great oxhide shield slung from the shoulder to the left side.

It was the local symptom, unconscious indeed of its own significance, of a vast and epoch-making phenomenon. Everywhere across Europe and hither Asia those Aryan tribes who were to transform the world—and of whom this was one small genos; a clan group of interrelated families—were simultaneously in movement. Centuries back that immense dispersal had begun. After long and obscure wanderings they were now emerging for their high destiny, leaving here and there in the jettisoned rubbish upon their routes the perhaps-votive clay models of the nomad dwellings invented in a forgotten past upon the steppes around the Caspian. For, like those who, speaking an evolved variant of their tongue, were four thousand years later adventurously to seek new lands across the prairies of America, the vehicle of their migration was the covered wagon.

From the country which is now Rumania these had come, over high mountains, into the forest plains of Thrace. There they had not tarried, for in that land were already settlements of men of kindred speech—migrants who had preceded them and who dwelt in villages of rectangular wood-and-thatch houses with one great common room and a covered porch. Even such houses had they themselves inhabited before bitter blood feuds with more powerful neighbors, the exhaustion under their primitive husbandry of the corn lands seized generations earlier by ancestors coming from beyond the Danube, and chiefly, perhaps, a migratory impulse still irresistibly strong in them, had caused the joyous building of the traditional roofed wagons.

With some of those settlers they had fought, by others had been amicably received. But never had they halted permanently.

There had, it is true, been occasions in that long journeying when the gray-haired chieftain Polymetis, "possessed of many cunnings"—he who had been killed in that last all-but-disastrous fight with the skin-clad savages on the other side of the pass—had been compelled eloquently to harangue from his wagon the weary and faint-hearted. Who would be base enough to renounce that wondrously fabled land to the southwest where an incredible plenitude of the rare gold waited to be ravished from natives contemptibly less warlike than themselves; where they might slay to their hearts' content, sparing only a sufficiency of thralls for labor with plow and sickle; where stretched rich plains for the cattle breeding and the horse raising which were the only fit occupations for men who justly prided themselves upon their birth? Who, indeed? At every such harangue there had been a great acclamation, and the young men had rushed to bring the stubbornly resisting, stiff-legged oxen under the yoke of the wagon pole. So, with stridently shrieking wheels, they had rumbled onward and ever onward.

Xanthus, "the red-haired," the son of Polymetis and his new successor in the chieftainship, rounded a bend in the track and raised his spear in signal for the halt. Beyond and below him the view had suddenly opened to a broad valley between diminishing foothills, a prospect that went to remote blue distance in the brilliantly clear light of

From the Other End of the Meadow, Lykus, His Spear Similarly Held High, Was Hurtling Down Toward Him.

the forenoon. Here and there in the close texture of the oak forest that filled the valley could be discerned far-off cleared gaps that were thrillingly significant to the eyes that looked on them; they were settlements to be sacked in a joyous future, amid shrieks and screams and the rolling smoke of homesteads set on fire.

Away to the left, towering above the line of mountain peaks from which they were emerging, rose awesomely, snow yet clinging to the riven crags of its summit, the colossal mass which was to be sacred to their descendants as Olympus, the home of the gods. A great shout came from the warriors crowding up behind Xanthus the chief. They had crossed the last barrier, were gazing for the first time upon the promised land; that land which was hereafter to be glorious with Greek cities, but which was not yet Hellenic. High up in the blue void an eagle wheeled slowly. Xanthus pointed to it with his copper-bladed spear. "Behold!" he cried. "The god watches over us!"

The warriors yelled again in wild enthusiasm, clamorously welcoming the omen. For was not the eagle indisputably the bird of the great god Dzeus, "the bright one," god of the lightning that flashed dazzlingly from the storm clouds as of the precious fire inherent in the fuel-producing oak tree which was also his dwelling place? Mighty above a host of lesser divinities was that god common to all the Aryan peoples—the father god—whom the invaders of India would call Dyâuspitâ, the Greeks would hail as Zeus-patêr, the Latins corrupt into Diespiter and Jupiter, and who survives humbly unnoticed for us in the word Tuesday—the day of the Anglo-Saxon god Tiw, who had once been the ancient German Ziu. Was it not plainly obvious now that in his favorite bird form he was protecting their passage into the coveted land?

"A sacrifice! A sacrifice!" shouted the blond-bearded warriors, thumping with the butt ends of their spears upon their shields. "A sacrifice to Dzeus! Sacrifice to the ancestor, O Xanthus! Sacrifice that he may be strengthened to battle for us! Blood! Blood! The great sacrifice!"

Xanthus the chief glanced around the circle of fiercely excited faces that surrounded him in sudden vehement clamor. Less than twenty-four hours had he worn the linked golden collar of acknowledged hereditary chieftainship, and not yet had his capacity for command been put to the test. He was a young man, tall of stature and strong of arm, his blue-eyed, ruddy-bearded countenance naturally frank and pleasant. Now, however, there was no smile upon that face, which had suddenly been smitten bloodless.

"Sacrifice! Sacrifice! Blood! Blood! The great sacrifice to Dzeus!" The shouts came at him in violent vociferation, the warriors crowding upon him as they would not have dared to crowd upon Polymetis. Yet they were within their rights. It was indisputably an occasion for sacrifice; and he alone, by virtue of his chieftainship their priest likewise, could efficaciously perform it. It was the specific nature of the sacrifice they demanded of him which held him blanched and speechless as he stood there looking round upon that circle of fierce blond-bearded visages, contorted with their gesticulations. One man only was not yelling at him; it was Hippometis, "the cunning with horses," his blood brother and his inseparable charioteer in the fight. And Hippometis turned away his eyes.

"The great sacrifice! The sacrifice for the new land! The great sacrifice!" The warriors vied with one another in their clamor, one harsh voice louder, more insistent than the rest. Well did Xanthus know that voice—the voice of Lykus, son of his father's brother, and from boyhood his jealously malignant enemy. "The blood sacrifice to Dzeus! The blood sacrifice to Dzeus! The great sacrifice!"

Xanthus heard Lykus laugh as he shouted, and the face of the chief went grim, while his hand tightened upon his spear. He recognized the instigator, sensed an abruptly sprung plot. Yet he could not refuse. In moments of supreme import, such as this crossing into a new land, the genos had the right to demand the supreme sacrifice—the sacrifice that years back, when the clan had been almost exterminated in a sanguinary feud with raiding neighbors, had been made by Polymetis, slaying with his own hand that eldest son who was the scarcely remembered brother of Xanthus. For only by the blood of his quasi-kindred representatives on earth could the god be reinvigorated to superiority over the gods of other men. There had been a time, already remote, when, in the necessity for a specially strong divinity, the priest chief had himself been ritually slain. But long since it had been found more convenient to substitute his eldest son, if that son were still a child; even as, among those Aryans who went north to Scandinavia, Aun, King of Sweden, successively sacrificed his nine sons to Odin; and in that very land of Thessaly upon whose threshold they stood, as late as the days of Plato the eldest son of the ancient line of King Athamas was sacrificed in each generation to Laphystian Zeus.

White and grim was Xanthus as he stood there, silent in that insistent clamor, even as, eight hundred years later, Agamemnon would stand in Aulis surrounded by the Troy-eager Greeks tumultuous for the sacrifice of Iphigenia. Atrociously vivid to him was the victim they demanded—that infant son Dasya, now happily with his mother Klumenē in the first of the covered wagons creaking and squealing down the pass behind them. More than anything in the world, he loved that three-year-old prattler who twisted bold, tiny hands in his father's beard and would already, a warrior in embryo, march gloriously up and down with his father's smallest spear, so that his mother cried out foolishly at the possible danger.

"The sacrifice! The great sacrifice to Dzeus!" vociferated the tribesmen. "Sacrifice that the god may be strong to battle for us against the gods of this unknown land!"

He heard again the harsh shout of Lykus, loud above the other shouts. "Sacrifice, O Xanthus, even as Polymetis sacrificed in the days of our fathers, if thou art indeed chief over us!"

He turned, glared into the crafty, ill-favored face of his cousin, malignantly exultant now at the cruel dilemma into which he had forced his successful rival.

"Yea, Lykus. I am indeed the chief," he said, and his voice was grimly stern. He pointed to where, a little distance down, there was a broad, almost level stretch of mountain turf between them and the edge of the oak forest. "Bring the wagons and all the people. There will I make the sacrifice to Dzeus!"

The throng of warriors broke away from him, ran up to meet the wagons, shouting as they went the exciting news. Only Hippometis remained with Xanthus the chief. He poised his copper-bladed spear in his hand and showed his white teeth in an unamiable smile.

"After the sacrifice, O chief and brother," he said, "Lykus and I will have speech together."

Xanthus came out of the reverie where his eyes stared sightlessly. He looked with sudden affection at that friend who was more than a brother, made a negative gesture.

"Not so, Hippometis. Lykus is within his rights. If he overstepe them, I, the chief, will deal with him. Come now to the field of sacrifice." Never before had Hippometis heard that tone in his voice.

Together the two young men strode down the grassy slope to the stretch of turf, where already the charioteers were tethering their horses with pegs driven in the ground, where already the warriors were beginning to collect in a clamor of expectancy. Xanthus

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His Madly Galloping Horses Tossing the Bit Foam From Their Mouths as They Flung Out Their Eager Hoofs

COCONUTS

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

He Returned to His Chair and Kept Ward There for a While. Once He Looked at His Watch and Saw With Satisfaction That It Had Run Down

THERE is in many men a certain single-mindedness, a fixity of interest amounting to passion; and when such an emotion is once firmly seated you may take that man's future as determined, whether for good or ill. Your statesman has a passion for power; you will find, if you search his soul, that he is in his heart utterly assured of the importance of the mistress whom he serves. He seeks to move and direct the destinies of others not so much for his selfish gain as from a conviction that he has a message; that it is of vital importance to the world that he be heard and followed. Such singleness of mind may fairly be called an essential to success. If a man wishes to manufacture a soft drink that shall become nationally famous, he must begin with or acquire the conviction that that beverage is beyond compare; that it combines the gifts of transient pleasure and permanent health in a surpassing degree.

I have heard a vegetable jobber speak almost devoutly of the virtues of the onion. Such passions as this mold lives for good and ill.

The fortunate man is he whose passion and profession coincide; for then there is no strife within him, but a sure ascendancy. When vocation fights with avocation the struggle may be long and victory bitter in the end. A man may be a banker, and collect first editions still; but the love nearest his heart will drive out the other at the last, and his longing is toward her always. Philosophy is all very well in its way; a well-poised mind capable of determining the relative importance of a rare postage stamp and a new railroad may make for mild contentment. But it will never experience the hot fire of happy zeal or the purging depths of black despair.

It is, of course, incidentally true that a man may serve a mistress and despise her still. Such a man, you might suppose, must be a weak and spineless thing.

Yet—let us have a look at Wadlin.

Wadlin's passion was for figures. He loved them with a curious yearning; gloated over them as a bibliophile fondles an old and precious volume. They were to him the most beautiful thing in the world. At home at night, in his small single room, he liked to draw out a pad of clean yellow paper and write figures on it; liked to watch them form and break ranks and reform again as though they were soldiers; liked to make them march in smooth progression. To his eyes 2-4-6-8-10 was a thing of beauty; 3-6-9 had an exotic charm. And he would carry the sequence 1-2-4-8-16 on and on till he had covered pages, for sheer love of the magic of the thing. He liked to add columns in which the digits came in such arrangements as 7-4-3-3-2-5-4-2-6; his quick eye, without effort, resolved this into 7-7-5-5-6-6 and set the total down

The multiplication table to him was sweeter than the Song of Songs; and to take such a sum as 279936, and dividing it by 2 and by 3, whittle it inexorably down to unity was an operation which had about it the stern drama of an ancient tragedy. To divide a number into its factors delighted him; and he had sought through tremendous vistas to discover numbers which could not be factored. He knew the orderly ways that digits have, and he knew a thousand and one tricks they may be taught to play. An incorrect equation was to his eyes the ugliest thing in nature.

This man had kept a personal cash account since he was seventeen years old, and had it balanced to a penny. He used to like to figure what his average earnings had been, by the year, by the month, by the week, by the day, by the hour, and even by the minute. He could have told you, to seven places of decimals, his earnings by the second during his working hours; and he had a record running back nine years of the exact number of minutes he had spent in bed. For nineteen months and fourteen days past he had been keeping this record in more complete form, so that he was able to tell you, for that length of time, exactly how every minute of his time had been spent. He would have preferred to amplify this, recording the totals by seconds; but his watch was subject to small inaccuracies and he did not feel justified in buying a new one. Instead, he worked out a mathematical table of allowances for these variations.

As accessories to this passion of his he loved sharp lead pencils, clean white paper, and neatly ruled columns in a blank ledger

He was about thirty-five years old. If you had asked him he would have said just that, dropping his eyes a little; but if you won his confidence and asked him exactly how old he was, he could have looked at his watch and told you to the minute. The statement would have been based on the assumed time of his birth. There was no exact record available; but he had made some researches in the matter and arrived at a hypothetical hour and minute which he used as a base in all such calculations. Nevertheless, the necessity of using an approximation always irked him somewhat.

He was, in his stockinged feet, five feet eight and fourteen thirty-seconds of an inch tall, morning measurement. Sometimes at night he fell as low as seven thirty-seconds. His weight ranged between two extremes: The lowest on record was a hundred and thirty-one pounds, seven ounces; the highest a hundred and thirty-eight pounds, two ounces. His statistics covered only the six years, four months, nine days—on the first of July—since he bought and set up and had tested his elaborate bedroom scale. He ate between two thousand and twenty-one hundred calories a day. It was three hundred and eleven steps from his room to the Subway platform, and two hundred and nine from the Subway platform to his office stool, always assuming that in the elevator he stood still just within the door. For the year 1924 he walked an average of sixteen and four-sevenths steps in reaching his seat in the Subway trains after arriving on the platform, and an average of seven and eleven-thirteenths steps from his seat to the foot of the

Marr. He never used the escalators. He could have told to a the average time it took him to reach the office, to be served at the restaurant where he lunched, to get home at night. His life was spent in a world full of figures; they were his familiar playfellows.

The fact that he had no other friends may have been cause or consequence of this preoccupation on Wadlin's part. But whatever the cause, he was a little man very much alone. He once calculated that for a period of thirty days, outside the office and on matters not connected with his work, he spoke to but sixty-three persons, was spoken to by only nineteen, and exchanged a total of fifteen hundred and thirty-two words, of which he spoke nine hundred and one. His only living relative was an uncle in Ohio ago, and the mathematical probabilities were that this uncle would die on the seventh of June, 1931, at forty-seven minutes past eleven in the morning.

Wadlin worked in the office of Dean Story, a contractor whose special concern was with public buildings and large construction; and Wadlin's particular province was mathematical. Thus his daily tasks were a long debauch; but he hid this fact from those about him, feeling a furtive shame. Only at home, where the world did not pry, did he indulge to the full his dark and secret passion, revel in his columns of figures unashamed.

Story was not a mathematician; he was an artist. He had done the grind at figures necessary to secure an architect's degree, but proceeded to forget them as soon as the need for them was passed.

"I can always hire that sort of thing done," he used to say. "When I need it." Wadlin had heard him say this.

Story studied in Paris, came back with a cultivated taste and a certain genius for design. Accident led him from planning buildings into erecting them; he discovered in himself a talent for business, and in effect abandoned his profession for this new career. The field into which he had plunged was one hitherto shared by two or three concerns; and he found himself in competition with Dana, and Asquith, and with Marr.

Marr was the Titan; the man about whom stories grew. In the whirlpool of competition he not only kept himself afloat, but he rode serenely. His methods were frankly adapted to the problems he found it necessary to solve. He made them no secret; himself used to tell with gusto the story, for example, of the lithograph. It was an incident in which he took an almost childish pride.

The contract in question involved the construction of a building at one of the state institutions, and Marr and Dana and Asquith were all bidding. Bids to be opened on the seventh of April, at noon, in the office at the State House. The building to be of reënforced-concrete design, not only as to outer walls but as to floors and partitions and the very roof itself. Marr did his own concrete work, but Dana and Asquith would have this work done by subcontractors.

"I knew I could underbid Dana," Marr told Story one day. "But Asquith bothered me. He'd get Ryan to do his superstructure, and Ryan could get down pretty low on his figure if he wanted to. I had to find out how low. Ryan wouldn't give Asquith his figure till the morning of the seventh, and there'd be no chance of a leak after that. It was up to me. So I went to see Ryan; tried to talk turkey to him.

"I told him first that I wanted advice; pretended not to know Asquith had come to him. Offered him a thousand dollars for an estimate; said I'd take his figure as a basis for my own bid. He wouldn't talk. Told me he was tied up.

"Then I offered him the subcontract if he'd make me a figure low enough, and he said he was tied up with Asquith.

"I let it ride for a while, and the next time I offered to bet him that the figure he made Asquith would be below three hundred thousand. Offered to bet him five thousand on that. If he'd taken me I'd have counted on his putting it at three hundred or above, and I'd have scaled that a thousand or two. But he wouldn't take me up."

Then Marr chuckled and lighted a fresh cigar. "I was pretty well up against it," he confessed. "And I got up to go, looking around the office; and I saw this lithograph on the wall. A lot of sheep in a pasture and a railroad train in the background. Looked like a railroad calendar. It tickled me, and I said to Ryan, 'That's some picture you've got there.' Joking. But he said, 'You bet it is. A lot of people haven't sense enough to see it, but those sheep are right.' And I caught on right away. I said I'd like to buy the picture; and he wouldn't sell, and I offered him five thousand, and went up to eight thousand for it, and bought it. Carried it out of there under my arm.

"Told him I was going to figure on a basis of three hundred thousand for the superstructure. And the figure he gave Asquith was three hundred and ten. That's one way of doing business, my son."

Story laughed politely. "The answer seems to be to keep away from Ryan," he commented

Marr shook his head robustly. "Lord, they're all the same," he urged. "You're in a cutthroat game, my boy. Dog eat dog. Might as well make up your mind to that. They'll break you if they can."

"The same to you and many of them," Story remarked; and Marr laughed and said:

"Pshaw, no hard feelings I'm just telling you." And went upon his way

He came in upon another day, and it happened that Wadlin was in Story's office. Story had been giving the little man facts and specifications on a building that was projected, while Wadlin noted them down in his small, precise hand.

When Marr came in Wadlin rose to go back to his desk, but Story said, "Sit still, Mr. Wadlin. Morning, Marr."

So Wadlin understood that Story wished to be rid of the other as soon as might be, and he held his ground.

Marr, it appeared, had nothing important to say; he spoke casually of business, of a building upon which he was engaged, of the weather and the prospects of the Braves. Story answered briefly, almost curtly. And Marr by and by leaned forward on the other's desk and produced a bit of paper.

"Here's a funny trick with figures I came across the other day," he announced. "Give me a number with two digits in it." *(Continued on Page 186)*

"You'll Get Yours, Too," He Promised. "This Town Will Be Too Hot for You"

WHAT'S UP—By Corley McDarment

An Old Print Showing the Heavens Filled With Argosies. Left and Right—Old Prints Celebrating the First Time Live "Bait" Was Sent Into the Air to Discover if Life Could Survive. When the Rooster, Sheep and Duck Landed, Miles From the Starting Point, the Inhabitants Thought it Was a Visitation From Heaven

THE sun began to redden and the blue sky turned to pearl. It was early in the afternoon, according to the blurred face of the eight-day clock that ranked beside the altimeter on the airplane instrument board. But the aviator decided, after watching the hands for a long time, that the clock had stopped. Night was certainly coming on and the airman knew he would soon be compelled to make a landing after dark.

A feeling of deep anger swept over the aviator. He had been flying for hours and hours and hours, with the nose of the plane cutting the distant horizon at just the proper angle for a most efficient climb, and the monotony was becoming terrible. And the darned old clock stopping after less than two hours' flying was enough to irritate anybody. To kill time, he decided to study the altimeter. For many seconds he kept his eyes strained upon the round face of the instrument before he could find the long narrow hand, and when he did locate it he got a surprise. Instead of registering 25,000 feet above sea level, it showed this distance below the level of the sea. So the altimeter had tangled itself up and the hand was going backward. Such mechanics as they had at the flying field! Install instruments any old way just so they got them installed. The aviator was getting madder than a drenched Dominique hen.

The right wing dropped. The aviator laboriously pulled the stick over to the left by just the right amount and then mechanically swung it into neutral. He wanted to put the nose of the machine back at the right place on the horizon, and he pulled on the controls, at the same time watching for the horizon to cut the upper end of the exhaust pipes. But the horizon had become wabbly; it refused to stay where it belonged.

An Explorer of the Void

THE cold was terrible. The thermometer had dropped away below zero long before, but the aviator could not quite read the figures, for they seemed to run together.

The wabbly horizon was intriguing. The aviator watched the nose of the machine swing upward at it, and even though he flew perfectly, the distant rim of the earth tilted to the side and played hide and seek with him. He glanced toward the sun. It was mighty high in the sky for nightfall, but he was getting sleepy and that was a sign of night.

The earth was so far away that it did not enter the matter at all. The plane was poised motionless at immense height; the only things that moved were two rows of valve tappets, and they danced to the regular drone of the big motor just behind the glimmering disk of the copper-tipped propeller. It was strange that all the instruments had gone dead. The tachometer hand was stuck at 1550 R. P. M., and even the compass seemed to have stopped spinning. A sharp pain went through the aviator's head, and this was followed by a dull aching which added to his drowsiness. Once more he looked wearily at the sky. The sun was covered with a dark haze and the sky looked like a developed photograph film. Nausea struck him. His head fell over against the right side of the cockpit as the sun, sky, horizon, wings and struts all went together in one black scrambled mess; but as his left hand slid backward, his fingers clung to the round knob of the throttle and partly shut off the gas.

This aviator was on a flight which was not strictly confined to aviation. He was exploring a region into which men have peered for unrecorded ages and wondered what mysteries were hidden in its transparency. Nothing so fascinates the imagination of man as that realm which lies above his head into which he can look and speculate yet cannot fathom.

The sway of empire and power of priesthood have rested largely in ability of individuals to explain the phenomena of the sky. It mattered little whether or not a tribal priest explained correctly the workings of the heavens; if he offered something that sounded plausible, fame and power were dumped into his lap. The mute stumps of ancient civilizations such as Assyrian, Egyptian and Mayan have one thing in common—interpretation of what happens in the sky.

The sky has revealed many of its strange secrets, but many more are yet to be found—or rather, things suspected are yet to be proved. The ancients worried with astronomy. This has long since been reduced to a science which is going strong today, but it is carried on chiefly in laboratories and observatories. Within the past few decades, people have been deeply interested in that part of the sky closer home, which is confined to the earthly atmosphere. Since the invention of balloons and airplanes, men have been making excursions into the upper regions and probing the secrets of unearthly Nature. No chapters of history are more vivid or packed with more human interest than some of the accounts of men who have fought their way upward into the icy region near the edge of the sustaining air, where a man is as detached from the earth as ever his ghost will be; and nothing is more remarkable than some of the bits of scientific knowledge that have been snatched down by the men who climbed the invisible steps.

The Full-Dress Uniform of Men Who Explore the Ceiling of the Atmosphere. Smoked Glasses Protect the Eyes From the Terrific Glare of the Sun and are Greased to Prevent Filming or Frosting

Mental Darkness

TAKE the case of the aviator whose journey was mentioned earlier and who passed out of consciousness at around the 23,000-foot level. The flyer had instinctively closed the throttle with the last ounce of power in his left hand. The plane undoubtedly performed, of its own accord, a series of short tail spins and falling leafs until it got down into the denser air where the wings got more lift and the falling slowed a little. Then the aviator began to thaw out and regain his senses. As flying was the last thing he was thinking of when he went out, it was the first thing that entered his befuddled brain when he again woke up, and with flying instinct, he grasped the controls, steadied the machine and made a perfect mechanical landing.

His ears were nearly done for and his eyeballs were

frozen and he had to be helped from the plane, but he was alive. He was able to tell how the human mind works at high altitudes when it is ready to give way. His oxygen supply had been exhausted, or the valve had frozen up so that he could not breathe it and he went dead without knowing why. He knew he got angry, and the figures on the altimeter looked backward, and the clock which he thought had stopped had not stopped, and he believed he had been flying about four times longer than he really had, and the night which he thought was coming on was only the darkness creeping into his air-starved brain

Little prospect exists at the present time that men can ever rise above the atmosphere. No passage beyond the atmosphere can be made with aircraft as they exist today; for balloons and airplanes, the only two kinds of machines that fly of their own accord, depend upon the atmosphere for support. A man could be shot beyond the air in rocket or gun-shell fashion, according to cold mathematics. But the figures do not show how much more a man would be than a minus zero after the shooting was over.

If the earth were a ball eight inches in diameter, the whole of the atmosphere would be contained in a space equal to one-tenth of an inch from the surface of the ball. The air that the earth holds to itself is practically all within the first 100 miles of the surface. About seven miles is the highest any man has ever gone. One-half the earth's air is contained in the first 3.5 miles from the surface and one-half the remainder in the next 3.5; so this leaves very little for breathing and traveling purposes above the seven-mile limit.

At this altitude, every airplane wing that has been built sinks like metal in water, even when an airplane propeller is making it cut the atmosphere at 150 miles an hour. But propellers also lose their efficiency at rare altitudes, for they do not have anything to chew on, although they may be spinning at the rate of 2000 revolutions a minute. This wing-and-propeller combination makes a fool out of a motor.

Room at the Top

A BIG 800-pound motor which can kick out 400 horse power at sea level becomes a puny colt of less than 100 horse power at around 25,000 feet altitude. Loss of propeller and wing efficiency, of course, annuls much of a motor's power at high altitudes, but the motor itself is required to gasp for breath. In order to feed denser air into an airplane engine in the upper regions, a little fan device has been made which piles up the thin air and crowds it into the carburetors so that conditions more like sea level may be obtained.

It seems that men are able to ascend to greater heights than the machines that bear them. By taking oxygen to breathe—or smoke, as flyers say it—and dressing warmly, aviators have been able to go to the ceiling of the machines they flew. The ceiling is the absolute height to which an airplane can fly and beyond which it cannot go. Every airplane has a ceiling of its own. Even those of the same make have different altitudes.

"They are like race horses," one speed flyer has declared; "they are just alike—only different."

But airplanes are not the only means that are being used to explore the atmosphere. Balloons, kites, and even radio waves have been sent up to bring back messages.

Daily it is becoming more important that knowledge of the happenings in the atmosphere a few miles up be gained and interpreted. Weather forecasting, radio and flying conditions are affected greatly by whatever is going on a few miles above the ground. Some of the things that data are needed on above the earth are direction and velocity of air currents, temperature, humidity, electrical action, radiation, and the recently discovered cosmic, or Millikan, rays. Observations have been made on all these except the last, for many years, but the field is still new.

It has been found that great wind velocities exist at immense heights, the wind moving at the approximate rate of 200 miles an hour. But nobody yet knows whether the wind blows this fast all the time and over all parts of the globe or not. Small sounding balloons which can go to heights far beyond human endurance cannot be observed through theodolites very long, and for this reason they are not very satisfactory for direct observation. A practice has long been used of sending self-registering instruments up to bring back temperature and altitude readings.

Investigation of high-altitude air currents is being pursued closely at the present time with a probable use in connection with aviation. If high-speed currents can be charted, it may be possible to build aircraft which can ascend into these currents and travel in them somewhat as the old sailing vessels did in the trade winds. Projects for flying across the Atlantic Ocean in 200-mile-an-hour winds, at altitudes of 30,000 feet or more, are seriously considered.

An aviator once ascended in Ohio to a height of nearly 30,000 feet and his motor stopped. He began descending by spirals in a direction he thought directly beneath, but with his disabled plane at the mercy of the wind, he landed 200 miles away, after about an hour's flight. He had gone up over one city by flying in large spirals, but became lost before his motor stopped, and the combination of circumstances indicated that he had encountered the high wind. But smaller unmanned balloons have also shown approximate velocities

One interesting point about this high wind at great heights is that it blows eastward. An assumption easily made would be that the earth, by rotating toward the east, would have a tendency to run faster than the wind, and up in the regions free from local currents the wind would appear to be from the east toward the west. This upper wind is generally conceded to be due to earth rotation, and the explanation of the apparent inconsistency mentioned can be made by the cart-wheel example.

The rim of a cart wheel moves faster than the hub. The outer layer of air corresponds to the rim of a wheel. The earth does not slip through the air, but the air near the surface of the earth moves with the same speed as the earth, which, near the equator, is about 1000 miles an hour. The air, of course, is not a rigid column, like a spoke of a wheel; but as the air is not arranged on columns, it does not matter what portion of it moves faster out near the rim, just so it is air.

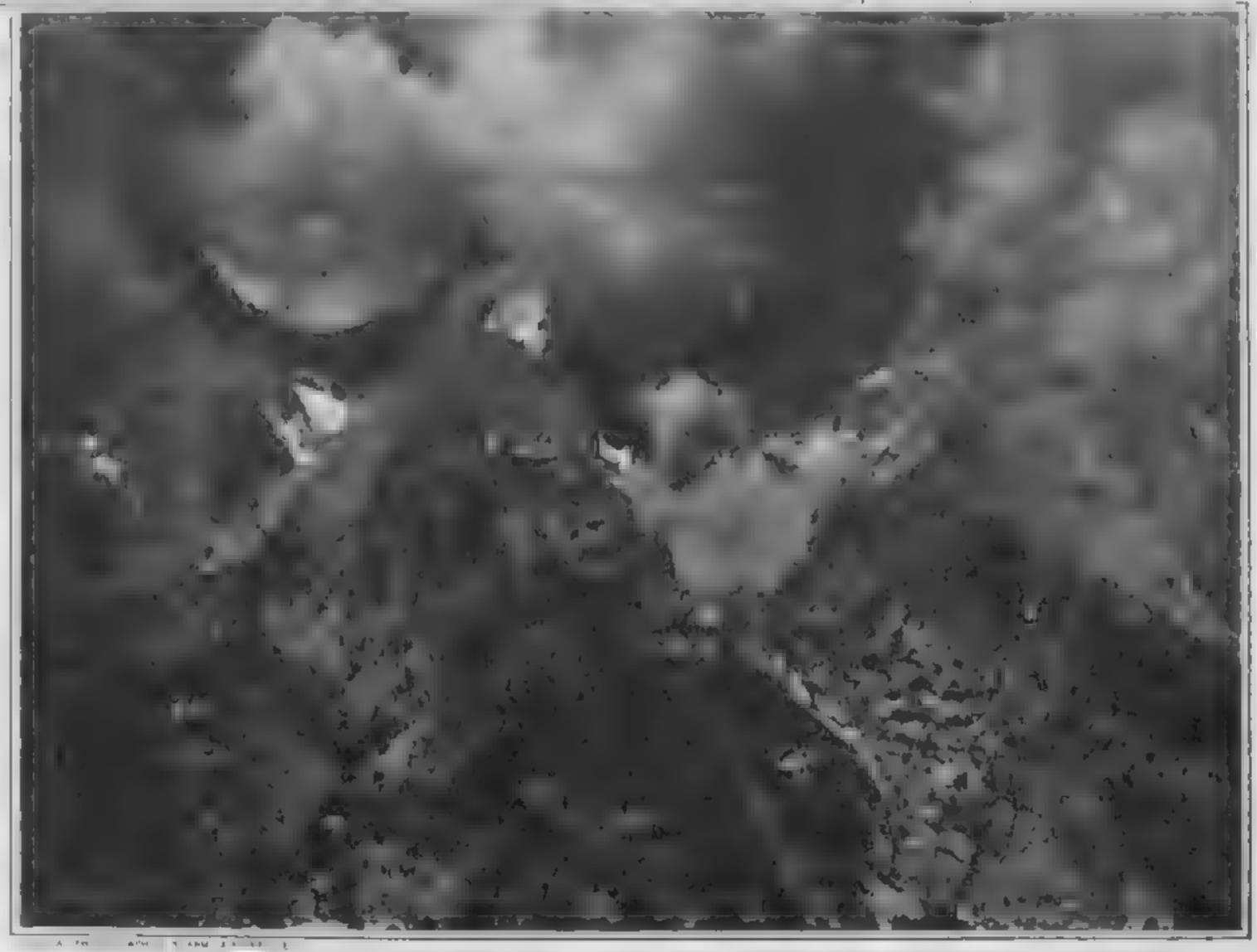
Looking Down on the World. Mt. Adams in the Rocky Mountains, as it Appears to an Explorer of the Upper Air

Aerial Breakers

ALSO, there is a tendency for the air out near the edge to whip forward, toward the east, through its own momentum, like the crest of breakers along the seashore. It is possible that the air rolls over in immense breakers which are hundreds or thousands of miles across and much local disturbance comes from this

The air at the surface of the earth is seldom still. This is due to unequal heating of the surface of the earth, but aviators have never found a day when at a few thousand feet up still air was not encountered. The fact that the air moves 1000 miles

(Continued on Page 174)



A Storm Brewing in the Teton Mountains. The Aviators Who Took This Photograph Lost No Time Hanging Around in the Vicinity

TRANSFER

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

GEAR grease agrees with steel-works rats. They thrive on it amain. Gear grease is dauby, rich and yellow, an elegant substitute for butter. For bread there is the genuine article; hard husks of punk dumped out of Walyo's dinner pail. Gear grease and hunky-punk for staff of life; and for dessert banana skins, bits of fat, chop ribs and marrow bones, wodges of boarding-house pie with such a crust as only rodent teeth can breach. On this menu the rats wax fat and mighty and flourish like the green bay tree. And should lunch-box offal run scarce a day or so there is the journal-box reserve, a supply unlimited of cotton waste, all with a thick oil dressing. They grow as big as spaniels. Ugh!

Tear up an old floor and they flee in hundreds, with horrible high voices, with unbelievably swift whiskings. Hemmed in, the things are frightful. I have seen them spring from all four feet at once, their bodies horizontal, straight up, man-high along a wall, frenziedly seeking escape. I saw one one time jump for a laborer who had cornered it. Rodent teeth strike me cold. No other teeth are so malevolent. I shiver yet to think what might have happened to the man's face had not his frantic shovel blade halved the fiendish thing mid-leap.

Horrible creatures, of horrible size and swiftness, with merciless steel beads for eyes. Slinking, fearsome, foul; living embodiment of a score of vile plagues that have decimated cities, countries, races. In steel-works sewers they breed by hundreds—thousands. Even in dead of winter steel-works sewers are warm. Hot water from boiler blowouts, boiler cleanings, hot water from furnace coolers, overflows from hot wells, enter them, and from the manholes, in mid-February, steamy vapors rise, greasy and fetid and dank. Steel-works sewers incubate the year round, and every ramification, from the old deep-buried, broad-arched trunk of limestone back to the smallest terra-cotta branch, is alive with beady eyes and chisel teeth.

George Illic was a Slav. A Croat, perhaps—a Slovene—I'm not sure. He followed me from Lakeside Steel to Conemaugh Coke and Iron—he and some buddies. It's a way they have if they happen to think you're white.

Till he came to Ovenville I never knew that George was a first-class rigger. He was a fireman on a locomotive crane at Lakeside. I might have known, for I saw him make a perfect splice in a steel cable from his crane that a draft of cars ran over one day on the job. Few men can splice a cable. When George was done you couldn't find the splice. And yet I didn't know until he came to Conemaugh that ropes and tackle were his forte.

And now it comes to me as I try to tell this story—just now, after all these years. I know which of the Slavic countries was responsible for George. Croatia, Carniola—they weren't such bad guesses. Dalmatia. To climb like George and know your ropes like George you had to be a sailor. But a person seldom thinks of Slavs as sailors, and then, too, George Illic was a little fellow, and Dalmatians as a rule are tall. But George was a Dalmatian, I'll bet on that. That islanded, inleted, rocky coast produces fishermen and sailormen that it takes Cape Cod to match.

George Illic. I don't suppose I even have his name spelled properly; but that's the way it sounded. I wonder if it might not be a form of some old root from which the ancient Illyrians got their name—those aboriginal men of the eastern Adriatic shore. The Illyrians had stuff. Rome found it out. George Illic had stuff, too—the same kind, maybe; as Simon Sleeman, the mason boss at Conemaugh Coke and Iron, found out hideously enough.

George showed up on the job at Conemaugh when the new open hearth was about a quarter done. The steel erectors were setting 'em up in rows like children making domino parades. Mighty crane runway and building columns already stood in stiff-backed files and ranks all over the scarcely hardened foundations that we just had poured. Tremendous flimsy-seeming trusses soared aloft, dangling on the long erection boom of a locomotive crane, to span from file to file of this tall steel standing army. Rivet hammers batted. Masons' hammers rang. And far aloft the tack-tack, tack-tack of the roofers' mallets sounded, as the corrugated sheets went into place, casting the work beneath in grateful summer shadow.

It was time to get the furnaces under way. I called young Charlie Simms away from his transit and handed him a roll of blue prints. "Here's the gas-valve arrangement, Simms," I told him. "Sleeman's well started with the flue masonry. Chase him with this machinery. Catch him if you can. Hop to it. Tell Phil to take the transit."

I Disliked That Fat-Jowled, Thick-Paunched, Hook-Nosed Satyr the Moment I Laid Eyes on Him

You should have seen that boy hook onto those prints. Survey work is fine. The best kids in the world are doing it. But if you want to find out what a boy has got you've got to let him put stuff up, not lay out lines for it. You've got to see if he can get work out of men. Charlie knew that. And, as I say, you should have seen him grab those prints.

"Will I tackle the steel erection boss for a small gang of men?" asked Charlie.

"You will not," I replied. "No high-priced talent of that sort for you—not if you want to keep your costs where I can look at them without throwing cat fits. It's only bull-gang work, with a little hand-tackle hauling. Scare yourself up a gang of handy bohunks. The labor boss will fix you up just right."

And just then at my back a squeaky little voice said, "Kako si ti, meestair?"

And there was George Illic and his buddies, who had somehow got past the gate watchman; there they were, fresh from Lakeside Steel, looking for a job. The long erection boom of our locomotive crane was visible from all over.

It, of course, had drawn George like a magnet. It had led him straight to me.

"I'm fine, George," I returned his greeting, and shook hands. "How are you? I suppose you want to go right to work firing that big locomotive crane there, eh?"

"No can," said George. "Already I see dot crane boss. I tell'm, 'Boss, you gimme job?' and he ask me, 'No. Getta hell outa here, wop. What you know 'bout machinery?'"

George grinned his sly monkey grin at me. George could get his English fairly straight; but, like the good comedian he was, he could also feign a most outrageous hunky dialect. "I tell'm gimme job and he ask me no!"

"Better," George said to me, "you gimme job for pusher dis gang men I got. Dot's fine gang men I got!" And, grinning humorously again, he nodded toward the group of keg heads that stood shuffling self-consciously back of him.

"Dot gang, every man, plenty versteh block, tackle, steamboat ratchet, jack." George looked aloft eagerly to where men crawled about like bugs, high on the newly erected steel. "You got lotsa rigger job here," George observed. "Maybe got rigger job for me, my gang."

Well, here was Charlie Simms' bull gang all made to order. But, to make sure that George was familiar with ropes and rigging, I asked him the stock question. You never ask a rigger applicant if he can tie a bowline in a bight. You simply ask him if he can climb—and you mean climb; you mean climb as high as there is anything to get an eyebrow hold on, and then stand up and swing a twelve-pound maul there. If he can climb you take his rigging knowledge for granted. So I asked George.

"Can you go up, George?" I said.

The little man's eyes sparkled. "Go up?" George answered. "Say, boss, if somebody no long time ago cut off my tail, I be up tree dis minute, trow down coconuts!"

I like the Slavs. Every man that handles labor has his prejudices, to be sure. Much depends on the work in hand. For steel and its terrific grind, Slavs every time. Big men for the most part; square men, plodding men, hardly discouraged men; men you can get to like you, treat them square.

True, you can get more entertainment out of a day with some of the other races. Cuffy, from Alabam'—and it's a joyous minstrel show, whistle to whistle. Wop—it's Palyach, the clown, their sense of the ridiculous sharp and clean.

Hunkies—the real Magyars—have an elaborate, formal humor, got from old Asia, I suppose; a courteous humor, never at your expense. Stolid Slavs none? You never made a poorer guess. If somebody hadn't cut off George's tail, so George said, he'd have been up a tree throwing down coconuts that very day, instead of standing there on the ground, applying for a rigger's job.

Not a typical example of Slav humor, that, perhaps. More often there is something grim and deadly in it. More often they will joke about something that you and I would not consider any subject for hilarity; a grisly, fatal turn to the drollery to make you mix a shudder with your laugh.

Well, when you come to think of it, what George had said was not altogether free of irony. He gave the human race a good stiff dig, and I don't think for a minute that he did it unconsciously. Grimness and deadliness his sally may have lacked, but George was capable of these qualities in his humor, too, as we intend to tell—as we would not have to tell you if you had ever seen the look, as hard and merciless as any steel-works rat's, that could come into the peculiar greenish-blue of George's Slavic eyes.

"Charlie," I said, "shake hands with George Illic. Rare merchandise in little bundles, Simms, you know."

George Had a Pretty Wife, All Right—More Than Merely Pretty

Simms laughed. He was almost two yards high and almost two feet wide. He weighed almost two hundred. He reached down and shook hands with little George.

"Also," said Charlie Simms, "the bigger they are, the harder they fall—eh, George?" And that pair were friends.

"George is white," I added. "He'll give you a dollar and ten cents' worth of work for every dollar's pay he gets. Hop to those valves, you two. Sleeman's masons have got three furnaces start, laying valve chambers up ahead of you. Let's see how soon you two can catch him." And, having planted seeds of competition, I departed.

So they went merrily to it, Charlie and George and his little gang of five—five Adriatic sailormen, as I now feel sure; five fishermen, smugglers, pirates, or whatever. Whatever they were, they made a topnotch little erection crew. Bowlines and half hitches were their dish; sheepshanks and flat knots, cat's-paws and becket bends. I saw that little gang pull more sly tricks with ropes and tackle swinging the complicated mechanism of the first furnace into place than any other group of men I ever watched. In all the time they worked at Conemaugh I saw them hesitate only once as to the right next move.

They were placing the first of the rocker-arm shafts that lift and lower the heavy furnace gas valves. They had swung it with a light tackle from a floor beam overhead, five men heaving on the line. They had raised it to the necessary height and were about to land it in its bearings, when they found that they had it wrong end to. Instead of lowering it to the floor and hoisting it again, George Illic merely turned it end for end in the air. This, of course, twisted the lines reeved through the tackle blocks, and when they came to lower the load the friction of the twisted lines prevented it.

The five men on the lead line gave a little slack, but the piece would not come down the several inches that would land it. And so George took hold of one section of the line, close to the lower block, and pulled down on it. She came. That little extra pull was all it needed. The heavy shaft dropped so quickly that George's hand was jerked down into the lower block before he could let go. Lucky the men had only given just a little slack.

I happened to walk up as they were all standing there, undecided for a moment. The five men had already pulled with all their might, but now they could not raise the weight, because the tackle ropes were twisted. George, his face grim with pain, was telling them to snub the line some place. I never found out what his next move would have been, for as the men were looking about in half panic for a good place to make fast, Charlie Simms walked under the suspended shaft. It was just the right height off the valve chamber top. He got his shoulders and the back of his thick neck up against the shaft, and what five men had hoisted with much heaving on a set of double falls Charlie Simms lifted himself, and the ropes slackened enough for George to drag his fingers out from between the one strand and the cruel edges of the sheave.

"Lower dot shaft down, boys," said George. "We pick him right dis time."

Then George held up his hand and looked it over. It was cruelly pinched and bruised, the skin on his fingers squeezed right in against the bones, a livid groove marking the smashing pressure of the rope. But, luckily, no bones were broken. George moved his fingers very gingerly, grimacing. All of them worked. Then he turned to me and Charlie. Chagrin and utter self-disgust had now totally erased pain from his face.

"I'll bet you," ventured George—"I'll bet you t'ink some fellow do dumb trick like dot sure mus' got some brain jus' like a sauerkraut. All right now, boys. Yo! Come on, pull! You t'ink got all day land dot shaft?"

Loyal? Charlie Simms was a square shooter, and would have won those Slavic men in a short time in any case; but after he lifted that shaft on the back of his neck, releasing George's fingers, they were all Charlie Simms' men for good. They ate that valve job up. One furnace done, and the whole complicated mess clear to them, the rest was goulash. They ran Simon Sleeman's bricklayers rugged.

And so, in a month or so, the erstwhile transit squinter came careering into the office with the glad cry on his lips: "More work!" More work! Give him more work! He and George were on top of the bricklayers now. He could swing half a dozen jobs like that!

Thus do young transit squinters advance upon positions higher up—by means of the reliability of other men. If only those who reach these higher places would think less of their own ability and tremendous worth and more of the abilities and worth of the good men below, without whose loyalty no great job would be possible!

I grinned at up-and-coming Charlie. "Work, is it?" I inquired. "Work you want? Son, you have reached the proper destination. I'll load you till your dog-gone backbone creaks!" And I dug up the layout for the checker-chamber binders and the furnace framework. "Bear down on that," I told him, and I leaned back in my swivel chair with a happy sigh. I'd found another man I could unload on.

But at the office door he stopped. "Say, boss," he said, "that little guinea, George—he ought to get more money. I'm going to put a raise card in for him. When it gets to your desk, I sure wish you'd O. K. it."

Joy fled. I might have known. Find a lad on whom you can unload, and right away more money, a raise, an increase. Good night! You'd think that's all that these young bucks were working for. Look at the experience he

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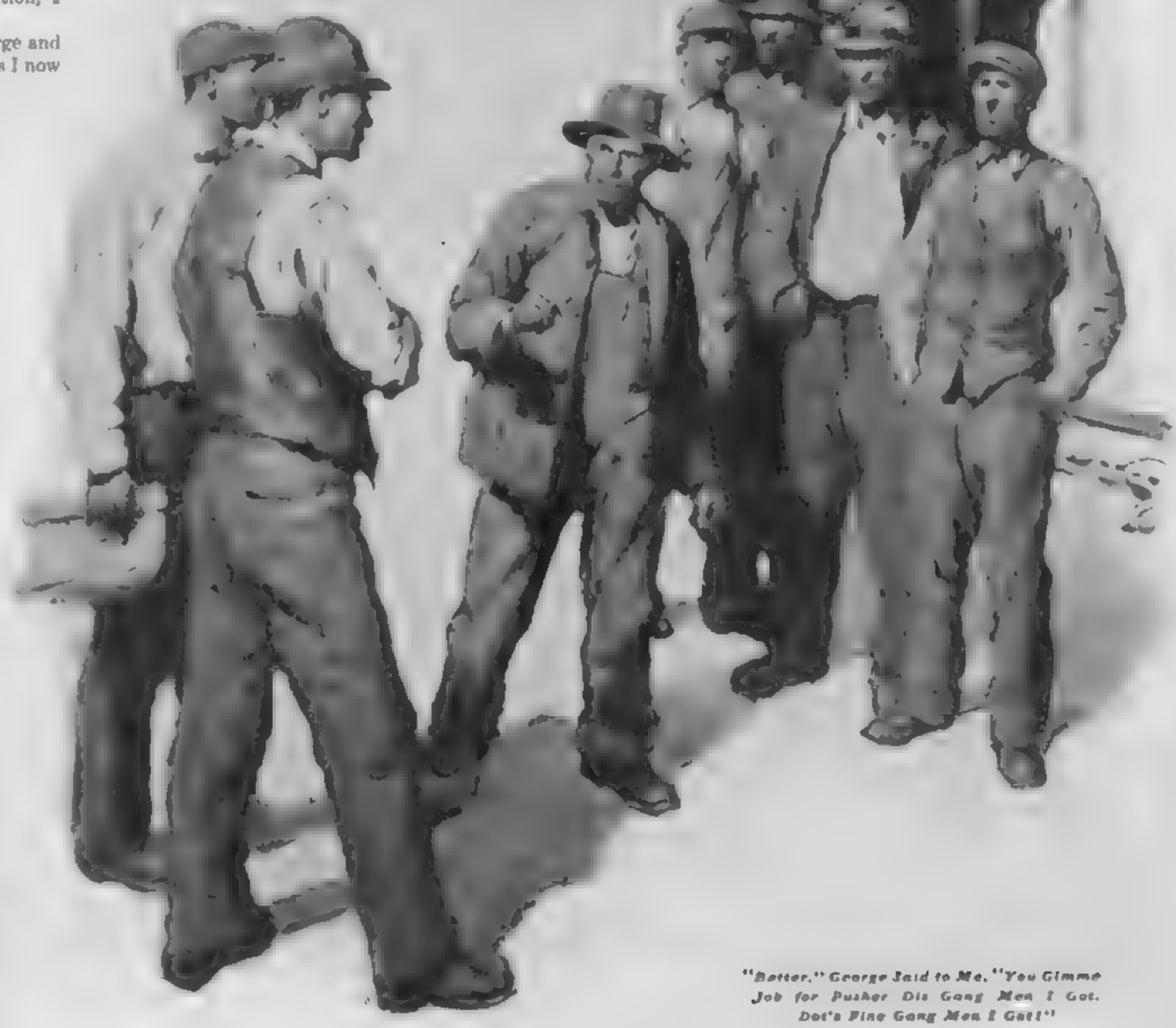


"Better," George Said to Me, "You Gimme Job for Pusher Dis Gang Men I Got. Dot's Fine Gang Men I Got!"

TICK-A-LOCK; IRON BARS

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

BEN SHURTLEFF had stopped to buy fruit at Caramagno's stand, and he could plainly hear Anita talking on the wharf outside with Andrew Wyer and his wife. They were not talking loud—Anita certainly was not—but all these crooked yellow walls conspired with the lumpish wharf planking to make a perfect sounding board. If he lost here and there a word, it was through the shrieking of a winch across the slip, where Hal Thorstad was winching up tinker mackerel into cold storage.

Thorstad inevitably suggested Essie Shawne to Ben—Essie Mockabee, as she preferred to call herself now—and instantly Ben was in a silent rage with himself at the way the image of that girl kept floating back and back into his mind on any or no provocation. Now that Anita Starrett was practically his, and the Starrett millions with her, it was disconcerting to feel that Essie Mockabee had the power to bring him to his knees again. She had made it a point always to dance just out of reach. When, going away four years ago, he had asked her in a shaky whisper if he might write, she had answered with a muffled laugh that with all these cod lines slipping through her fingers it had got so she positively couldn't hold a pen.

"You Were Next Door to a Drowned Rat When She Fished You Out"

In wrath, he had forsworn her; he had left the field to Thorstad; and Thorstad had had no better luck. Yet now she could fire either of them with a look; she could suggest a fairer world to Ben Shurtleff by the expedient of walking past him on the other side of the street, and this was dangerous. Anita's suspicions were roused.

"Who's the tall girl in black that has that sunny smile always ready for you?" she had asked.

"That? That's a Mrs. Mockabee."

"A—a Mrs. Mockabee. Why the indifferent 'a'? Hasn't she a Christian name?"

"That wouldn't make a Christian of her if she had."

It was probably the hint of fierceness in the answer which had determined the willful Anita to spend three or four days on Shawne's Island in Arthur Brice's cabin. And now while waiting for Mrs. Mockabee's boat she was pumping Andrew Wyer—not dreaming, of course, that Ben would overhear. Andrew had bulging eyes over pinched cheeks, and a vanishing chin. There was a splotch of mud over his temple and others on his ragged green coat. He was driving a white horse and leading a black one. Old Mrs. Wyer, in a hat like a last year's bird nest, sat as motionless as the grain sack under the seat.

Miss Fanny Starrett, Anita's aunt, a tiny woman in brown velvet, said in her birdlike voice, "Isn't there likely to be quite a sea running a day like this, outside?"

"I guess that boat of Essie Mockabee's is good for it, any kind of slop," Andrew Wyer said. "And even if it wasn't, Essie would have just enough Julius Shawne in her to pull through."

"Where is this Julius now?" Anita inquired.

"Some more would like to know that," Andrew Wyer said. "They jugged him here a while back. Well, now I never knew the rights of it—what the controversy was about in the beginning—something to do with short lobsters, seems to me I heard someone state once; but anyway, the old Shurtleff—he was sheriff then, and his son's deputy sheriff now—old Ben went out there to make the arrest without men enough, and Julius got the drop on him and made him chew the warrant up and swallow it."

"My heavens," Fanny Starrett moaned, "they sound like cannibals!"

"It didn't set well, that didn't," Andrew Wyer went on. "Later on the high sheriff come down and took a hand, and they caught Julius off Shawne's Island lifting pots to sell short lobsters, and that time they took him, after a tolerable wrastle of it; and he was a while in the county jail on a charge of resisting an officer, but he didn't stay there. You could run a steam roller over these Shawnes and not flatten them."

"I had inferred as much." Anita's voice was just a little sharp.

"Well, that was when Essie Shawne took it into her head to marry Mockabee, see? There wasn't any doubt she did it just to get money to go on to get her father out of jail. Mockabee was twice her age, that's sure. He had some property, but outside of that he didn't amount to much. He could drink without swallowing."

"Is it an advantage?" Anita asked with interest.

"It might be if for any reason them parts were paralyzed," Andrew Wyer thought. "Ike Mockabee could pour a tumbler of whisky neat into him and not wink and not so much as move his Adam's apple, ma'am. She went more on the principle of a waterfall than anything; just a sheer drop and splash. He was the most interestingest man to watch drink ever I saw. Only for his having a weak heart, I don't imagine the excitement of getting married would have overtaxed him. But say, coming away from the wedding someone happened to speak about So-and-So's dying unexpectedly, and Ike sat right back and followed suit. Keeled over in Essie's arms right after the ceremony, in a closed car, on the way to the boat. Nobody had noticed until then that her hair grows into a widow's peak on her forehead. It caused quite a flutter."

"It might well have. . . . Did the man Mockabee serve his turn?"

"Eh?"

"Did she get money enough out of him to get her father out of jail?"

"Seems like she must have, but no more than. They don't have any superfluity of it now out there among the Shawnes. Yes, they came there, a body of them islanders, in the middle of the night, with bolt clippers like they use for clipping the heads off these spikes that hold railway rails down to the sleepers; and they clipped the bolts off the jail and broke in and took him. He went away to the southward in that sloop they got him, and I heard he's running off Nassau."

"But nobody has followed Mockabee in her affections?"

Andrew Wyer looked all about the slip, yanked at the black horse's head and murmured his reply. Ben walked rapidly out of the fruit store and around the four sides of that building, so that his entrance could give Anita no cause to think he had been eavesdropping. She smiled at him brightly and confidently, and he felt all her little insatiables tugging at him. Under her furs, she was in that green dress which looked, his sister said, as if the woman had been veritably poured into it, and as if she didn't have another blessed thing on underneath it. Her hat, a little fitted felt affair, was of the same green, with a thin green feather trailing over her right shoulder.

Essie Mockabee's boat, a rift of snow on its finlike canvas shelter forward, was already ranging into the slip. Essie, very dark and handsome in her yellow oils, stood amidships, steering with the wooden lever on the port side of the engine. She made a perfect landing.

Anita, her regal black furs thrown open to expose the green dress, the green shoes and stockings, took the other girl's hand and stepped into the boat. Essie's eyes dropped, then lifted, and Ben felt their flash like the jump of an electric spark. There was positive electricity in the air between them; and the deputy felt misgiving in all his bones at just the physical contact of those two young women. But there was nothing he could think of to be done about it.

"Do you think you can be warm enough in those?" he muttered, glancing at Anita's shoes and stockings.

"I'm never cold, you know."

"You don't know what cold is like, to say that," Essie said. "I guess we'll make assurance doubly certain."

She kicked out of a locker forward a pair of sea boots and drew forth from these two thick gray socks. Kneeling, she snatched off Anita's pumps and rammed home this more seamanlike equipment, with a smart tap of her palm on the heels, one after the other. Anita was visibly jarred

"You see, I'm going to be well taken care of," she said to Ben.

"I'll do my level best," Essie Mockabee promised, and laughed.

Fanny Starrett, who wasn't going—money wouldn't hire her to step her foot into that tippy little boat—cried, full of quaking premonitions, "Isn't there an awful sea running?"

"Middling," said Mrs. Mockabee. A moment later Ben Shurtleff, frowning intently, with his hands jammed into his coat pockets along with all those fat documents, heard Essie's voice, fainter as the distance grew, crying, "*Morituri te salutamus.*" She hadn't forgotten all her Latin then.

He was forced to think of her classical bent more at length four days later, when, in a hired boat and with a quartering sea, he found Shawne's Island rising up against him. In one short week, the very worst of his forebodings had come true; and now he had in his pocket a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Esther Mockabee on a charge of attempted manslaughter. The story was, as far as he had gathered it from Fanny Starrett's angry retailing of it, that Essie had thrown Anita Starrett off a cliff bodily into the sea. Luckily the victim was a strong swimmer and her heart action was good. The shock could easily have killed anybody less robust; and as it was, Anita was flat on her back at the Crosby House and could see no one, not even Ben, when he had called. It was characteristic of her that when she had a grievance against anyone she was at odds with all the world. He couldn't therefore learn definitely how much the worse for wear the girl actually was, physically, for her experience; but there was what the lawyers called mental anguish to be considered; the thing was certainly a crying indignity; and there was no blinking the fact of the assault itself. Mrs. Mockabee admitted that.

"A woman like that isn't fit to be at large," Fanny Starrett raged. "I guess this will give you just the finger hold you've wanted on that island, Mr. Shurtleff."

"I wish it was anything but a woman," he muttered He meant, of course, anybody but this woman. He stared at the wall map of the coast. It showed Shawne's Island on this scale quite a lump of an island, and the five sprawling headlands of the main were like knuckly fingers reaching out to grasp it. In fact the Shawne's Islanders recognized this reaching movement as characteristic of the main. Their conflict with authority was traditional. A stern and self-reliant tribe, it was their boast that a sheriff's writ from the main didn't run to their dominions. If there was trouble in the island, they would know how to deal with it without the aid of all this legal machinery ashore. They constituted a plantation by themselves.

More especially, they wouldn't care to see a Shurtleff coming here on an official mission. It was the energy of Ben's father that had finally driven Julius Shawne into exile as a jail breaker, and Ben was in no better odor with the island. But he had no alternative. He must take Essie into custody. The law specifically said that where there was authority to make an arrest, there the duty to make that arrest was perfectly compelling.

And he couldn't simply tell her that she was under arrest. He must literally touch her, lay hold of her, to imprison her. Words alone wouldn't answer—at least without perfect acquiescence on her part, and that was more than he could dare to hope for. He felt a terrible pity for that free spirit. In spite of the leverage of her beauty, which had almost pried a jury of old men away from their verdict when Julius Shawne had been in court, it was likely to go hard with Essie on the main. She was an Islander; and Islanders would have short shrift. They had made too many boasts and cast too many aspersions.

Furthermore, Essie was known of old for an incorrigible She had been expelled from high school following the night when by mistake she had winked at the new Methodist minister at a public dance, and over another man's shoulder. The minister had preached the next Sunday from the text: "He that winketh with the eye, causeth sorrow."

She hadn't taken her disgrace enough to heart. She would bring half a dozen men out of their chairs in front of the Crosby House and mean nothing by it, just by a friendly flip of the arm; where another girl who seemed to use her eyes only to look where she put her feet would find herself in hot water half the time.

Now that he was bringing out to her, with the warrant, the cold iron of prison bars, Ben Shurtleff was in a divided mind. His head was in a whirl at thought of what might result from this arrest. What if Essie didn't yield without a struggle? She might bite and scratch. Again, what if she were in bed and wouldn't move, refused to put her clothes on? Then it would become the duty of the officer making the arrest to dress the prisoner himself as best he could and bring her before a magistrate without loss of time.

There were certainly hideous complications in the offing It would please him better if this journey to the island could

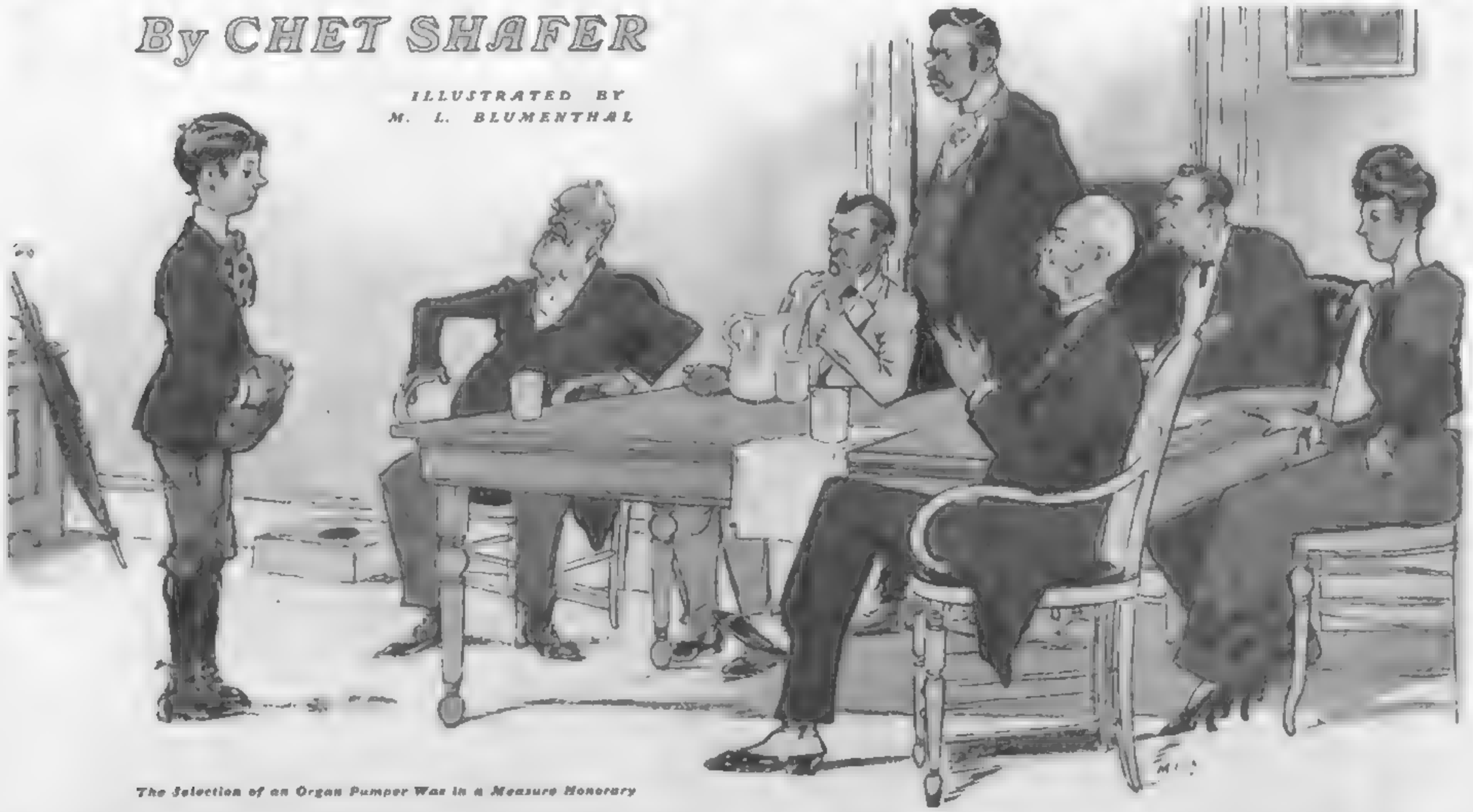
(Continued on Page 104)

Essie's Eyes Dropped, Then Lifted, and Ben Felt Their Flash Like the Jump of an Electric Spark. There Was Positive Electricity in the Air Between Them

PIPE-ORGAN PUMPING

By CHET SHAFER

ILLUSTRATED BY
M. L. BLUMENTHAL



The Selection of an Organ Pumper Was in a Measure Honorary

WHILE the comprehensive electrification program of the past decade has undeniably brightened the lives of toil-racked matrons and stimulated the balance sheets of the public utilities, it has relegated many time-honored institutions to the upper cupboard shelf with the patent wick trimmer. And not the least, by far, of the indispensable factors of another day that have been swept into obsolescence by the wave of ampered progress is the humble but unsmirched profession of pipe-organ pumping.

Here, indeed, was a calling worthy of a much more flattering recognition than the chroniclers of the years have given it, the unmarked elimination of which can honestly be regretted by those who practiced it. Here was a task involving strength of character and muscles, a sublime confidence in personal ability, unstinted physical—and some spiritual—devotion; in fact, most of the virtues and not a few of the graces. It was, in the rather egotistic but just analysis of every pumper, the most important function of the church service of the past. On it the music depended, and on the music rested the grandeur, the impressiveness and the inspiration. It was fundamental. And, in all fairness, it never should have been dismissed unmentioned. It was eminently deserving of a better passing.

The Price of Prestige

THE organ pumper was a figure in his time. He was just a boy, immature and awkward, whose father and mother sincerely believed his church affiliations would some day lead to sparkling accomplishments in the realm of music if not in the fields of theology—beliefs that were ultimately well shattered. His office was rated as the one positive stepping-stone in the community to higher things; and it may have been, but he never so regarded it because of the discomfort in the strict necessity for wearing his best clothes to work in. He was fretted by a wide starched collar that chafed and choked him. Sometimes he wore a troublesome blouse buttoned directly onto his pants, but usually he was harassed by a pair of suspenders, twisted in the back, which continually slipped down over one shoulder or the other. In winter, his reefer and a heavy flapped cap, pulled down over his ears to the lasting detriment of those organs, could be discarded when he reached the loft; but he was not allowed to shed the natty coat of the suit which came to him in a transaction insuring a free bat and a baseball. In summer he was forced to brush his hair and wash back of his ears; and he grimacingly stamped his swollen, travel-calloused feet into stiff pointed-toed shoes and held his long ribbed stockings up with knotted black elastics from which the elasticity had long since vanished. There was a tremendous strain on all his buttons as he pumped, and the tensile strength was ofttimes unequal to the stress, precipitating a condition that was very precarious until he replaced the lost buttons dexterously with shingle nails or brads.

Small comfort came to the pumper on location. He wrested his pittance and prestige from the organ at no trifling cost. After a heavy snow, he couldn't be out waiting to flip the speedy cutter of the rich townsman who was mentioned in every annual crusade against high check-reins. He missed numerous piratical exploring parties when the crocus was in bloom, and during vacation he forswore many a good rousing game of duck on the rock.

Every service irked him to some extent, though his toughest tests came on Easter Sunday and Children's Day, when varied musical programs called out his utmost effort; and in the hot months, if the churches held union meetings and he furnished all the wind that was used in town. On these occasions he was often granted the assistance of an alternate to spell him on the handle; but the relief, although welcome from a physical standpoint, was financially odious, because he was compelled to split his fee. He performed a duty profound and sacred, a duty with a future. He helped produce the music that was much of the exalted quality and sublimity of the service. But he lost a fine personal appreciation of his place in the muscular exertion aggravated by clothing wholly lacking in designs that might have eased his way.

It was the task of the pumper to maintain the wind in the bellows of the organ. He did this by means of a handle that projected through a longish aperture in the unpainted pine casing at the side, in the rear. On some small instruments the handle was out in front and was protected by a screen around which the pumper could peek and make faces at amused playmates out in the congregation. His were cramped quarters, and dusty—cheerless and cold in winter, hot and stifling in summer. Charged by the organist and other authorities with his grave responsibilities, he bent over, moving his arms and body up and down, straining to keep his gauge at a point below which complete demoralization of the service and probable loss of his job would result. He was hidden entirely from the view of the churchgoers. And though he was required to push aside the red damask curtain and sit outside in a chair opposite the organist throughout the sermon—an obligation he shirked now and then if he was able to drop from a window or sneak out a back door unobserved—he received scant attention.

None knew of his struggles, for it was a general theory, supported by most church officials, that the music of the organ would be sheared of much of its dignity and grandeur if the bobbing, perspiring pumper was exposed. He was obscured by curtains and screens so his manipulations would not detract from the bizarre beauty of the gilded pipes and the general exalted effect of the setting. As a consequence none wondered how he managed to assemble sufficient air for a full diapason that filled the edifice. None gave him the credit he rightfully earned. He was simply taken for granted—a concealed nonentity—an insignificant cog in a great and powerful ecclesiastical scheme. And his tangible rewards, though not inconsiderable, because his position was highly rated by those of his own age, were sadly blighted by the utter absence of appreciation of his labors by his elders.

The Choice of Boys to Man the Pump

THE selection of an organ pumper rested with the board of trustees, the president of an auxiliary society, or possibly the pastor or priest, and was, in a measure, honorary. Congenital advantages were sometimes considered in the making of appointments, but natural aptitude, character and tendency toward piety were calculated as the prime requisites. Politics did creep in, especially if the superintendent of the Sunday school had a capable family, including several boys, but choices were based mainly on merit. Sons of staunch members of the congregation were favored, of course, for the assignment; but little attention was paid to qualifications in emergencies where it was necessary to secure a substitute quickly in the absence of the regular pumper. Boys who attended Sunday school only a few weeks before the free boxes of candy were distributed by an uncomfortable Santa Claus at the Christmas exercises, or just long enough to fight for a chance to ride the back steps of the carryall on the annual picnic at Fisher's Lake, were ineligible. Poise counted some. But an outstanding indication of determination and ability to sustain the wind when the ecstatic organist pulled out all the stops to show off his or her prowess was the principal demand.

It was especially required that the pumper arrive early, long before the last bell had been tolled, for without him the doxology or the chants wouldn't have boomed out to muffle the offense of the members who came in late. He took his position at the long, worn handle, where his alert ear caught the starting signal of the organist—a series of brisk kicks on the panels, or the tinkle of a little bell hidden inside the organ and operated by a cord connected with the keyboard. Then his work began.

At his side was a gauge, a lead weight on a string, to inform him of the status of the wind. Above a halfway notch the reservoirs contained plenty of air for all reasonable purposes. Excellent loft generalship was displayed in keeping the indicator above this mark. Just below it there was no immediate danger, but farther down there was another notch—a glaring scar of a notch hacked with the jackknives of successive pumpers to stress its significance—and thereabouts hovered catastrophe. Well, the pumper knew his notches!

It was this gauge that added a moral struggle to the physical battle, likewise unobserved and uncredited. Deep down in the heart of every pumper, at all times during his active pumping career, there lurked a mischievous desire, born of varied causes, to allow the indicator to drop below the danger point and wreck a full-throated anthem or a shrill soprano solo in the agonized screeches of the high pipes and the guttural grunts of the low ones as the wind supply expired. No pumper ever lived who did not feel this urge.

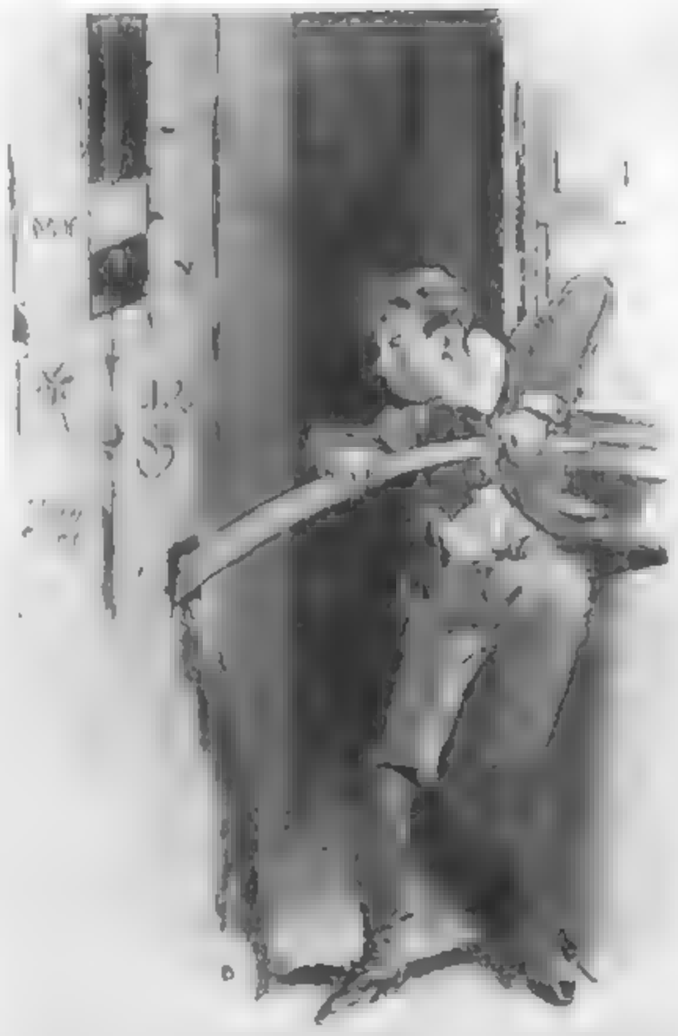
A Tear-Out With a Pump Handle

BUT nobler motives prevailed over the base yearning His sense of duty, his loyalty, his integrity, perhaps even the pressing need of his wage to pay the back dues on a library card—something in his make-up throttled the suggestion. And though he may, on occasion, have drowsed away, fatigued by his strenuous exertions, and collapsed the bellows to the tittering appreciation of a bored but faithful congregation and the angry consternation of the organist, it must be said of him that he never willfully disrupted a service, no matter how consuming his desire. Unnoticed by his elders, gibed at by his playmates, humiliated by the dictatorial policies of the organist, he may have been tempted to the limit of youthful endurance. But never intentionally, regardless of the alluring proximity of the indicator to the notch of discord, did he sway from his pledge of service.

Nettled by his confinement on a warm May morning, when vagrant breezes bearing the scent of lilacs touched his flushed face; aggravated by callous, irreligious youngsters whose folks didn't go to church and who collected outside his window to throw pebbles and sticks at him, he longed to rebel and glorify his rebellion by discordantly demolishing the offertory. Goaded by fancied injustices, it seemed that relief could be gained only by standing indifferently aside, with a savage leer on his face, while the indicator fell jerkily downward and the organ blurped into helpless silence. Over his sordid dreams of revenge, however, and over the insistent temptations of his mischief-loving nature, his finer self triumphed. Sweet as the snickers of the worshipers would have been to his ears, much as his gloating over the confusion of his enemies might have balmed his woes, his oath of allegiance held. A martyr to his lowly profession, he crushed his desire, and with vigorous strokes sent the lead soaring to the limit of the gauge.

There were no material rewards for these victories. His pay was never raised. No one commented that he pumped a smooth, even bellows, free from rattles and creaks, or that his results on some particularly tuneful number had been deftly achieved. No one lauded his handle attack. His only notice came in an occasional pat on the head from a kindly black-bonneted old lady who assured him that he was a fine, manly little fellow, and then asked whose boy he was. Yet he fought on, Sunday after Sunday, all-conquering. Each service saw the birth of black desire and each service saw its vanquishment. And when he strode away after the last note had echoed out of the vaulted heights from which the myriad-prismed chandeliers hung, he was supremely conscious that his reputation as a steady, dependable pumper remained unsullied.

Remuneration for organ pumping varied with communities and denominations. Some pumpers worked without pay, forced by pious parents or the economical custom of church leaders to preserve a strict amateur standing. Other pumpers earned more or less handsome monetary rewards. At St. John's Episcopal Church in Boston, Harry V. Wade received fifty cents a Sunday, and a similar payment was made to Burt R Thomas in Cleveland. Apparently this was a metropolitan rate, although Clarence Budington Kelland, tussling



None Gave Him the Credit He Rightfully Earned

in the loft of the Forest Avenue Presbyterian Church in Detroit, and Edgar A. Guest, who shared his job with his brother, received but twenty-five cents.

James Couzens, United States senator from Michigan, received five dollars a year for the full fifty-two Sundays, pumping in the Presbyterian church at Chatham, Ontario. Ford M. Pettit, in the Episcopal church at Eaton Rapids, Michigan, where his father was the pastor, received twenty-five cents a week; and after two years, when he bent so far over the handle at a critical spot in an oratorio that he burst his trousers at the seat, the members of the choir chipped in and bought him his first suit of clothes with long pants. E. S. Evans, who recently set a record for circling the globe, earned twenty-five cents in the Church of the Epiphany at Lexington, Kentucky; and George W. Welsh, lieutenant governor of Michigan, drew fifteen cents at Grand Rapids.

A Case of Profit and Loss

A STANDARD wage of twenty-five cents was paid in Three Rivers, Michigan, for two services on Sunday, choir practice weekly on Friday nights and any cantatas that might bob up during the year. In Cleveland churches the regular pay was also twenty five cents, but an allowance of ten cents extra was made for funerals, weddings and rehearsals. Will Hays, the movie czar, was rewarded with a ten-cent wage in Sullivan, Indiana, but the custom of the church provided that he put the dime in the Sunday-school collection, so his net profit was negligible. In many cases, however, the taint of commercialism was eliminated, because the boys did the work voluntarily, taking turns, preferring the freedom and privileges of the loft to donning vestments and singing in the choir.

Jackson D. Haag, who practiced in Napoleon, Ohio, on a hand-blown melodeon

(Continued on Page 314)

He Was Privileged to Enjoy a Close-Up, Lingering Study of the Beautiful Soprano, Whom He Secretly Adored

RUBIES OF MOGOK

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK L. SPRADLING

"Too Bad. The Woman's Taking Him to Her Car, or Perhaps His Car"

DONOVAN had felt the note of surprise in the telegram that announced the loss, even though he could not lay his finger precisely upon the ripple of syllables. He felt it again behind Mosser's account of the crime. When he reached the house Mosser's thin secretary had returned to consciousness, but the doctor would not let the man be seen. Mosser told him the main facts almost with reluctance, slowly, hesitantly.

"Johanson was locking up for the night," he heard the man tell him in his surprised, groping voice. "I keep my gems in a wall safe in the library downstairs. The thief must have entered through a window earlier in the evening, knowing Johanson's habit of crossing the room in the dark."

"You had the rubies out?"

"Earlier in the evening—to show to a friend."

"Did you hear the noise of the struggle?"

"Not a sound. I sat talking in this room overhead until my friend left, half an hour later. Neither of us heard any sounds whatever."

"Your secretary couldn't have resisted very strenuously," said Donovan.

"He was struck down from behind by a blow on the head. How could he have resisted strenuously?"

"Who was this friend to whom you showed the rubies?"

"A professor from the university named Stiles. He's a mineralogist, and knows gems as an expert. He saw me give them to Johanson."

"Stiles is a good man," said Donovan, his own voice almost betraying a note of surprise.

"He had seen them before," added the other.

"Have you notified the police of the crime? Have they made any investigations? Who knows about it besides me?"

"I phoned the police at once. They've had men on the case all night. Captain Rounds is downstairs now, trying to find finger prints he can photograph."

"Has he found any?"

"I don't think so."

"Useless for me to look, of course," said Donovan, "but I should like to see this library downstairs, if you don't mind. I have to report on the case later. My company always sends out its own man to make a report. We find it saves time."

"I will show you everything," replied Mosser grandly.

The company of which Donovan had spoken, Redelos Indemnity, had insured the stolen jewels against loss while Mosser yet lived in Chicago. Donovan himself had appraised them. Later, when they went to Colorado with their owner, their insurance followed them. At the time of their theft Mosser was living in a house he had bought in Round Rock, at the foot of the mountains. Donovan, who happened to be in Denver, was thus able to reach the scene early.

The house had been built upon a sharp slope on the canyon side of the road, so that it stood higher behind than in front. Its back yard, which ran down to the floor of the canyon, consisted of terraced gardens banked with flowers. Through these gardens ran a deep, swift stream of cold water from the snow banks of the distant Continental Divide. In reality this stream belonged to an irrigating system serving the valley below, but its banks had long been pleasingly grassed over.

The house was entered from the road at the top floor, from the living room of which a stairway led downward into the library, on the floor below. The library overlooked the gardens behind, at a considerable height, but its side windows opened upon a terrace at floor level.

It was into this library that Donovan was conducted. Captain Rounds of the police, like Mosser, failed to recognize the name as having a place in detective annals.

"Nothing has been disturbed," said Mosser. "Johanson lay beyond the end of the table; his head here, his feet toward that door." He began speaking more rapidly, like a man anxious to get through with an unpleasant task. "See that box?" He pointed to the floor against the wall. . . . "Turn on the lights, will you, captain? That's the casket that held the jewels. The thief ripped them out and threw the box away. Captain Rounds says he wore gloves."

"Not a finger print on it," said the officer.

Donovan's eye had already been caught by the discarded casket. It lay in the angle where it had been flung, rifled of all color of life, fallen in a huddle like a dead thing, its lid thrown sharply back, its emptiness revealed to the deepest fold of its white-satin lining

"You might let the lights stay on," continued Mosser. "It's a dark morning."

"I'm through anyhow," replied Rounds. "I didn't find a thing, Mr. Mosser—not a thing. You'd expect some kind of finger prints in a room like this—your own or Mrs. Mosser's or somebody's—even if he did wear gloves; but I didn't find a print."

"The room wasn't used yesterday, is the reason."

The note of surprise that Donovan had felt behind Mosser's words seemed to have disappeared since their descent into the library, like his hesitancies of manner. He noticed its absence suddenly; and at the same moment he became conscious of a note, even more elusive, as of decision or purpose, but coupled with an alert wariness. He could not have defined the change; but whereas Mosser before had seemed almost resentful of his presence, now he seemed suddenly to welcome it; and whereas before he had seemed puzzled to account for the theft, or perhaps the timing of it, now he seemed to accept it as it stood.

"Not even an older print," said Rounds.

"You wouldn't. My wife seldom uses the library. I myself have moods when I can't open a book."

Donovan glanced at the box on the floor, at the place where Johanson's head had rested, at the furniture, windows, doors, bookshelves.

"You have some interesting titles," he said.

"Bought in many markets," replied Mosser indifferently.

Donovan lifted out a lean tall book, printed in German, that looked so new it might have come from the press the week before. It had in fact been printed within three years, as its imprint date attested. Its interest to him lay in its subject matter—precious stones—but he noticed as he opened the cover that it bore the label of a Geneva bookseller.

"That's odd," he thought; but aloud he said, "I suppose you keep up with the literature of gems, owning such choice ones yourself."

"All I know is rubies," said Mosser.

"Not diamonds?"

"Diamonds are a woman's stone. My wife owns a diamond or two, but I never see them."

Donovan returned the book to its shelf and again gave his attention to his host. He had noticed an increased

loudness in his tone as Mosser spoke of his wife. He now saw that the man's face bore a shadow as of displeasure, and that he was looking toward the door behind the policeman. As Donovan followed his glance the door knob slowly turned and the door began to open. A moment later a woman entered the room. A diamond ring she wore seemed to identify her, but did not, before a word was spoken.

She entered the room with fluttering breath, like one fearing a rebuff. Donovan's first swift impression of her was that she had suffered long and deeply, and had known terror. Mosser's features grew harder.

"What now?" he asked.

"He's worse," she said.

"I'll come directly. My dear, this is Mr. Donovan of the insurance company that insured our rubies. I dare say he will have questions to ask."

"None that will not wait," said Donovan.

He left at once. As he turned away he took with him a renewed impression that the woman in her soul was afraid. The policeman followed him out.

"Who did it?" asked Donovan when they reached the street.

"Probably a crook from Denver. I did all I could to find out, but he was too smooth. It might have been anybody."

"What do you know about Professor Stiles?" asked Donovan then.

The policeman stopped and looked at him for a moment as if to see if he was in earnest.

"Say, forget it," he began. "This man Stiles could borrow every dollar in this town just on his word. He has a wife and family and owns his own house, besides bank stock and part of a gold mine. Think of something else. Being a stranger, you wouldn't know, but I'm telling you."

"I'd like to make his acquaintance," said Donovan.

He stood looking out over the canyon at the mountains beyond. In the distance a gap in an intervening range revealed the snow peaks and glaciers of the Divide. The nearer mountains were less rugged, but, as he knew, they were threaded by canyons so deep and narrow and tortuous, it seemed as if roads could not be constructed through them. Yet, as he also knew, roads had been constructed through them. He had spent a summer among some of the ruggedest of them, had crossed the more important glaciers, climbed the more important peaks.

His companion during some of these jaunts had been the man about whom he had just asked, and whose acquaintance he had just wished he might make.

"He works at the university," said Rounds. "All you have to do is look him up."

"I'll run out and see him."

"He's up in Denver today. I had him on long distance at his club. He doesn't know a thing, but if you want to wait over, he'll be back tomorrow."

"I could use the time to see some mountains," said Donovan.

He had not intended stirring ink into his ocean to cloud the waters, but the ruse presented advantages, and he began talking roads and routes. By the time they separated, Rounds understood that he might drive up South St. Vrain's yet that day, returning by Big Thompson's the next morning. He managed to leave a similar impression at his hotel, merely by asking questions. Then he sauntered to the station, three blocks distant, and bought a ticket to Denver.

On the train he ran over in his mind what he knew about Mosser. The man was said to be of German blood; but he had spent many years in the Far East, where he had married an English girl of some means. Accounts differed as to his places of residence; some spoke of Siam, others of Burma, still others of Afghanistan, and even of the German coasts of Africa. Accounts differed also as to his position Whatever it was, and in what place, they agreed that it had been official.

For the rest, the stories about the man were not pretty. There was the story, for example, of how he had acquired his first ruby. He had not bought it; he had not found it; he had not received it as a gift. He had merely closed his eyes and prayed for it, and that night it was his. That upon which he had closed his eyes was said to be an irregularity in the opium traffic. Such things are never spoken of, but they become known.

That ruby was only a small one. Later, when he understood the value of eyesight, and perhaps also that of rubies, he found his blindness paying him better. Had he begun with a diamond his accruements might have been diamonds; but he had become interested in rubies, and thereafter the ruby became his measure of value. Some of the larger stones arrived late; he did not know of their existence during the early years. Afterward, when he began paying for information about rubies, as well as for the stones themselves, he could sit back and listen for whispers.

For example, a whisper arrived of a twenty-carat pigeon's-blood ruby that was owned by a wealthy merchant in the next town. The stone was of the finest Mogok color. As large rubies of good color are very rare, compared with diamonds of the same grade, its owner refused to set a price on it. Nevertheless, two months had not passed when Mosser one morning found it in his pocket.

That ruby had been mined within five years. Other and larger stones in Mosser's jewel box boasted a longer history. They, too, may have come from the mines of Mogok; but if so, it was hundreds of years earlier. They consisted of three flawless rubies cut in double *cabochon*. Each weighed nearly thirty carats; and so perfectly were they matched that, except for their mounting, no one could have told them apart.

Such rubies do not exist; yet these did exist. They do not exist for sale, do not exist for dealers. But princes sometimes own them, and deities sometimes do.

It was whispered that Mosser's trio had been stolen from a hill temple erected to an ancient deity before the Christian era. It was whispered that the thief received his reward from a rajah. It was whispered also that the rajah died exactly three months from the night of the theft, and that the thief was stricken with leprosy three months later.

Just what service the European was able to give in exchange was never clearly stated. Some said that he sold a countrywoman into the rajah's harem—sold her by closing his eyes. Others read the price into politics.

At any rate the three great rubies lay in Mosser's satin-lined casket, along with their less princely but blindingly

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It Was Whispered That Mosser's Trio Had Been Stolen From a Hill Temple Erected to an Ancient Deity Before the Christian Era

The Struggle for Future Greatness

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Joshua Trees in the Desert Near Palmdale, California. This Waste Land Will Soon be Brought Under Cultivation by the Water Conservation Program of Which the Colorado River Development is the Major Issue

WE KNOW that beneath the smiling and peaceful surface of our prosperous country there is a continuous struggle for material advantage, perhaps not so merciless as in more poverty-stricken lands, but very real none the less. Most apparent among individuals and business concerns, this conflict is only a degree less acute among sections, states and communities, striving, as they do, to build up population and wealth.

Most of us believe that competition is wholesome, although at times it degenerates into mutually destructive warfare. Certainly those sections, states and cities which put forth no efforts in their own behalf tend to deteriorate just as men or business enterprises do.

The relative economic strength of this or that part of the country is constantly changing, partly because of forces over which its people have no control, but often as a result of their efforts or lack thereof. In just what directions the struggle is of most vital concern at this time it is hard to say.

But nowhere is it more vivid and dramatic, or the stakes larger in proportion to the present position of the contestants, than in the fight now raging for the material advantages which will accrue from harnessing the Colorado River.

Material for Politics

SEVEN Western states and a foreign country are involved in this contest for future economic might. It is absolutely certain that by building dams in this river there will ultimately be developed large new units of wealth where but few now exist, and the question arises as to what portions of a great territory will derive the major benefit.

The first impression of anyone who studies the Colorado River controversy must be one of intense disgust that human beings should be so bitter and contentious in a situation which, if handled coöperatively, would quickly pay ample dividends to the general advantage.

Like the farm problem in the Corn Belt, it is the sort of issue which attracts politicians much as barnacles are drawn to a ship. If either of these problems were promptly settled many a candidate for office would lose his best talking point. There are reasons for keeping such questions alive.

But while political ambitions and personalities aggravate the Colorado River dispute, the real issue at bottom is economic, and requires a long time to settle, concerning as it does the future wealth and relative position of whole states. It took twelve years to draw up and ratify the Federal Constitution, although the material interests at stake were smaller than those which center about the Colorado.

There is no difference of opinion in the seven states concerning the benefits which will accrue from taming the flood-mad river. The difficulty is quite the opposite; there is altogether too keen a realization of future advantages. Each state is jealous of its own right to use as much water at any time in the future as it may be able to use. Each party to the dispute insists that its interests be considered first.

The Last City Near the Colorado River in Nevada

Fertile

NOW anyone who has ever grasped the size of our Far Western states does not need to be told how much vacant land seven of the largest of them must contain. No engineer knows how much of this land will ever be cultivated. But any interested citizen can venture a guess on the subject, and back it up with loud asseverations.

In Arizona alone estimates of the amount of new land which the harnessing of the Colorado will bring in vary all the way from less than 300,000 up to 3,500,000 acres.

While expert opinion differs, most people in the West do not believe there will be enough water for the ultimate demands of all the empty lands susceptible to irrigation. There is no form of local pride and loyalty which can possibly equal the belief of a citizen of an arid Western state in the agricultural potentialities of his parched and desert soil.

It is a form of local fanaticism which the Eastern city dweller cannot comprehend, and as we shall shortly see, it does not always take as good-humored a form as a recent remark of Governor Dern, of Utah:

"I have heard some extravagant stories about the fertility of California soil. I was down near Needles once and an old-timer told me about the richness of the soil along the Colorado River. He said, 'It is the greatest soil in the world. You can raise anything on it except watermelons.' That puzzled me, because I thought the climate ought to be especially favorable for watermelons, so I asked him why. He replied, 'Well, you see, the vines grow so fast that they drag the melons all over the country and wear them out before they can get ripe.'

"I submit that is pretty good soil, but it ought to be, for it was washed down from Utah. We have plenty of the same kind left, and that is why we have such productive land that a comparatively small area will sustain an important state in the most highly advanced stage of civilization."

It may be true that many a suggested agricultural project in the Colorado River basin is economic and feasible only in the heated imagination of loyal sons, and that there is thus sufficient water for all the lands that need it. This does not affect the dispute in the least, because despite all argument most people fear there will not be enough water to go around. They fear that ultimately someone must go without, and no one proposes to go without.

A Tentative Allocation

UP TO the present this attitude, persisted in for years, has brought only deadlock. In an attempt to break it, representatives of the seven states constituting the Colorado River Commission, under the chairmanship of Secretary Hoover, signed what is known as the Colorado River Compact at Santa Fé, New Mexico, on November 24, 1922, allocating 7,500,000 acre feet of water a year to Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and New Mexico, and 8,500,000 acre feet to California, Nevada and Arizona.

"The first attempt was to allocate rights to the separate states," says one of the members of the commission. "Each state's representative felt called upon not only to claim what his state should receive, but multiplied that factor expected by perhaps five or ten. I say that advisedly. I will admit we were guilty with the rest. These conflicting claims, and the absurdity of some of them, made us soon realize that it would be very, very difficult to scale down to what we actually deserved, and then the suggestion was made that instead of attempting at this time to allocate exactly the rights of each separate state, we divide into the natural grand divisions—namely, the upper basin and the lower basin and at some subsequent time the upper and lower basin states get together respectively and allocate among themselves."

The upper and lower basins are separated by 600 miles of rough canyon country incapable of development. There is thus a natural geographical and physical division. Besides, the needs of the two regions are different, one being much more quickly growing than the other and with a more immediate need of water

The tendency is always to develop irrigation projects on the lower reaches of a river first. Each of the seven states is fighting for future greatness, but California is close upon it. The river was divided between the upper and lower states to remove the opposition of the northern states to developing the river for California's immediate benefit.

There are reasons, obvious enough, why states like Wyoming, Colorado and Utah should develop more slowly than Southern California. Delph E. Carpenter, who has represented Colorado in many of the river negotiations, estimates the time required to develop fully the upper states at from fifty to one hundred years as compared with twenty to forty years in the lower states.

"This upper country cannot enter into a contest for speed for first development," he says. "In the wild scramble for water supply on the ordinary priority basis the upper country would find itself worsted by conditions it could not overcome."

The Site of the Boulder Canyon Dam

But we cannot be sure that ultimate development in the northern states will be less than in the southern. Utah contains oil shales which may supply the West with fuel long after California oil is gone, as well as other great undeveloped mineral deposits. Besides, the upper states supply most of the water which forms the Colorado, and naturally demand that their rights to the future use of a large share of this water be fixed before construction of dams takes place below them, with a consequent extension of rights to the principal beneficial users — California and Arizona.

So the upper states were given nearly half the water to remove their natural opposition to development below. Governor Boyle, of Nevada, once remarked that legal warfare over water had militated more against the development of the West than any other single factor. The Colorado River Compact was drawn up to avoid litigation, for it is a question whether anyone has ever won a water case, economically speaking, whatever the legal decision may have been.

Ambitions and Jealousies

REPRESENTATIVES of all seven states signed the compact, and six states shortly ratified their action. But after a protracted period of internal debate Arizona refused to ratify, and still, nearly four years later, remains outside as far as any pact is concerned. The Colorado River Compact, therefore, is not now in effect, lacking as it does one necessary signature.

It is doubtful if American history presents any other case in which a single state has contended so fiercely and persistently against the opinions of all its neighbors and the obvious intentions of at least one of them as Arizona has.

The controversy seems at first sight hopelessly complex; an inextricable confusion of ambitions, rights and interests. We may start, however, by saying that many, perhaps most, people in Arizona feel that their neighbor states are trying to divide up among themselves assets which belong to Arizona, and to her alone.

The present wealth and economic power of the seven states is petty, with the exception of California, which is among the wealthiest and most powerful in the Union. The four upper states therefore demanded a contract, or compact, to protect themselves against this great commonwealth going in with its resources and appropriating all of

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A Group of Southern California County and Municipal Officials Viewing the Boulder Canyon Dam Site on the Colorado River. In Oval—The Entrance to the Black Canyon on the Colorado

TOO MUCH CLASS

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

CAMILLA sat miserably on the bare apartment-house veranda, looking like a million dollars. Her small hands were quiet in her lap. Her young body in the inexpensive yellow silk was undrooping. Her head, with its close-cropped silver-gilt hair, was erect. Her dark-blue eyes were steady. If Bunch brought back from the races only thirty cents out of their last fifty dollars, he would find her here, exquisite and unshadowed, in spite of panic seething at heart. This Seventh Street had seemed about as far as they could go. And yet, with the last fifty dollars gone, what in the world could they do next?

The dusty young driver of a truck which had just thundered to its nightly parking place on the blistered lawn of the Avocado Apartments swung up to the veranda with a respectful bob of his head toward her. She bowed, remembering vaguely that his name was Robinson. Bunch had stormed dreadfully about living with truck drivers and waitresses, when she had insisted that they move in here from their hotel at the beach. He objected violently to the street, to the people, to the thin pasteboard walls, to the apartment, which was no more than one room with bath and kitchenette. But Camilla had maintained serenely that they were clean, that there were some quite nice waitresses in the house, and some very nice truck drivers, and that they could find no cheaper place to live in of its kind in Miami. Since Bunch had no job she told him that he could not afford to be snobbish. She had suppressed calmly any dismay within her, until now. She could not make herself feel serene now. Tomorrow they might not have enough to buy food or to pay the rent.

Before that possibility all the traditions of her earlier years, like tall, elegant aunts, stood aghast.

"They Couldn't Stay Any Longer," Camilla Said Steadily and Slowly

She tried to reason with herself that Bunch was only twenty-two; that he had given up his last uproarious year in college to marry her; that she ought not to expect him to make any vast amount of money immediately. That she herself was only twenty and that he had married her out of finishing school, with no one, since her father's sudden and bankrupt death, to venture an opinion, she quite ignored. Being Mrs. Robert Burnet had been a rare, a wonderful, if at times rather breath-taking, experience. Bunch was such a vital, exuberant contrast to her whole well-ordered, patrician sort of life. She had watched calmly, if with slightly widened dark-blue eyes, life becoming kaleidoscopic, without once altering that poise with which she had been born.

They had followed the real-estate migration to Florida, where shortly Bunch decided that this thing of a man getting rich quickly just on commissions was greatly exaggerated and that his temperament was not suited for high-pressure salesmanship anyway. And now he had lost his last job of many, which had begun to seem a very good job, indeed — dancing at the Green Seahorse Supper Club.

It would never have occurred to Bunch, until Camilla thought of it, to try professional dancing. But Bunch's popularity in college had rested on his trick dancing, which had always amused him more than athletics. To look at him, only about a head taller than Camilla, with rather thickset shoulders, one would hardly have guessed the amazing rubbery agility, the abounding masculine grace he could display on the dance floor, with the saxophones yelping like hyenas and the drums sounding the staccato of his heels. The Green Seahorse had paid him well enough for a while, and he insisted on a quiet hotel at the beach, so that Camilla could have the swimming. But when the Green Seahorse terminated its casual and rather flickering existence, Bunch, loudly protesting, found himself installed on Seventh Street and hunting work.

To Camilla, Seventh Street, or this few blocks of Seventh Street nearest the Miami River, had become, until this moment of dreadful suspense, a really exhilarating experience. Starting at the bay front, Seventh Street is a perfect cross section of the life history of Miami. The great honey-and-ivory-colored hotels which form its rampart, looking over the dancing variety of the wide bay water, give way, a block or two westward, to an old residential district, where the live oaks and bougainvillea vines and pandanus clumps around the gray frame houses of the railroad-construction period are rapidly being torn up to make room for apartment houses in canyon row, crusty with stucco like huge slices of violent yellow-and-pink wedding cake.

At Miami Avenue, Seventh Street crosses a business district of small stores and lunch rooms, dry cleaners and furniture warehouses, and so moves with a bump across the helter-skelter of railroad tracks to the dust and paintless wooden shacks, the clutter, the laughter, and the fat chocolate babies of colored town. And beyond colored town, which in the purple lamp-lit night about its flimsy huddled roofs hums with a rich tropic sense of life African and dramatic, lie the few remaining blocks before Seventh Street crosses the river and becomes frankly residential and domestic and bungalowed. In those three or four blocks the Avocado Apartments are the most impressive structure, except for the lumberyard and the truck-repair inclosure. In those few blocks, under the street lights and the great burning white blobs of stars, the young future of Miami laughs and lounges and talks real estate and brags about its ambitions.

That thrilling sense of life, young as her own, unquenchable and vibrant and burgeoning, thrilled Camilla in every responsive fiber, coming back from the tiny corner grocery through the green evening light, with four eggs and a half pound of butter and a loaf of bread for Bunch's supper. In all her life she had never felt anything so careless and gay and hopeful and adventurous as this bit of street, with the framed cottages bursting with roomers, even to their canvas-inclosed verandas—young real-estate men and truck drivers and printers and grocery clerks and garage men, who laughed and lounged on the steps and the trodden grass without coats or hats in the mellow moment of twilight. There were dusty trees here and there over the shabby roofs, often with a great gray truck, like some silent shabby beast, nosed under it. Along the worn edges of the gravel walks bare-headed tanned children in a fluttering thin garment or two ran and shouted among the wheels of all sorts of patched and repainted vehicles which once were

There Was a Moment When Camilla Found Herself Staring Fascinated Into That Glance Darkly Fixed Upon Her

cars. There were soft-drink and fruit stands and small open-front grocery stores inserted on lot corners.

There was a lunch wagon next to the small frame Holiness Church, where on experience nights the fervent voices rose above the low laughter and hum of voices on the street. Beyond that were a phrenologist and a fortune teller, and beyond that a larger frame house had converted its parlor and living room into a restaurant. Going by in the early evening you could see crowds of young men eating dollar dinners and joking with the waitresses, who often wore little pink or green dresses under their aprons and would presently go and dance under palm trees and a moon with some of these same young men. You could hear the swarming hum of voices from the houses, lazy and gay in the relaxation of evening, hear somewhere a fretful baby being sung to sleep, see in some bare, lighted front room two girls with bobbed heads rouging their round cheeks before a mirror. Camilla shared with sympathetic friendliness all this throbbing life that was young and transitory and going somewhere else. Any day the Miami of real-estate offices and large apartments might swallow up this overlooked bit, cut down the trees, do away with the fresh pine smells of the lumberyard and disperse all this crowded youth to its next step on its way to the substantial years. But for this brief moment it existed, careless and vibrant.

In the early morning, when the bright gold sun struck down the whiteness of Seventh Street and the dozens and dozens of parked trucks roared and rattled and growled and thundered away to work, Bunch flopped angrily and swore and buried his head in his thin pillow to get more sleep. But Camilla did not mind the trucks, except for Bunch. Even when the sun was at its whitest and hottest on the dust of the street, the cool breeze that fluttered up the river from the bay blew in through their window. She could catch a glimpse of live-oak trees westward and the sheen of a little canal with people fishing in it. And in the sunsets which flaked all the sky with burning immaculate rose and gold, when the trucks were parked for the night and the young men, washed and brushed, sauntered out of the shabby crowded houses laughingly toward their dinners, and somebody thumbed a ukulele, and somewhere a boy and a girl in clear reedy voices sang some absurd sentimental song, all about love and kisses and unhappiness and longing, then Camilla loved every bit of it.

Now, if Bunch lost that fifty dollars at the races they could not afford even Seventh Street. There seemed to be so few jobs that Bunch could keep. She doubted a little at this moment, and colored faintly at the very idea of doubting him, that Bunch could even drive a truck. It would be beneath his dignity, anyway, even if some of these exuberant young truck drivers put off their overalls eventually, moved away from this part of Seventh Street and got themselves into good paying business and into the social columns of the newspapers. Camilla could not see why, when you needed money badly, it was more disgraceful to do one honest thing than another. But at school money was never supposed to be mentioned. Perhaps that was why she was so democratic about it. Now she could only watch a pale-pink cloud become lavender over the lumberyard and the sky darken softly, with a pale-gilt star trembling in it. After all, there was no good beginning to worry until Bunch came home.

An enormous car, long and shining as a locomotive, slid to the path and stopped, and she saw Bunch get out, his dark hair blown, his square boyish face grinning. He hugged her with an abandon at which all that part of Seventh Street gazed and grinned sympathetically.

"Bunch, honey, then you didn't lose," she said breathlessly against his nice hard shoulder.

"I certainly did, baby, every solid cent. But it doesn't make a darn bit of difference. Run up and put on your hat, beautiful. We're going out to dinner with a regular fellow. His name is Diamantopolous, and I want you to be nice to him. Gee, you look a million."

She crammed her little yellow hat over her shining pale hair, put on a dash of rouge and rubbed it almost all off, breathlessly trying not to think about the fifty dollars. They were gone—gone—but Bunch had never sounded more happily confident. Mr. Diamantopolous. The name might be Greek. At school the Greek professor had been charming.

The huge black-haired man jammed behind the wheel turned his head to look at her. His face was darkly fleshy and the nose bold, but the dark eyes under the slow lids looked at her with a grave and direct intelligence. He moved his cigar from his thick, mobile lips and extended a black-haired hand into which hers sank as if into a mattress

"Ah," he said with a slow inflection she liked, "this is the Madam Burnet. You will do me the pleasure to dine with me, eh? Thank you very much. We will put this gay young husband in behind us and talk about him, shall we?"

Camilla laughed, a little ripple that was suddenly secure and happy, under the grave eyes. She sat with her hands quiet in her lap and not speaking, as Mr. Diamantopolous slid the car ingratiatingly among the holes in the street, the trucks, the playing children and the strolling couples. Bunch sat on the folding seat behind and poured into Camilla's ear all the tale of the afternoon. The horse on which he put their fifty dollars had broken his leg at the start. The next tip he had had, with no money to play it, paid sixty to two, but luckily he had passed it on to Mr. Diamantopolous, who remembered Bunch from one night at the Green Seahorse and so asked them to dinner on his winnings. Camilla exclaimed softly from time to time, between parted lips, as the car flowed stealthily toward the bay front, trying to choke down her hidden ache of dismay that the fifty dollars was really gone. Tonight would be lovely anyway.

At the very top of the very highest among the very newest of the bay-front hotels Camilla sat at dinner in the best corner, overlooking the widest view. The shining black water of the bay was spread far below with the flung coruscations of the lights. The wind came straight and free from the black edge of ocean beyond the beach lights. The city tossed its lights up to them, almost to their feet. There was an orchestra that played like the velvet prowl of panthers, and lights like witch fires in rose shades. In a mirror like a dim pool Camilla could observe their own table distinctly, see her own pale-colored little figure dreaming between Bunch, all excitement, and the solid mass of Mr. Diamantopolous, like a dark cliff. He spoke with an ever so slight buzzing of *s*'s. The food he ordered was divine. Camilla deliberately crammed her fear for tomorrow into the jaws of tomorrow and made believe there would always be food as delicious as this, always the velvet breath of an orchestra, always Bunch, looking so devoted and handsome and ardent—and solvent.

But with dessert the older man brushed away the ripple of dinner conversation with one sweep of a thick-fingered hand, in which an enormous diamond seemed solidly embedded. His eyes were on Camilla rather than on Bunch, thoughtfully and, she felt, not unkindly, as he spoke: "I have asked you and your husband to dine with me tonight, because it was my good luck to find him at the races just when I was turning a proposition in my mind. I was saying to myself, 'It is a good proposition,

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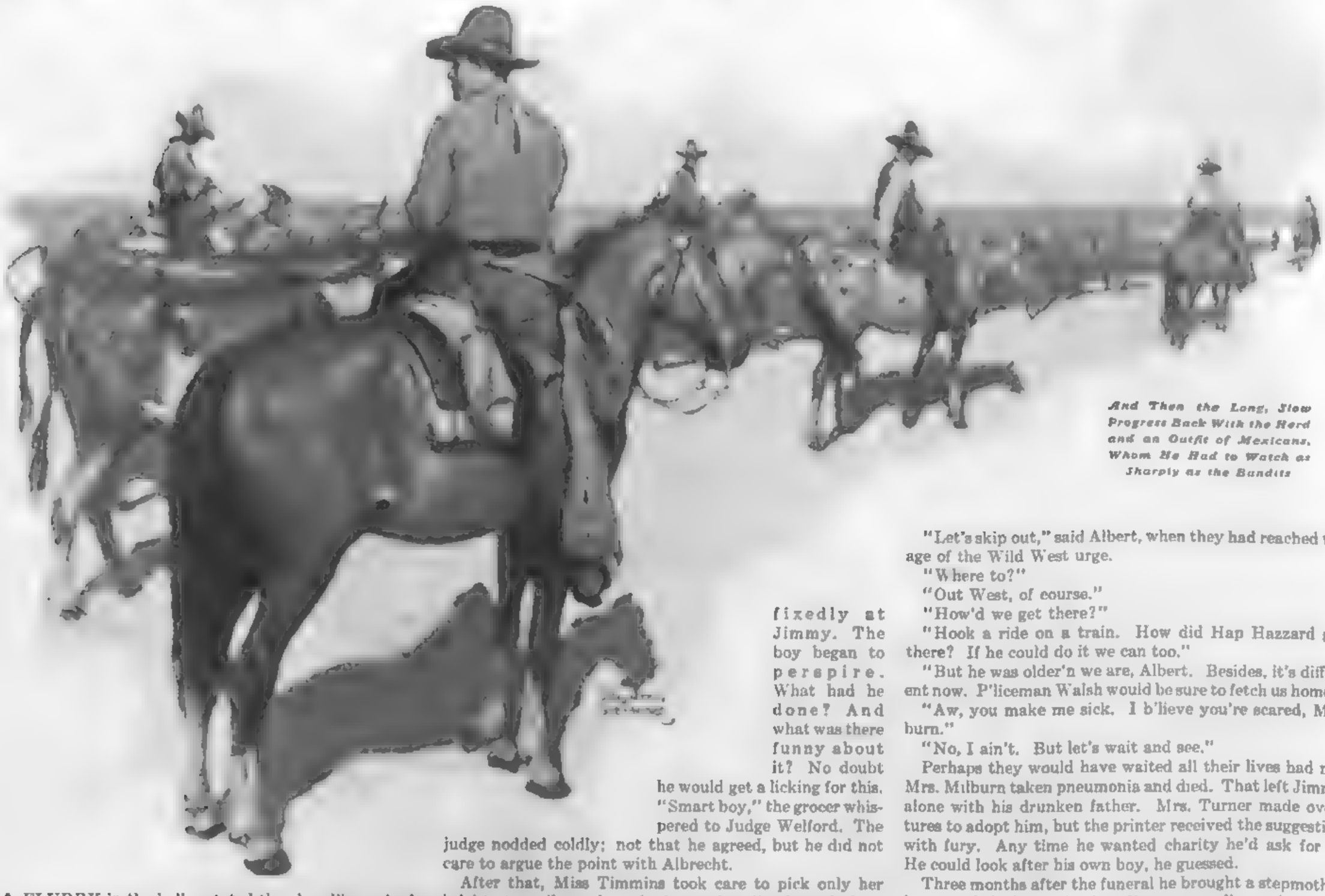
People Came Just to be Seen There. Others Came Just to See Them There

THE DREAMERS

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD



And Then the Long, Slow Progress Back With the Herd and an Outfit of Mexicans, Whom He Had to Watch as Sharply as the Bandits

A FLURRY in the hall agitated the class like a ripple on water. The teacher made a dab at her hair, glanced hurriedly in the glass and began to tidy her desk.

"The school trustees!" ran a whisper, even before a breathless messenger arrived from the principal to warn them.

Presently the visitors filed in, ushered by the principal, who was beaming kindly on his little charges; but the perverse young devils only looked frightened. The trustees were Judge Welford, Mr. Dawes, Henry Sawtell and Mr. Albrecht, the grocer. They shook hands with Miss Timmins and smiled encouragingly, with the exception of the grocer, whose face wore its usual morose expression. Some boys brought chairs and the trustees sat down behind the teacher on the platform. The grocer fixed one eye on her and the other on a map of the world hanging on the wall. The effect was so sinister that Miss Timmins grew nervous.

"Class will come to attention," she piped. The children straightened bolt upright. The trustees became as solemn as owls.

"What subject would you like to question them on first?" Miss Timmins twittered.

Old Judge Welford started to clear his throat, but the grocer beat him to it.

"'Rithmetic," he rumbled, and relapsed into cockeyed silence.

"Now," said Miss Timmins, endeavoring at the same time to look pleasant and glare Seth Shepherd into using his handkerchief, "pay attention and think before you answer. Suppose you had thirteen cows and four of them strayed away, how many would you have left? No, not you, Albert. You, Jimmy Milburn. If you had thirteen cows and lost four of them, how many would you have left?"

"But listen, teacher," replied Jimmy earnestly, trying to make it confidential behind his hand, "you shouldn't lose any of 'em. No, never!"

Miss Timmins compressed her lips angrily; but when one of the trustees laughed she relaxed. Mr. Albrecht removed the gaze of one eye from the map and stared fixedly at Jimmy. The boy began to perspire. What had he done? And what was there funny about it? No doubt he would get a licking for this. "Smart boy," the grocer whispered to Judge Welford. The judge nodded coldly; not that he agreed, but he did not care to argue the point with Albrecht.

After that, Miss Timmins took care to pick only her brightest pupils, and so the inspection dingdonged along to a creditable finish.

The trustees spoke cordially to her on going out—all except Mr. Albrecht, who bestowed a limp shake of the hand, then beckoned to Jimmy Milburn with a forefinger and gave him a dime.

The class sat stunned. Why had that man given Jimmy Milburn a dime? And why did Miss Timmins look so graciously on him? They had expected she would keep Jimmy in after school for giving the wrong answer.

Albert Turner took it more to heart than any of the others, because he was usually the prize exhibit.

"Gee, you make me sick!" he said as they started home. "Why, I thought of that right away! Anybody could of. Gosh, yes! But it was silly—the right answer was nine, but that ol' teacher wouldn't let me give it."

The two boys were neighbors and inseparable, although social barriers divided their parents. The Turners lived in a small brick house with a trim lawn in front, in a fairly good residential street, and Albert's father had a white-collar job as bookkeeper in the Sims Wagon Co. at a salary of sixty dollars a month, which was money in those days. Jimmy's sire worked in a job-printing establishment and made as much money when he kept sober, but he got drunk about twice every month and spent all his pay at Mara's bar. Consequently the Milburns dwelt in aqualor, in a cottage back of the Turner place. It faced on a street given over to a junk yard and immigrant workers in the foundry, who could hardly speak English; but by climbing a high board fence Jimmy could drop into the Turner orchard, which consisted of four gnarled apple trees.

As the boys grew older their friendship grew closer, but Albert took the lead more and more. Jimmy's rôle in the partnership was to put the brakes on or show how to carry out a scheme so it would work. Albert had imagination and aimed at the Presidency. First he would be governor, then senator; or maybe he would own a bank and run the Vanderbilts out of business. Jimmy aspired to be a farmer, for no better reason than that he liked to see things grow.

"Let's skip out," said Albert, when they had reached the age of the Wild West urge.

"Where to?"

"Out West, of course."

"How'd we get there?"

"Hook a ride on a train. How did Hap Hazzard get there? If he could do it we can too."

"But he was older'n we are, Albert. Besides, it's different now. P'liceman Walsh would be sure to fetch us home."

"Aw, you make me sick. I b'lieve you're scared, Milburn."

"No, I ain't. But let's wait and see."

Perhaps they would have waited all their lives had not Mrs. Milburn taken pneumonia and died. That left Jimmy alone with his drunken father. Mrs. Turner made overtures to adopt him, but the printer received the suggestion with fury. Any time he wanted charity he'd ask for it. He could look after his own boy, he guessed.

Three months after the funeral he brought a stepmother home to help him. At first Jimmy was disposed to welcome her, because he thought anything must be better than the life they had been living, but one day he told Albert he was going to run away.

"You've always wanted to do it," he said, "and now I will."

Brought face to face with the step, Albert temporized.

"But what'll we do? We haven't got any money."

"That don't matter," retorted Jimmy. "I got money—I got nearly two dollars hid where dad can't find it. That'll buy us meals, and we can hook a ride on the train."

The first tang of autumn was in the air and it seemed to chill Albert. He didn't want to run away. Why not wait till next year?

"All right; stay behind if you're 'fraid. But I'm going."

"I'm not 'fraid. That's just the 'flection off your own eye. I'll go just as far as you will, Jimmy Milburn."

"Yes, you will!"

"Yes, I will."

It ended by their skipping out. They did not hop a freight, because two freights they waited for did not pull into the siding or even stop for water, but went thundering through. So they decided to walk.

"We can jump one at Westwood," said Jimmy. "There's a steep grade there and they have to slow down."

Accordingly they set off on foot, each carrying a small bundle of clothes. Albert also took along a Bible. It struck him as a seemly thing to do.

They tramped along the railroad until their feet were sore and their knees ached from walking on the ties. A good road paralleled the line not fifty yards distant, but they scorned to use it. Besides, they might meet somebody they knew. Albert carried on a running fire of excited chatter; Jimmy went along with his head low, sniffing and scratching himself from time to time, as was his habit when in serious thought.

Late in the afternoon they left the railroad and followed a lane up a hill to an orchard, and there sat down. Nobody was near, nobody could see them; and they ate their fill of apples. Presently Albert fished out a pencil and started to write on a sheet of paper.

"What're you doin' now?"

"Writin' a letter."

"Who to?"

"Mamma."

"Why, man alive, don't do that! They'll be sure to nab us."

"But she'll worry if she don't hear from me," said Albert. "Sometimes I wish ——"

"Wish what?"

"Nothin'."

"Well, don't you write to her."

"All right."

A long silence.

"Whatcha writin' now?"

"I guess I got a right to write if I want to, Jimmy Milburn."

"But you promised you wouldn't."

"I never did any such of a thing. I said I wouldn't write to my mamma—anyhow, not today—but I never promised ——"

"Why, I do b'lieve you're goin' to cry! Here, let's see that writin'," said Jimmy.

Albert permitted him to read it, not without a sort of sneaking pride:

"Here I sit upon a hill
Far from dear old Beechville ——"

"That's pretty good," was the comment. "It's a pome, ain't it?"

"Sure."

"What comes next?"

"Nothin'—there ain't any more."

"But it seems sort of cut off," objected Jimmy.

"Maybe I'll write some more tomorrow. Maybe I'll make it longer."

"Well, we'd best be goin' now. It'll soon be dark."

Albert glanced around nervously; the same idea had occurred to him. It would soon be dark—and where would they go then?

They trudged down the lane and took to the highway instead of the railroad, lest they meet tramps along the line after nightfall. It was only seven miles to Westwood, but lights were twinkling along the countryside before they reached it. By that time both were ravenous and dog-weary and had blisters on their feet. Albert wanted to go somewhere and buy food, but Jimmy would not hear of it.

"We had a good dinner, didn't we?" he objected. "And we've got to save our money. Maybe in the morning we can buy a glass of milk before we start."

Albert eyed him venomously—he was beginning to hate Jimmy Milburn.

One or two pedestrians stared curiously at the wayfarers as they entered the village, and it made Albert uneasy. It was dark, too, in spite of all the lights that had sparkled so bravely at a distance.

"I wanta go home," he gulped suddenly.

"Aw, gee, Albert!"

"I'm goin' home too. You see if I don't, Jimmy Milburn!"

"But we ain't hardly started yet. Wait! Gee, maybe I'll buy some sody pop and candy!"

"I wanta go home," repeated Albert in a wail.

"Where is your home, boy?" asked a voice from a yard they were passing, and a man stepped to the gate.

"Beechville," answered Albert, starting to cry. "And I wanta go back there. I'm tired and —— Hey, Jimmy! Come on back! Don't leave me, Jimmy!"

But his chum had vanished into the night.

"Come on in the house and get something to eat. I guess you're hungry," said the man. "What you been up to? Run away? What did you want to run away for?"

"I dunno," whimpered Albert. "Jimmy, he wanted me to."

A motherly woman opened the door to them and opened her heart, too, after one look at Albert. She fed him with cold meat and sweet pickles and homemade bread and milk and apple pie until he threatened to pop, and then tucked him in bed with her own little Cicero.

"The poor kid," she crooned. "I'll bet his mother is near crazy right now, Cicero. Look at that—asleep already. He's a nice boy, I can tell that. And I believe he told the truth."

"I'm going out to see whether I can find the other one," said her husband.

"Whyever didn't you think of that before? Mercy, he'll be miles from here by now! You stay right where you are, Cicero Clark. It's getting late."

"We can't leave him out all night," he persisted.

"Yes, you just want to go and see the boys down at the Commercial—I know you. But you don't get out of this house tonight, young man, so you might as well make up your mind to that."

Thus Jimmy was able to make his get-away. While Albert traveled homeward next morning in charge of the conductor on the local—he strutted all winter on that escapade, the hero of the school—Jimmy was booming westward behind some crated machinery in a box car.

He covered more than three thousand miles before reaching the land of his dreams, and it took him weeks. A dozen times he was obliged to drop off freights to avoid capture by brakemen; twice he was caught, but told a story that gained sympathy, and a ride in the caboose instead of arrest. Once a yardman at a junction picked him up as he was climbing into a cattle car and turned him over to a policeman, who locked him in the cooler, then went home to supper.

The cooler consisted of two improvised cells in the basement of the town hall. In the other cell sprawled a drunk, who had been carted there in a wheelbarrow. Big rats scurried about the floor and the air was so foul that the boy grew sick.

"Gee, I'll die if I stay here long! Let me out!" he shouted.

Yet his respect for law was so great that the thought of escape did not occur to him. After a while he grew thirsty. In his hurry to get home the policeman had forgotten to put any water in the cells, and presently the drunk awoke, raving for it. He yelled and beat against his cage and cursed until the boy was in a white panic. At last he wrenched one of the bars loose—and behold, their prison was no prison at all, but a decrepit thing of slats. Even the lock on the door was a joke; a child could have forced it.

"Come on, kid, let's get out of this dump," he cried, tearing away one of the wooden bars so that Jimmy could crawl through. *(Continued on Page 144)*

And Miguel Rode Off, Leaving the Boy Atop a Hill, With the Remuda Cropping the Grass in a Valley Below

TOUCHDOWN!

As Told by Coach Amos Alonzo Stagg to Wesley Winans Stout

NUMBER 3—DIRTY WORK

The V Formation Adapted to Scrimmage: Columbia Using It Against Princeton, 1890

THE athletic season at Yale began with a student mass meeting addressed by the captains of the crew and the baseball and football squads. I attended with George Gill, my fellow townsman. Gill was disposed to the crew, and where Gill went I was inclined to go. We were on our way down Chapel Street to the boathouse when we met a friend of Gill's, a football partisan, who argued us into turning back to the new Yale field and reporting for football.

Lining up with the scrubs, we encountered almost immediately a farcical left-over from the Rugby Union rules, called the maul in goal. Alex Coxe, 290 pounds and big boned, was at left guard for the varsity. Not content with using his bulk in the line, Captain Richards was employing Alex to lug the ball. Tackling Alex waist-high or higher, as the rules enforced, was a quixotic enterprise, and he dragged us steadily toward our goal line.

When Freshman Beat Sophomore

ANOTHER steam-roller sortie and he went over the line, with Tillinghast of the scrubs hanging on. Coxe landed on his back, and the ball was not down in that day until it actually touched the ground. If Tillinghast could keep Coxe from turning over, or could wrest the ball from him, there would be no touchdown. This was the maul in goal, legislated out the following year, and the rules stipulated further that it was strictly a private fight between the man with the ball and the man or men who had their hands on him when he crossed the goal. No one else could join in.

What Tillinghast lacked in weight he made up in fight. While twenty of us looked on, the two fought it out for fifteen minutes—and I do not exaggerate. It ended in a victory for the scrubs, Tillinghast getting the ball away from the winded Coxe. The latter was Yale's crack hammer thrower. I see him annually acting as timekeeper at the Penn relay races at Philadelphia.

At rushing time in the fall the freshmen and sophomores played their annual baseball game, which the sophs never had permitted the first-year men to win. I was in the box for the freshmen this year and we won. Already I was much too old a head at pitching to be rattled by sophomoric ragging. I had pitched three years in high school, every summer for the Orange Athletic Club, and for Phillips-Exeter the previous spring. At the prep school a tutor had been the team captain until the rest of us revolted and threw him off.

My performance in the fall game marked me as baseball material. That and the combined demands of my studies and of earning my way decided me on concentrating on baseball. I turned out for football as often as I could, however, and made the freshman team. The chief stimulus for the freshmen was the chance of whipping the Harvard freshmen, victory carrying with it the privilege of sitting on the Yale fence, sacred normally to the upper classmen. The game with the Harvard freshmen was canceled this season, whereupon our eleven disintegrated, and we did not attain the fence until the spring, after we had beaten the Harvard first-year baseball nine.

Politicians

MEANWHILE the '88 eleven had played a game with Williston Academy, one with the Wesleyan freshmen, and served doggedly as ten pins for the varsity to bowl over. I began to understand something of what it was all about. Against Williston, my first game, I had essayed tackling Higgins, a young giant, as he was running with the ball. My intentions were better than my technic, and I was sent sprawling by a stiff straight-arm jab to my face.

The next year's freshman class, '89, brushed aside that formality and perched upon the fence in defiance of tradition. We sophomores undertook to pull them off, and I, personally, to take care of George Woodruff, a bull for strength. He twined his legs about the top and second rails, but I pried him loose with a head hold. When electric lights arrived in New Haven, the city installed an arc on the corner over the fence, violating our privacy by making us visible to any vulgar towner who passed along Chapel Street. We drew up a petition asking its removal, which the city ignored. When we showered it with rocks, a policeman was assigned to guard it. Billy Kent, later a congressman from California, then thrust his .22 rifle out of his dormitory window and shot the light out in the best of California tradition.

Stagg at Bat, Yale Field, June, 1926

P. S. The city moved the light across the street.

In the Yale-Wesleyan game of November sixth I saw Wyllis Terry make football history. Yale won, 46 to 0, but

Princeton Kick-Out Against Lehigh, 1891. Left to Right—Irvine, Wood, King, Homans, Flint and Vincent

at this moment Wesleyan was on top of the Yale goal line and the ball was passed to Terry behind the line. Instead of making the safety expected by both Wesleyan and Yale, he crossed back over the goal line on the run, dodged and battered his way through the Wesleyan line, made the twenty-five-yard line and saved Yale from the safety penalty. This was an unprecedented feat—but he did not stop. Zigzagging across the field, eluding the Wesleyan backs and the pursuing line, he ran the length of the field, converting a safety against Yale into a touchdown for her, the first run from goal line to goal line ever seen in New Haven.

I saw another unusual game on November nineteenth, the varsity playing an eleven composed of famous former players, most of them Yale graduates, on an icy, snowy field, with a bitter wind cutting across it. The game had changed so radically in the brief time the graduates had been out of school that —— But I can't hope to describe it as whimsically as the Yale News did at the time.

Christened With Harvard's Tears

"THE way in which some of the graduates would at times kick the ball whenever it was loose on the field was a source of much amusement to the spectators, to whom this was an entirely new element," the News reported. "The ball had been in play but a few moments when, getting loose from the crowd, it rolled in the direction of Lamb '81, who, much to the merriment of the spectators, without attempting to lay hands on it, gave it a good solid kick which sent it flying over the heads of Yale's halfbacks and back so that they had to turn and chase it."

Edgar Allan Poe Kicks a Goal Against Columbia at Berkeley Oval, Election Day Morning, 1890. Woodrow Wilson Was One of the Coaches of This Princeton Team

the ball must be held before it is down and a team will have to throw and jump on top of the men instead of tackling the ball." In as much as Penn beat Harvard this year, for the first time, Princeton walloped the Crimson 34 to 6, and we beat them 48 to 0, there may have been something in the diagnosis.

This 48-to-0 triumph dedicating the new Yale field was the high point of the season for me. Again I can recapture it best by quoting from the News: "Even at an early hour in the morning it was evident that something noteworthy was about to take place. Strange faces in large numbers were seen on and about the campus and at the boathouse, and everywhere there was present the air of a place where something is going to happen. It was the initiatory game at the new grounds. Surely it was a grand day for the christening. Broad and level, they lay stretched out, smiled upon by one of the most perfect days that ever a lover of the sport could wish for. With no associations of the past, no grand old victories to be proud of, calling to mind no ringing cheers that had in past years greeted the successful issue of a hard-fought contest, they seemed to lay in waiting for their christening. In the hands of our eleven rested this task, and never was a more glorious christening given to any field. Carriages lined the south side and eastern end of the field, and about two thousand persons were ranged down each side."

Many a high school would blush today for that field. It looked like a village ball park. There was no covered grand stand, but the bleachers seated perhaps 600. Most of us preferred to stand on the sidelines. It so happens that the first of the great concrete stadiums or amphitheaters in the country, of my knowledge, was built for a high school—that of Tacoma, Washington, more than twenty years ago.

Princeton's Entering Wedge

THE Princeton game being played at the Polo Grounds, New York, I did not see it, and I missed something Princeton sprang the V play, first of the wedges, on a Yale team that never had seen it until that Thanksgiving Day. Lehigh had invented this trick formation as a kick-off play, and used it on Princeton. The Tigers had adopted it, then adapted it for use on all occasions where a free kick was allowed. The trick was bending the line into a V with the ball carrier inside the point of the wedge, and that point aimed at the enemy, of course. It shortly became the usual opening play of any game, and by 1889 Yale had adapted it to scrimmage attack. This variation was copied everywhere in 1890.

The V wedge was merely an incident of the battle, at that, and here I ask leave again to print. The Thanksgiving Day

(Continued on Page 132

James Robinson, Princeton's English Trainer, Patches Up Spicer, '91

I find another interesting example of the changing state of the game, midway between caterpillar and butterfly, in the same paper. A Princeton student wrote to a Harvard student commenting on the Yale-Rutgers game, won by Yale, 76 to 0, and the News reprinted the letter.

"Yale does not put the ball into play right," the letter said, "even in the center of the field; and when the half-backs run, the rushers run ahead and interfere with the tacklers. They ought to have scored only 40 points; but the Rutgers back, a little man, was scared to death. When the ball was kicked over the back line, he would walk up to it and pick at it with his hands, drawing it away. As soon as he had touched it Yale dropped on it and made a touchdown."

Speaking of the Harvard-Pennsylvania game, the same letter said: "I do not think that Harvard plays with enough head or roughly enough. This year the player and

Pa Corbin's Champion Yale '92 Eleven. Corbin Holding the Ball; Stagg at the Extreme Left

The Trees Said to the Bramble, "Come Reign Over Us"

By Garet Garrett

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

IV

JAEL looked at the time. It was 3.30 A. M. Not late for her. She wished to think; and the procedure was as follows:

First she built up the open fire; near it she placed a reading lamp, by the lamp a small table with smoking materials, and pulled up a deep chair. Next she tapped a cup of coffee from the urn that was still hot and brought it to the table. These movements were performed in a pattern, that is to say, absently, as from habit. Then she opened a chest that was full of current French fiction in paper jackets and lifted out an armful. The first one she looked at was Three Who Loved She threw it back. The second went back too. Then The Remorse of Virtue. She let it fall. The next one bore a jacket illustration—a young woman smoothing the brow of her sleeping Apache with one hand while holding a dagger in the other. She hesitated and looked at the next, whose author, in the new fashion, disdained titles. In place of a title was a very striking design—a woman smiling ironically into the face of an angry serpent. Deciding for that one, she threw all the rest back, slammed the lid of the chest, kicked off her shoes, and settled herself to read. When she came to again she would have the answer to what she had been thinking about.

Out of This Experience Grew Her Guild of Handicrafts, Which Became a Mild Passion

It often was that as she capsized herself in this manner she remembered her father, who did the same thing, in almost the same way before the new psychology had furnished the mind with hinges, single or double-acting, full instructions with each set, no skill required, merely the commonest household tools, hatchet and screw driver, so that anyone may do it.

Her father got his money in Wall Street. He was not a banker, not a broker, not a speculator in the ordinary meaning of that word. A mysterious person, who worked alone and never spoke but to say buy or sell and name the quantities. David Saint-Leon, the silent saint. He kept an office without books; his records were in his head. He had no habits, no methods. For six months or a year he might not appear once on the tilting ground; or he might be seen for a moment as a knight on the hill in black silhouette against the sky and then vanish again. But if he tarried, it was to act. His movements were swift, daring, always at first incomprehensible. Invariably they turned out to be disastrous to the plans of some powerful inner group with a great scheme in vulnerable suspense. Before defense or reprisals could be organized, he was gone with the booty. What he did in the meantime was to read or travel. He would sit for months in his library reading Dumas, Hugo, Reade, Scott, Dickens. He had read all the fiction bound up in sets that existed in the English language. When he traveled, it was in Egypt, up and down the Nile, the same path over and over, gazing at the scenery which he never saw. He knew less about Egypt than a child in its first geography.

He was a small man with an eagle head and a lifted, sardonic voice. Most people feared him at sight, probably for his eyes, which pierced what they looked at, penetrating the surface as if it did not exist, or as if he did not see it. One of his unexpected acts was to marry a famous opera singer. She was a large, thrilling woman, not beautiful. Jael was their only child. Her father named her; it was not until long afterward that her mother by accident learned of the first Jael. By that time she was numb; and besides, the child—well, once more perhaps the man had been right in his way. The name was the only touch of Evaness the child had.

With a father like that and a mother pursuing an international career, Jael's childhood was a superintended affair. Acquaintance with her parents progressed by intervals, with sometimes as much as a year between; and after she was three the experience of being reintroduced to them became an ordeal. She was conscious of disappointing them; each time a little more. Her manners were all right; the reports were excellent. Her governess and tutors were enthusiastic about her merits. Nevertheless her father wrinkled his eyes and her mother frowned and kept regarding her with an air of tragic perplexity. Then it would wear off; but then they were gone again.

She did not know what was wrong. She got the notion it was her way of greeting them. She was not exuberant; they expected more warmth. So she tried hurling herself at them. Then it was worse. Gradually she began to realize it was in her looks she disappointed them. But she was not responsible for the way she looked; she did not pick out her own things to wear. She was twelve before she knew it was deeper than clothes. That year her mother gave her a grand party. There were thirty children. Her mother looked in on them from time to time, each time with the same expression, because each time the facts were the same. It was Jael's party, but Jael was not the center of it. She was nowhere in it. Fifteen little aspects of the male principle behaved as if she were nonexistent.

This was one of the occasions, not very frequent, when both her father and mother were home at the same time. At dinner her mother was in hectic color, and from the conversation Jael understood they had been talking about her, had talked themselves into a temper, and were continuing the subject obliquely, thinking they were over her head.

"I wanted to see," said her mother, aloud but to herself. It was evident she had said it many times already.

"Let her buy it then," said her father in his cynical voice. "Buy it. She'll have the money."

"Oh, you beast!" said her mother.

"Your own taste, madame," said her father.

Presently her mother said, "Well, it can't be laid at my door."

"No?" said her father, feigning polite astonishment. "Perhaps then it came by the window, or down the chimney."

When Jael was fourteen her mother died of a heart attack in Berlin. Since she was ten her father had been interested in her talk, it was so droll, serious and unexpected; but it seemed to make her mother very uneasy. After her mother's death, her father passed more time at home and saw more of her. They often talked half the evening, after dinner; their contacts, however, were mental only. He treated her as friend and equal, sometimes as one woman to another, sometimes as one man to another.

She was sixteen when one day he sent for her to come to his private abode. This was one wing of the house—first a very large museum room, then a library, off the library sleeping rooms for himself and his manservant. He was in bed, propped up in pillows, smoking a strong cigar. She had not seen him for several days and did not know he was ill. She did not know then how ill he was. She was pulling up a chair; he made her a gesture to sit on the edge of the bed.

"Jael," he said, "you have not my nature, but you have my mind. It will be your curse. But you will have also a lot of money—more than you can spend. All I suggest is that when you are through with it you will leave it free, as I leave it to you."

He smoked a little, thoughtfully.

"There's a silly saying," he said, "that money will not buy happiness, as if happiness were a thing you might hope to acquire. It cannot be acquired. Nobody can give it to you. It's a shabby bauble. Ruminants are born with it. All others, if they want it, have to create it in their minds. Money is no hindrance. Only the people who haven't any say it is, and they don't believe it."

Then the premonition seized her. With it came two intense emotions, one of tenderness and one of regret, both rising from a sudden appalling sense of the selfish loneliness of his life. She fell upon him weeping, took him in her arms. Never before had she wept for anything from her heart.

He was passive for a while. Then, stroking her hair, he said, in a dry voice, "That's all, Jael. Now I want to think."

But he called to her when she was at the door.

"Don't marry if you can help it," he said. "If you can't help it, marry a man with red hair and plenty of it. It is my best opinion."

With that he took up the book from his knee and began to read. She had noticed what the book was—fiction—Eugene Aram.

The next morning she was amazed that the papers made first-page news of his death. Never having once thought of him in relation to the world, she had no notion how important he was. It seemed strange that anybody else should have known him at all. But how little she knew him herself! She read eagerly all that was said about him; and although the newspapers added much to her picture of him she realized that their knowledge of him, too, was limited. His importance as news lay in the legends that had grown up about him in Wall Street—legends of his daring, his success, his wizardry and the extent of his wealth. Their esteem of this seemed to her incredible, little as she could weigh such matters.

The facts were more incredible. His fortune was much greater than anyone had guessed. When the will was filed, leaving the whole of it to her to do with as she pleased, she suffered a violent collision with public opinion. Reporters besieged the place, got into the house by subterfuge, accosted her as she went in and out, even in her own hallway, demanding her picture, and shouting always one question: What would she do with the money?

There was no picture; she never had had one. This she did not say. In a moment of great exasperation when she had been unable to enter her own doorway for the mob that held it against her, she did say, to the questions they were all shouting at her, that it was nobody's business.

A thoughtless, natural remark. Yet it was instantly telegraphed all over the world and appeared under great black headlines in the afternoon papers. Then it was treated editorially. It became the text for a brutal attack upon the character of her father. What had he done to be possessed of millions? He had never built anything; he had never thought anything. Out of his vast fortune he had contributed nothing to the aid of art, science or charity. By speculation, which was not labor, he had amassed immense wealth, only in the end to leave it to a sixteen-year-old child who, when asked what she would do with it, replied in that manner. It was nobody's business!

Her mail was astonishing. Black-hand letters, begging letters, religious letters, form letters, one from a clipping bureau containing examples of these insulting opinions and offering to clip and send all of them for so much a hundred. One of the cuttings inclosed was from a periodical she had never heard of before. It described her personal appearance with cruel unfeeling, and the paragraph ended: "But she has one very fetching feature—fifty millions of dollars."

This was a blow her mind could not parry. She felt it deep in her body. All her life she had been starved. The bread of affection and the sweet of love she could do without. Her desperate hunger was for that glance of appraisal that returns and lingers, and as this hunger was never fed, the more her pride of person grew to be a fierce and jealous passion. The unanswered craving to be touched may make one untouchable. To be suddenly confronted with an unexpected world all eyes and teeth and claws was a nightmare. But to see her person published to ridicule was agony.

Public curiosity is a busy gadfly. The clamor outside very soon subsided. She picked her own college, entered quietly and lived in a very modest way, attracting friends of both sexes by the qualities of her mind. Her thinking was free and hearty, and she tended naturally toward the radical process for two reasons. First, she found among rebels a kind of reckless comradeship that stopped the ache of her hunger; secondly, radical taste in art and literature offered revenge upon the conventional standards of beauty and good-lookingness. She embraced socialism without reflecting upon its implications or the incongruity of her own relation to the doctrine. She saw only its idealism. Communism was even better.

It was not until she left college that she came to have any sense of her wealth. The income was piling up. When her bankers wished to know what to do with it, she asked them what was the safest of all investments. They said government bonds. She said, "Then put it in government bonds," and went to live three years abroad. She hated it. Returning, she began to look about for her college friends. They were pursuing their ideas earnestly and fanatically, some as teachers, some as writers, some as artists, some as settlement workers, some as researchers. They came to see her. It was much pleasanter going to see them where they lived in tenements, shabby studios, lofts, community houses, for there the fact that she was rich made no difference, since they liked her as a human being. In her Fifth Avenue house it was either that they were strange or she was ashamed. She imagined they were thinking adversely about her father. What had he done to possess these millions? He had never built anything; he had never thought anything. Out of his vast fortune he contributed nothing to the support of art, science or charity.

(Continued on Page 178)

"Don't Marry if You Can Help It," He Said. "If You Can't Help It, Marry a Man With Red Hair and Plenty of It. It Is My Best Opinion"

RICH MAN, POOR MAN

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"How Did You Expect to be Elected," She Exclaimed, "When You Didn't Even Know What Was Going On?"

THE thing that Mr. Saintsbury hated most was being kidded about it. Or possibly not. Possibly it was even worse not to be kidded and to be aware that as soon as he was out of earshot his friends might become facetious at his expense. There was no way of dealing with that situation of course. But after so many years of success and dignity, so many years of centralizing deference upon himself, it was most unpleasant to have slipped. He felt especially conscious of his placards and the large billboard posters which his campaign manager had arranged as part of his publicity. The placards were slightly different from the usual ones, with a faintly red background wash which set off the picture of his handsome, composed face. They were meant to be conspicuous, and they were—especially in defeat. Posthumous urging it all was now absurd propaganda—Francis G. Saintsbury for Congress! He wanted to get the placards down at once, and yet in any undue haste about that he felt there might lurk more indignity.

It was the regular afternoon for the meeting of the board of directors of the Vulcan Mining Company, the first meeting since the disastrous primaries. Mr. Saintsbury, calling the meeting together precisely at three o'clock, went through it with even more decision than usual. For the most part it was routine business—the approval of expenditures, the transfer of a couple of high officials and such matters. Saintsbury was very curt as he refused to recommend a semibeneficent project for a recreational building in one of the mining towns which was subsidiary to their holdings. "We may as well call a halt somewhere," he said shortly.

"What would this proposed building cost?" asked R. M. Athens, bending forward with the question and tapping with his incredibly long-pointed pencil on the table. Athens was gray-haired and suave, with a manner of reenforced courtesy; and yet that sharp-tipped pencil, striking so gently on the glass which covered the directors' table, had been a signal for opposition to Saintsbury's decisions before. Saintsbury wondered what the idea was now. He also wondered irrelevantly if Athens had really voted for him.

"The estimates are vague," he answered, glancing with dry criticism at the letter before him. "They mention a forty-thousand-dollar structure. My own feeling is that these projects have been done to death. The company's been milked right and left. If Red Lake wants a building of this sort, let the town finance it. I, personally, can't see the company's responsibility or any possible return on the money."

As he paused speaking, his thoughts went on bitterly. What was the use of trying to do anything for these people? He thought of the Red Lake vote and the way it had swung to Whelan for Congress—Whelan, who was the weakest political timeserver in the county, who'd never done a thoroughly competent day's work yet. There it was. You developed the country for them, spent thirty years building towns, giving employment, gambling on the possible existence of ore at your own risk and expense, and they turned on you like a pack of hounds.

"Of course," said Athens smoothly, "you're probably quite right, Mr. Chairman. The people who benefit by these things seem to be singularly unresponsive."

Saintsbury didn't like his tone. He had the repeated suspicion, which had been haunting him all day, that even his business associates were secretly enjoying the collapse of his campaign and were rather amused at his licking.

"May we have a motion, gentlemen?"

They voted the recreational hall out of its embryonic existence, but the memory of something undefined in Athens' manner lingered. After the meeting had adjourned, Saintsbury felt curiously tired, as if he had been fighting against some obstacle or opposition. Yet it had been a simple routine meeting. He was a very important man, and some day his estate would amount to several millions; but he had an almost painful reluctance to see people during these few days. It was difficult, just as the campaign had been difficult in personal contacts. He had not made a great many of them. That, he figured, had been the business of Bradley, who had managed his campaign. The thought of Bradley reminded him that he hoped those temporary political headquarters were closed up by this time. When he got in his waiting car, which the chauffeur had in front of the building according to schedule at exactly 5:30, Saintsbury told the man to drive down Oxen Street so that he could see for himself.

The sight of the windows where his campaign headquarters had been made him wince again. They were still plastered with those large replicas of his face which had given him a certain shock when he had first seen them. It was irritating. There was no sense in Bradley's being so slow about getting that stuff cleared up. He told the chauffeur to stop and got out of the car himself.

The headquarters were unlocked, but at first glance the room seemed to be empty. Standing in the doorway, Mr. Saintsbury looked out of place. His tall, well-made, well-treated figure somehow did not fit the environment of late-afternoon shadows which suggested dusty corners, of tables covered with toppling piles of useless, suddenly out-of-date campaign material, of stale cigar smoke stiff in the air. For a minute he stood looking around him with intense annoyance, and then was aware of a girl who was sitting at a desk at one side and had turned to regard him.

"Anything I can do for you?" she asked.

"Mr. Bradley isn't here?"

"No. He went away for the week-end this afternoon."

"But," said Mr. Saintsbury sharply, "did he leave this place open?"

The girl stood up. "I didn't recognize you," she said; "I see it's Mr. Saintsbury. Why, he said to let things go until he got back. The lease runs on until the end of the month, so it really doesn't make any difference."

Mr. Saintsbury gestured toward the posters in the windows. The closing light of day came through his magnified pictured features and from the back the pictures looked strange and formless.

"That stuff in the window ——"

She nodded, so he did not need to finish. She was quite young, he saw, probably under twenty-five; and if he had thought admittedly along those lines he might have classified her as attractive. "I can see that those posters come down in the morning," she offered; "you're quite right. They've certainly passed their prime."

"Are you employed here?" he asked, checking her implied humor sharply and wondering if she were in a position to take orders or give assurance that they would be carried out. He did not remember the girl's face, though he had been in the headquarters a number of times.

She dallied with her answer. "Not exactly employed. I was helping the women's end of the campaign—that was all, and I've just been sorting out my lists of workers and voters to see how it all happened and where we'll start next time."

"So you're looking forward already to next time?" he asked with a faint edge of sarcasm.

"Of course. Aren't you?"

"I think," he said, "that I've made my single entrance into politics—also my exit."

"Oh, you just feel that way now," she said comfortingly. "Probably you won't be able to keep out of the next campaign. I was just thinking as you came in of all that could have been done. I see so many loose ends that I go around grinding my teeth. And I was so sorry things turned out as they did."

"Very kind of you."

"No. I simply hate to see Whelan get away with murder. He's so utterly no-'count."

"The voters didn't seem to think so."

"They didn't get the thing straight—that was all. They saw a rich-man-poor-man fight and that was the way they voted."

"They saw what?" he asked, his curiosity overcoming his knowledge that it was most irregular to talk things over with a girl who was probably some kind of clerk.

"It's being so rich that handicaps you," said the girl regretfully; "I know." He could not repress a dry little smile at that commiseration, and she caught it. "You think that's nonsense, but you haven't been campaigning for yourself. That, by the way, was another mistake. I told Bradley so. You've been dreadfully hard to dramatize."

"I don't get your meaning," he said, wondering why he prolonged this.

The girl seemed willing to prolong it indefinitely. With a single agile movement, she lifted herself to the table and sat on the edge of it, ready for conference. "You know how people are. They don't mean to cloud their thinking, but when a person's as rich as you are it gives the ordinary voter a kind of pleasure to take a crack at him. It evens life up a little, I suppose."

"It seems to me rather poor political philosophy."

"It is. That's why I wish you'd gone on the platform for yourself. They might have forgiven you for being so rich if you hadn't been so stand-offish. It's getting around the way Whelan did, making friends, making votes a personal thing, letting one person spread the good word to another, that turns the trick."

"I'm afraid I wouldn't be a success at that sort of thing."

"No," she agreed, "perhaps not." Her eyes looked him over without deference, seeming to strip him to his self-conscious bones, and yet they were not bold eyes. "There was Whelan," she went on, "with that Irish tongue of his, talking about how he needed the job and how a seat in Congress shouldn't be a feather in a rich man's cap. He'd get them way off the point and then throw in a little jealousy stuff about limousines and big houses and—well, you saw the vote!"

"So that was his line?"

"Didn't you know?" she asked incredulously.

"I never heard him speak," said Saintsbury.

Her impatience was apparent in her swinging foot. It went faster and kicked the table leg resentfully.

"How did you expect to be elected," she exclaimed, "when you didn't even know what was going on?"

People did not speak to Mr. Saintsbury in such fashion. He was fully aware that it was time to bring on the full barrage of his dignity and reserve, and depart. But there was something about the dusty, shadowy room which held him.

It was the first time anyone had spoken to him freely concerning his defeat and its causes. In spite of his resistance, he found it soothing, and possibly exciting too.

"I'm not a politician," he said. "I went into this campaign only because my friends urged me to, and because I felt that the district needed a real representative in Congress"

"Yes; but you've got to want an office to get it. You can't ritz voters and get away with it."

"This is very interesting," he said, as if it wasn't.

She slipped down from the table at that rebuff as easily as she had lifted herself to it, and her friendliness faded. He saw her shift into a new mood. A dust-choked ray of sunlight straggled upon her, and Saintsbury saw that her hair was fair and curling, and the rest of her was trimly brown—a kind of warmed outdoor brown. He had forgotten that women's hair sometimes curled like that, as if it couldn't help it. But then he did not see many women. The ones who could properly ask him to dinner were usually middle-aged or elderly, and the stenographers in his office made stiff silhouettes out of their hair.

She was waiting for him to go, and, in spite of millions, exits had never been easy for Mr. Saintsbury. Especially unaccustomed exits, with a perfectly silent, chin-lifted girl regarding him as if she did not think too highly of his manners. He tried to end on a note of lightness.

"Well, it's all gone under the bridge now, anyway," he said.

"After using a great deal of time and energy. But possibly you didn't use any of that," the girl retorted.

This was frankly insulting, and he walked stiffly toward the door. But an irrepressible question rose in him and turned him around.

"Why did you?" he asked.

"Why did I?" she repeated. "Oh, it was part of my job."

He placed her then as one of Bradley's paid workers. It had been necessary to engage a number of those, men and women, Bradley had told him.

"Well," he said guardedly, going back to his beginning, "you will oblige me by seeing that those things are taken out of the windows in the morning."

Again he shortened the distance between himself and the door, but her voice stopped him this time. "You know what I think?" she asked.

He stiffened, reminding himself that it was entirely unimportant what she thought. But her voice had a way of darting over his reserves as if they didn't matter in the least to her.

"If you care to tell me ——"

"I think you simply lay down in this fight, and that if you had any courage you'd go right ahead now and file on an independent ticket. You ought to keep those posters right where they are."

Saintsbury laughed, the young woman proving herself amusing as well as very pretty with her face lit with anger. She reminded him of something or somebody, but he could not quite place the memory.

"That's more than a little fantastic, isn't it?"

"I don't think it's a bit fantastic. It was a light vote and a short campaign, and, what's more, you really didn't campaign. If you got out and sold yourself, you might get by yet. Bradley thinks so. Whelan's not really popular. And there's no law in this state which keeps a defeated candidate from running on an independent ticket. Why don't you stay in the fight?"

"I haven't the slightest desire to stay in the fight, for one reason," he told her. "These speculations that you and Mr. Bradley ——"

Again she seemed mentally to wash her hands of him. "You men are funny. If this were a business deal, Mr. Saintsbury, you wouldn't dream of letting yourself be beaten by an inferior, by a sharper. You'd go right in and clean him up. But in politics you lose your nerve."

(Continued on Page 124)

"I'm Glad You've Come," She Repeated, With a Little Shift of Accent to the "You." "I Don't Want Anyone Else to Know About it Ever But You"

THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

By Luther Burbank, With Wilbur Hall

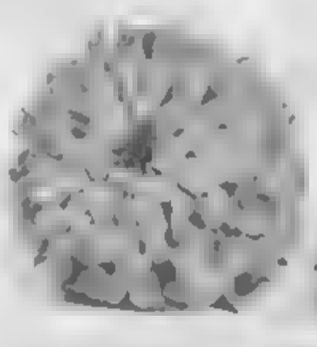
PROBABLY I was the first man who ever lived to take a definite order for a new variety of plant or tree, and to deliver that order as though it had been for the architect's plans for a sky scraper or an automobile with a specially designed body.

A good many people have not understood this. I know that it is sometimes supposed that my experiments have been performed by following along favorable lines of development, more or less accidental or fortuitous, until, by chance and some skill in selection, I have produced a new variety of plum or poppy or gladiolus. On the contrary, while many such accidental developments have occurred and have been taken advantage of, most of my work has been toward a definite and exact result, and I have persisted in my pursuit of this fixed purpose until I have achieved it.

Evening Primroses. Mr. Burbank Called Them "Handkerchiefs Spread on a Lawn." Note the Long Four-Pronged Stigma of Pistils and Clustering Stamens Below Them

No Magic

I MENTION this here, and want to go on to write specifically of methods and results, because in this work of plant development there lies before the young men of today a field of research and invention so important and so rich in possibilities that I can see no limits or boundaries to it. It is a field almost neglected, yet in it are found promises of a service to mankind compared with which mechanical invention and the discovery and exploitation of new manufacturing processes fade into shadows. What Edison and Ford and the Wright brothers and Alexander Bell and Marconi and his followers and all the other great geniuses of chemistry and mechanics have achieved for the world is to be equaled if not surpassed, in time, by the men who turn their attention to the plant world and there harness the unimaginable powers and direct the illimitable potentialities that exist and that only need guiding or releasing to double the working capital of the world



A Field of Giant Zinnias at Santa Rosa. Above—A Specimen Flower of the Plant From Which the Giant Was Produced

I have said before that it was a well-meant but inaccurate thought that gave me the name of the Plant Wizard. I have a gift or special ability or what folks call a genius for selection, but there is nothing magical or mysterious about my methods; and what I learned to do others can learn to do, and what I have started others can finish, and what I have found out about the laws of Nature in this connection can be applied by others and added to by others, if only they will waken to the possibilities that exist. I studied Nature, I codified her laws, I applied them to get practical and valuable results, and I think of myself not at all as a master whose work must die with him, but as a pioneer who has mapped out certain new roads and looked down into the promised land of plant development.

From thousands of incidents, let me choose one to show how exact—in practice, provided you have patience and industry and knowledge of your ground—can be the filling of orders in plant development. A Western canner, one of my best friends, is Mr. John H. Empson. He came to me one day a good many years ago and told me that there would be a great market for a small, sweet, succulent garden pea for canning. The canned French pea had long been a familiar commodity to grocers and consumers, but it was high in price, and Mr. Empson was convinced that an American product could be made that would equal it in every respect.

"Could it be developed?" Mr. Empson asked

"Certainly," I said. "Will you order it from me?"

He laughed. "I can tell you that if you happen to get such a pea I can get growers to specialize in it to great advantage. If I thought you could accept a definite order and deliver a definite product I would be glad to place such an order; but that is impossible, of course."

"Not at all," I said "I know what you want, and I will deliver it to you inside of eight years, perhaps less."

I knew then, and Mr. Empson told me afterward, that he couldn't quite believe I was serious. But I was entirely serious because I had given myself definite orders in hundreds of cases and delivered on practically all of them. Moreover, this garden-pea order was comparatively simple.

The French pea is actually a pea that is not allowed to come to full maturity, but that is picked by hand when the peas in the pod have reached their most perfect state as regards flavor and sweetness. You see, as in most vegetables, the sugar content in the pea begins as the time of ripening passes to turn into starch, in which form it is stored for use in feeding the life germ when the pea is planted and germinates. If you pick your pea before that turning point is reached the pea is sweet and deliciously flavored, though not yet at its full size.

My first problem was to develop a pea that would be well formed, firm and of uniform size when it was still not entirely matured, and it was there that I started. I chose good uniform peas for planting, and I planted a large field of them. By selection I found individual plants with a tendency toward the sort of qualities I wanted; the chosen pods were carefully saved and replanted, and selection again made toward the ideal.

Peas Grown to Specifications

MEANTIME there was another vital requisite in these peas. It was all well enough for the French to pick their peas by hand for canning, because they could work cheaply and charge high prices; for California canners it was necessary to have peas that would reach the desired size and have the desired qualities almost simultaneously over a whole field. In short, the peas must be of such character that they could be harvested by machinery, perhaps in one or two days. This meant that I must also select and reselect to get uniformity of ripening period

My process was simple enough, but it required the application of infinite pains and patience. For instance, as the plan progressed I harvested my selected seed only after counting the separate pods on each vine and the separate peas in each pod, choosing between vines otherwise alike in product according to the quantity as well as the quality of the peas. The promise had been made that I would make delivery within eight years; as a matter of fact, California conditions enabled me to plant two generations each year, and in six generations, or at the end of three years, I sent for Mr. Empson and told him his pea was perfected.

He was amazed and sincerely delighted. In the course of this work we had become well acquainted and very friendly. I refused to let him pay me, of course, because of this friendship, and turned the pea-seed stock over to him to use for his own purposes. The pea was called the

Removing a Stamen From a Gladiolus. The Thickness on the End of the Stamen is the Anther Which Bears the Pollen Germs

Burbank Empson, and today it is one of the chief crops in a large community in this state.

Here was a definite order, definitely fulfilled, five years earlier than had been promised; but it was not magical or mysterious. It was simply an application of the laws of Nature as expressed in plant life, but that run through all life. It is an excellent, though small, example of what I mean when I say that this field of endeavor is wide open to young men and women, and that, though the rewards may be meager because as yet there is no method by which the plant inventor is protected in the rights to his invention, will pay enormous returns in satisfaction and incalculable returns in the good of the race.

Illimitable

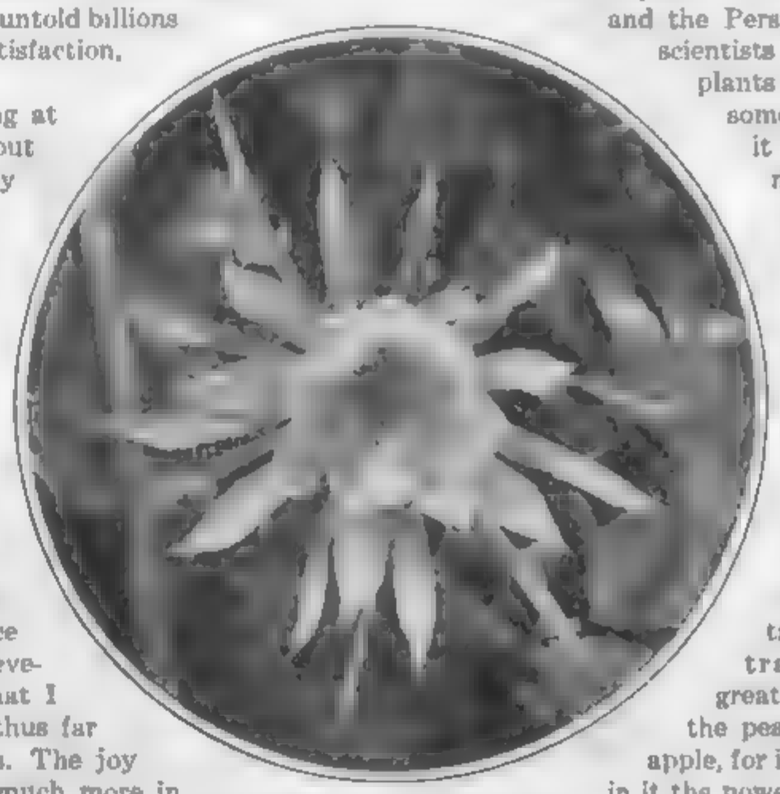
THERE are four divisions into which this almost untouched work may be divided: Improving the quality of fruits and vegetables and the beauty and fragrance of flowers; second, adapting plants to new environments and increasing the range of climates, soil conditions, and so on; third, developing plants so that they will, because of characteristics and strengths impressed on their present heredities, waste less time and vital force, and therefore have more of both with which to increase their yields; and fourth, developing wild plants now unknown or unused by man into useful and valuable servants.

It requires but a moment's consideration to see how true this is. As I have previously pointed out, nearly everything we eat and wear and a great deal of what we use in everyday life come originally to us through the leaves of plants. The mineral world, important as it is to man, contributes less to his comfort and development than the animal and vegetable worlds; and of these, the former, if you trace back far enough, is dependent on the second. So that the principal source of man's wealth, health, pleasure and happiness is the plant life of this planet. If that is true it must be plain that in neglecting study and culture and invention and creation in this realm we are defrauding ourselves of untold billions of wealth and untold measures of satisfaction, beauty and utility.

I have spent a lifetime scratching at the surface of this illimitable field; out of more than 100,000 separate, costly and often bold experiments I have added more than I can count in numbers and more than I can estimate in value—new wealth—to the gardens, fields and orchards of the world. This is not written boastfully, but in the hope of encouraging others to enter this poorly explored and sketchily mapped territory of applied science. If I could stir even half a dozen young men or women—for it is a field in which women could compete with an equal chance and equal credit and equal achievements with men—I should feel that I had done even more than I have thus far in actual creations and discoveries. The joy of the pathfinder and explorer is much more in seeing settled and cultivated the wilderness he discovers than in the initial discovery itself.

Of all my developments probably that best known and the results of which are most widely distributed and capitalized by growers is my development of the plum. And nothing could give a clearer idea of how all my work was done and how results were made possible than telling you something of the history of my experiments with this fruit. There are many other trees and flowers in which I have met with greater difficulties, from which I have learned more, which have given me greater personal satisfaction; but the widest application in practice has thus far been made of the large variety of plums I have produced. Let us go back to the beginning of this fruit tree then and trace the steps of the work, in order that you may understand what plant development means and how it is achieved.

Almost anywhere in the United States you can find, in wild, natural state, at least scattered members of the wild-plum family of trees. We have no definite way of knowing where the plum originated, but probably it was in that interesting and ancient triangle roughly pointed by the Caspian and Mediterranean seas and the Persian Gulf, to which scientists trace many of our plants and animals and somewhere near which, it is possible, the human race itself had its beginnings.



A Partly Opened Blossom of a Cactus Epiphyllum. Note the Stigma, That is Like a Devilfish in Form, and the Pollen-Bearing Anthers on the Thread-like Stamen Inside the Cup of the Flower

The plum became widely scattered though, and this is not surprising when you consider its beautiful color, its firm flesh, its unique flavor, even in the wild state, and its hardiness both of seed and tree. It could stand transporting over greater distances than the peach, the cherry, the apple, for instance, and it had in it the power to vary, to adapt itself to new climates and soils. It was tempting to birds and animals and to man, and they carried it about, either merely for the sake of eating it, or for the sake, as in the case of ancient tribes, of planting it and cultivating it for use.

Certainly it is found pretty much all over the world: and though the records of diligent investigators fail to show that it was a familiar fruit in ancient times, it must have been one that barbarous peoples ate, since only they could have carried and dispersed its seeds so widely. And this is interesting and important, because it shows that the vitality and adaptability of the plum make it available for development so that it can be raised eventually almost everywhere where any deciduous trees will live.

Strength

ON THE other hand, the plum, forced through ages to protect its life germ, in the seed, from animals, developed a stone, or pit, that was large, very strong and greatly exacting from the tree. I have said several times that the making of pit fiber and the nut or seed of any plant is the task that puts the heaviest load on that plant. It takes perhaps from five to ten times as much strength and

(Continued on Page 98)

A Corner of the Burbank Experiment Grounds at Santa Rosa. The Cedar Branches Shown at the Right are Those That Extend Above Mr. Burbank's Grave

A PETTICOATED BOAR

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"It is Now Wonderful How the Picks Always Onto the Boy and Lets the Girl"

A MAN'S reach should exceed his grasp—or what's a fireplace for? But Mr. Herman Hoofsparger's grasp was so raddled with anger that his aim fell short of his mark. The book thudded upon the hearth and fell brazenly open to the very page which Mrs. Hoofsparger's eyes had been ravaging when he had snatched the volume from her.

"A nowel-writing book!" Uneven puffs of anger blew his mustache sidewise. "And in my house a'ready! What have you anyhow got to say fur yourself?"

Mrs. Hoofsparger, also blown sidewise, had nothing to say for herself. Her down-smitten eyes upon a finger of flame which was reaching avidly toward Love, or the Clergyman's Daughter, she warned feebly: "It cost twenty-five cents expensive."

Mr. Hoofsparger leaped to the hearth, salvaged the clergyman's daughter and cast her upon the table between them.

"Twenty-five cents she spends from my money fur a ewil nowel yet! Since I am born I ain't hearing nothing so unscriptural. Twenty-five cents behind my back she takes and spends—and fur writings from Satan!"

"I ain't spending nothing," defended Mrs. Hoofsparger. "I borrowed the lend of it off Sadie Betzel. The name fur Perlina she got out of it, and I thought"—for a single valiant instant she forced her eyes to his—"well, I thought whiles it was going to be our first one, if I could find oncet a name a little fancy that way ——"

"A fancy name!" groaned Mr. Hoofsparger. "A fancy name fur my offspring yet! Ain't I said a'ready its name was going to be Herman? What fur could it anyhow be but Herman?"

"Twins runs always in my family," reminded his wife. "And doc says ——"

"They ain't running in mine," decreed Mr. Hoofsparger. "I ain't purwiding board and sleep fur but one to oncet, now mind that. If it's a boy, he gits his name off me. And if you ain't fetching nothing but a girl"—he swallowed bitterly—"you'll have to fall back onto the Bible fur the name. Or what's a matter of my mother's name—Lizzie? That's usual, ain't it?"

"It's usual," sighed Mrs. Hoofsparger.

The expectant father launched a corrugated finger at the clergyman's daughter. "You take and march you that book back to that wild Betzel. The onregenerate piece, a-corruptin' you silly women! Pack it off now! I'll be watching you! Her and her Per-linas!"

The mustache puffed upon the last word and Mrs. Hoofsparger, book in fingers, puffed out of the door and blew toward the neighboring farm of the corrupting Mrs. Betzel and her tiny black-eyed Perlina.

A month later the mustache got mixed up with a high wind while Mr. Hoofsparger was thriftily repairing the roof ridge of his barn with a flattened oil can. He clutched after a roistering nail, saved it, but lost his balance and incidentally his life. Six weeks later his twins were born.

Mrs. Hoofsparger lay in her bed between her red son and her pink daughter and meditated insubordination—or, more exactly, compromise.

She said to the unregenerate Mrs. Betzel, "Do you guess he's still got the name Herman by him?"

Mrs. Betzel, who was a woman swift of discernment, paused in her flying ministrations and regarded the other for a moment. Then she chuckled briefly.

"No, there ain't no Herman angels, I should guess. Get this into your head now: He ain't nothing but a piece of something where ain't nothing with wings at, a-flyin' around up there somewheres." Her broom handle jerked toward the forget-me-nots upon the ceiling. "He can't do you nothing. He ain't even their pop no more. Angels ain't pops. Name them what you feel fur naming them."

Mrs. Hoofsparger's eyes apprehensively ranged the forget-me-nots. Then she smiled faintly for the first time since the decrease, followed by the increase, of her family.

"Well, anyhow, I guess mister is either a cherubim or either a seraphim, ain't? So if I was to name them Cherubim and Seraphim, I would still be naming one or the other after him, ain't not?"

"It's the Thumps. I Said it Was Sick"

A shriek from her male infant punctuated her query. The yearling Perlina, who had been crawling about the bed, was now busily cutting her eyeteeth upon the Seraphim's thumb. Mrs. Betzel swept her descendant hence with an avenging arm.

"Och, elend! It is now wonderful how she picks always onto the boy and lets the girl. A body would say she hated him a'ready." But the pink Cherubim was not entirely unconcerned. As her brother's vigorous wails subsided in a smother of exasperation, her own small voice was heard in feeble sympathetic echo.

It is not too much to say, indeed, that Cherubim herself became an echo of her hardy twin during the years that followed. What shadow is to substance, that was she to Seraphim. When he flung himself from his crib and raised lusty outcry, she tumbled after him and sobbed plaintively. When with stick and stone he strove to harry the tormenting gadfly of a Perlina from the premises, Cherubim trotted along behind, knotting tiny fists. When he strode down the beaten path to the schoolhouse, his rough red-brown thatch springing stubbornly from the wet furrows of the comb, she pattered along behind, the dampened sheen of her fair hair drawn into limp braids behind her ears, her fingers clutching the lunch pail.

In their early twenties her pale fingers were still busy with the lunch pail, and her eyes, gentle and adoring, still followed his broad shoulders and his outward-plunging feet as they struck across his fields. The farm was theirs now, their mother with a last apprehensive glance at the forget-me-nots having flown up through them to join the erstwhile Herman in the high winds of space. It was not surprising, of course, that Seraphim, dominating everything, dominated also his own shadow. Nor was it surprising that, keeping everything his parsimonious fingers ever got their clutch upon, he naturally expected to keep his own shadow always. No one but the snap-eyed Perlina had ever got anything away from him. She had by strategy got from him the first knife he ever owned and by strategy she had retained it against the scandalized protests of both families. Presumably she had it yet somewhere upon the lucrative stock farm which she owned and managed in the far end of the county. The blade of that knife still turned agonizingly in Seraphim's heart whenever she made her semi-annual visits to the farm adjoining his, which she still owned. But to his own shadow, that meek and angelic Cherubim, he gave no thought; he had her and he would always have her, just as he had his cows and his horses and his fancy poultry.

But there is this to be said of shadows in general. Under certain conditions they may appear to be executing weird and unnatural antics which frighten even the owners themselves.

It was upon the twenty-third anniversary of their birth that Seraphim Hoofsparger's shadow gave him the sharpest shock he had ever experienced; nor did he realize, then or later, that it was after all only a reflection of his own warped attitude toward certain fundamentals of life.

Upon the day preceding that twenty-third anniversary Cherubim had baked a cake. It

was a monumental cake, with pink icing between its five layers and with red mint sprinkled thickly over its glistening white top. She set it in the middle of the breakfast table before daylight, then with a final inspiration scurried into the little parlor and brought forth the ceremonial lamp with its beaded fringe, which she set beside it.

Seraphim, blinking presently in the doorway, stopped short. "It ain't anybody dead fur us, was they?"

"It's fur birthdays," bubbled Cherubim, the knife suspended over the skillet of drying ponhaus trembling in her excited fingers. "Yours and mine, Seraphim. You ain't forgetting, was you?"

"Humph!" Seraphim tramped to the washbasin.

Cherubim filled his plate with sausage, ponhaus and fried apples. She set the doughnuts beside the smearcase, lifted the steaming coffeepot from the stove and sat down at the table. For some moments she watched him in happy silence; then exclaimed:

"Ain't it grand that we make our birthdays with the county fair? Such a day it will be!"

"Who said you was going on the fair?" grunted Seraphim.

Cherubim's eyes went wide and deeply blue. Her fork clicked to her plate.

"Why, but you always do leave me! And this—this is our birthday, Seraphim. Why, everybody goes on the fair! And think oncet! This is our ——"

"I think good enough." He eyed her grimly. "I think yet how I ketched you canooverin' around a year back at the fair with that slinky Betzel. The thievin' tribe! Yes, I think for a year yet on that. And this here's the answer."

Color twinged in her cheek and was gone. Lily white, she faced him straightly, and for the first time in her life an edge faintly combative sharpened her tone. "And why wouldn't I be speaking with Henry Betzel? Ain't he been a good neighbor to you? What has he done you ever? But, no; because he is Perlina's cousin, you fault him. And so far forth as that goes, what has Perlina ever done you? Just because her pigs flax yours at the fairs and she pulls the prizes off you, then you ——"

The edge had cut to the raw spot. His thick saucer cracked hollowly as he dashed the empty cup down upon it. Without a word, he got out of his chair and made for the porch. With a little cry, Cherubim fluttered after him and wrung her hands before him as he jerked the lantern from its hook and dashed the lighted match across its wick.

"I didn't mean nothing! Oh, I didn't mean nothing! Oh, Phummie, don't have a mad on me! Ain't, you won't not? Your boar will pull the prize from her this time. I would bet on it!"

The lantern flared jerkily about his square-toed boots as they plunged toward the barn.

Cherubim stood in the middle of the kitchen and stared at the table; the round white cake and the round white shade of the lamp blurred, fused, then rained in a torrent of light. She sagged into a chair and dug her apron into her eyes. It was terrible, terrible that she had been cross to Seraphim! How had she dared to be? What would he do to her for it?

But he couldn't do anything worse than he had done—forbid her to go to the county fair, that many-colored day to which she looked forward from one September to another. And he couldn't say anything worse than he had said—those unjust words against Henry Betzel. It wasn't right—it wasn't right!

She took her apron from her eyes presently and looked solemnly at the cake beneath the beaded fringe. "It ain't right," she began to say aloud; "it ain't right." She got up and cleared the table. Each time her throat began to tighten, she forced the words through it: "It ain't right!" It was as though some new thing were struggling for its life among the gentle impulses of her bosom, something new and strange and powerful; it was as though it could not come to the birth unless she forced that rebellious utterance through: "It ain't right!"

When the lantern had clicked upon its hook again she turned, outwardly calm, toward the opening door.

"Always on my birthday you give me twenty-five cents at my plate, and I ain't finding none there."

He swung his arm in short gesture toward the cake. "There it sets. Twenty-five cents of flour and sugar at. There's your twenty-five cents of waste."

"Waste?" cried Cherubim. "Waste?" she repeated dully and dropped her arms. "Waste you name it?" as if to herself. "No, wait oncet a minute. It ain't waste. A dollar prize it gives at the fair for the best cake. And I could get it; that there would fetch it. Oh, Seraphim, leave me go! Just this oncet!" Her eyes took fire from the flame in her cheeks. "Give me dare to try for the prize, and after, we will set and eat off the cake. Och, Seraphim! Just this oncet and I won't ever plague you again."

"It'll be There for You," She Called Back Briefly

At mention of the money he had glanced quickly at the cake in frowning appraisement. "Put a paper at it then," he commanded, "and I will pack it with."

"And leave me set at home?" Cherubim flattened back against the sink. "And not be there to get my prize?" And as he turned, her arm flew upward against her breast. "Look here oncet! Look at me!" And as he swung about in scowling surprise toward that tone in her voice he had never before heard, her fingers crept hard against her throat as though to steady it, and she said, her eyes level upon his, "It—ain't—right!"

Would he strike her? What would he do? What would he do? He stood perfectly still and looked at her long and hard. And of what that look was composed, Cherubim could never determine. She thought sometimes that it was great anger, at times that it was great surprise. She could not believe that there was something of admiration in it too. He said not another word; and as the sun rose she saw him driving off upon his spring wagon, her cake upon the seat, and in crates in the rear his fancy poultry and the boar upon which he had set his hopes for wresting the prize from Perlina Betzel.

Cherubim carried the lamp back to its marble-topped stand in the dim parlor. She wanted nothing about to remind her that it was her birthday. Everybody had forgotten it, so why not she? If she could only forget that she had been cross to Seraphim! That was the thing, after all, that dulled the fine luster of her eyes during the long hours of the morning.

But everybody had not forgotten. Early in the afternoon, as she sat sewing by the window, she looked and looked again, scarce believing, as she saw a slender figure flinging toward her across the fields.

It was a fair-haired boy who stretched both hands to hers behind the last-year's straw stack to the lee of the barn. But why had he left the fair? It was still early afternoon; he must have started home then just as the festal dinner cloths were being laid upon the ground, just when the prizes were being declared, just when the excitement of the year was running highest.

"But I couldn't find you nowheres," said the boy.

Cherubim laughed then as though she would never stop. They swayed together, hand in hand, like two slender gold-white candles.

He drew her at last into the rendezvous which they had kept all that year upon the days when Seraphim had gone to market—the cave in the straw stack which the cattle had deepened from month to month by their munching. Side by side they sat in the warm

And All the Time He Was Talking, Filling Her Eager Ears With the Delightful Details of the Fair

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 9, 1926

American Gold and Indian Currency

TO MOST Americans India stands as a far-off country, overpopulated, enslaved with traditions of caste, occult in philosophy and impractical in industry, the field of a perpetual religious controversy that permeates all strata of a population subsisting on a low standard of living. We trade freely with India, but it will surprise most of us to be told that the fiscal policy of this distant branch of the British Empire is intimately entrained with that of the United States.

Not long since, Sir Basil Blackett, sent out to India from the British Treasury, recommended the establishment of the gold standard of currency in India. More recently a Royal Commission has issued a report on Indian currency. The commission dissents from advocacy of the gold standard for India. The reasons are in part local—the relation to silver-using neighbors like China, and the East Indian traditional practice of hoarding precious metal. But for the most part the negative reasoning is founded on international considerations, and that is where we come into the argument.

The apprehension is expressed that "unless great economy is exercised in the use of gold . . . we have to look forward to a progressive period of steadily falling commodity prices throughout the world." Disregarding this background consideration, the gold standard could not be established in India without long-standing credits of large dimensions. These would need to be secured in Great Britain and the United States, and the Governor of the Bank of England and the Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York are quoted as viewing such proposals with alarm, on the ground of retardation of monetary reconstruction in Europe and upsetting of world prices. Failing large credits, to set up a gold standard a large sum of gold itself would be needed. Such gold practically exists only in the United States. The Royal Commission regards the American gold available for purposes of reconstruction of currency, if at all, as, so to speak, preëmpted for the use of other countries in currency distress, apparently in Europe.

Unable to hope for large credits or large gold reserves, for the present at least, it is recommended that India set up a bullion standard, with a gold parity for the rupee, as part of a rather complicated system of managed currency, designed furthermore to encourage investment rather than hoarding. During the transition period of introducing the proposed system, doubtless suffering East Indians will berate the United States as in part responsible for their difficulties. Or perhaps the meditative mind of India will instead derive consolation from the reflection that fiscal misery makes the whole world kin.

Roll Your Own

STYLES in literature and journalism change, just as do the fashions in women's hats and men's knickers. A more dignified way of putting it would be to say that the printed word goes through cycles. But these fashions or cycles are very wearing. Most of them are pretty enough in themselves, but we are always being confronted with too much of a good thing, at any given moment, and that moment is sometimes most extended.

For quite a while the prevailing mode with many magazines and newspapers has been personal, with an "I" or a "me" always conspicuous in the title. But we wish to speak of only one branch of this intimate-revelation stuff—namely, the endless output of such articles as, The Most Unusual Person I Have Ever Known, The Eight Most Interesting People I Have Met, The Five Outstanding Men in the World Today, The Ten Greatest Men in History, and so on indefinitely.

This type of article is a wonderful find. The vein is inexhaustible, although in its more low-grade and distant workings it is very thin and pale, indeed. But leaving out these more emaciated manifestations of the prevailing mode, there is no questioning the fertility and virility of this style of reading matter.

Our objection is not to the intrinsic worth of the material, but to the exclusive monopoly which a comparatively few writers seem to enjoy in compiling these lists. Why can't the reader make out his own list of the eight most interesting people he has ever met? Why can't he roll his own? There is always an added zest in thinking about people we have known. Why not determine the subject matter for ourselves?

It is true that the average reader is not on the same intimate terms with Mussolini, the Prince of Wales, Mary Pickford and the Queen of Rumania as the professional list makers who do most of the writing. But there is no man or woman who would not profit from seriously and deliberately casting about in his mind for a list of those of his own acquaintance who have seemed greatest or most useful or most influential or most interesting.

It is a liberal education to make out such a list and analyze the reasons for including or omitting a name. Even in a group of the most interesting persons, it will be found that not mere cleverness, but rather mental alertness, vividness or vitality, or perhaps both, personality and character, are what turn the scales.

On his seventieth birthday George Bernard Shaw said "We have discovered the secret that there are no great men." There is no one, however humble or of however limited contacts, who cannot by the spending of less than an hour's time dig out of his own acquaintance a group of noble characters, men and women, who are great in all that counts in this world.

Chinese Chaos

THE old truth that when doctors disagree the patient is in a very bad way seems to apply with unusual force to the case of China. There are those who regard China's worst enemy as the militarists, and others who believe she would shortly enter upon the highroad to recovery if it were not for foreign interference and domination. Overpopulation comes in for many strictures, and erosion of the land following the destruction of forests seems to furnish an economic basis for much of the unquestioned poverty.

China appears to be suffering from several diseases all at once, although there is no doubt more than a trace of relationship among them. To begin with, the country is wholly lacking in nationalistic feeling, although the people have much genius for local self-government. From the national point of view China is like medieval Europe and must go through a long process to attain nationalism.

There may be large potential resources in the country, but these do not at present relieve the incredible sufferings of the people from poverty and hunger. Resources cannot be developed until there is more national feeling and the established government that follows its existence.

Ignorance is a fundamental ill. Illiteracy runs to amazing figures; and though it has sometimes been fashionable to say that the Chinaman considers his civilization far superior to any other, the majority of Chinamen cannot hope to know much about health, agriculture, geography, travel, civics or any other subject until they can read and write.

A serious obstacle to progress has been the variety of dialects and of characters for purposes of writing. The new mass-education movement is said to be securing large and quick results, and certainly promises well. It consists of teaching the people one thousand characters essential for simple reading—a scheme invented by a Chinaman named James Yen, who was educated at Yale and Princeton.

Militarism and overpopulation are more in the nature of symptoms of the diseased condition than causes. Any country which is ignorant, poor in present wealth, whatever its potential resources may be, and without real national feeling among its more ignorant classes, is sure to be overrun by bandit or military chiefs who live off the country.

Overpopulation naturally tends to cure itself as a country develops high standards of living in consequence of education and prosperity. Under modern civilized conditions small families, well cared for and brought to adult years, are preferred to large numbers of children who die from famine and countless epidemics.

Complaint is sometimes made that China does not have enough honest leaders. We do not say that miracles never happen, but it would almost be that if any one leader, or several, could pull China out of her bog. Leaders will come when the time is ripe. No quick-acting remedies can possibly help China. The medicine she needs works very slowly; perhaps none of us will live to see its effects. China needs time, and lots of it.

A Praiseworthy Substitute

WHILE the United States drifts along in the commercial production of artificial nitrates, the industry forges ahead in Europe at the expense of the natural saltpeter deposits of Chile. According to trade statistics, as collected by Aikman, the outturns of synthetic nitrate, by-product ammonia and Chile saltpeter during the past three fiscal years were as follows, in terms of hundred thousand tons of nitrogen:

	1923–24	1924–25	1925–26
Synthetic nitrate	355	450	583
By-product ammonia	275	275	280
Chile saltpeter	340	363	324
Total	970	1088	1187

The increasing production of synthetic nitrate abroad is not merely dictated by nationalistic policies; it is apparently becoming profitable. The declining outturn of saltpeter in Chile has imposed increasing burdens on the nitrate companies. The latest annual reports of these companies show declining profits for many companies, with failure to make additions to reserves. There are nine large nitrate companies and other smaller ones. These are organized into a producers' association and the state levies a relatively heavy export tax on the nitrate. Increasing costs with lower-grade deposits are in prospect.

The capital is largely European—British, in fact. The gain of Europe in manufacture of nitrate therefore is offset by prospective capital losses to Europe with decline of outturn of nitrates in Chile. Economies through merger and consolidation, reorganization of marketing and reduction of the export tax are the suggestions advanced to save the industry. Hard as it is on the holders of nitrate properties in Chile, we must accept this change as good for the world. The outlook would be still better if the United States were able, at comparable costs, to duplicate the European production of synthetic nitrate.

Dirty Work at the Crossroads

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

NATURALLY, when it is a part of the job to take an interest in politics, a good time to take interest is a time like this, what with the fall elections coming on and a new House of Representatives in the offing, and a 33 per cent turnover in the Senate impending and a lot of governors, and so on, to be chosen; to say nothing of all the tremendous issues involved. A very good time.

Hence a rather comprehensive interest has been taken, and the net result seems to be that we are on the verge, tottering on the brink of a crisis. That is the consensus of opinion. Old Mr. Peter K. Crisis is alleged to be approaching with a large supply of disaster in his wake. We are reliably informed of so many horrible things about to happen to those in power, to those out of power, to those neither in nor out, and to the commonalty at large, that the calamitous catalogue reduces us to inarticulate and pop-eyed confusion, and we can comment only with a stammering "Is that so?"

The situation is so fraught with danger that we have never seen one fraughter since 1896—and this merely a congressional and gubernatorial year, mark you, and not a presidential campaign. So fraught, so complex, so potential, as you might say, with results of which we wot not, that even so definite, decisive, experienced and willing a wotter as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler stands grimly aside and announces that he will reserve his comments, explanations and predictions until after the elections are over. When the votes are counted and the results tabulated Doctor Butler will step to the fore and speak. Until that moment he maintains a scholastic silence. That cautious and wise determination gives an unerring line on it all. When so virile and certain and ready a national voice as that of Doctor Butler is stilled by the impending rush of events, when even he refrains from handing a few well-chosen words of advice, counsel, admonition and interpretation on and of a political situation to his fellow countrymen before that situation coalesces into an election, you may be sure that that situation is mixed and dubious.

It would seem that there never has been a moment within the present generation when there were so many red lights on the political switches as at present. That is what they say.

Every political bosom, from Bill Butler's in Massachusetts to Sam Shortridge's in California, is palpitating with the frightsome dread of catastrophic contingencies, and the thoracic heavings of Jimmy Wadsworth, in New York; Jim Watson, in Indiana; George Brennan, in Illinois; Pat Harrison, in Mississippi; Smith Brookhart, in Iowa; and dozens more of our statesmen and candidates are as the rising and the falling of the tides, while George Moses and Charlie Dawes and Jim Reed and Bill Oldfield and the Republican and Democratic Congressional Campaign Committees are ringing in general alarms every thirty minutes and sending up rockets and burning flares; not to mention what the wets are saying about the drys, and what the drys are saying about the wets, and what the people are saying about both of them; nor to set down any of the numerous divinations of Brethren McAdoo and Al Smith and their promoters and detractors, nor the protests of the farmers, nor the wails of the friends and the foes of the World Court.

We must look at these matters and manifestations with such calm as the hullabaloo may vouchsafe, and the best way to begin is to list the lot, catalogue what impends, as we hear, so that all may comprehend exactly the political plight we are in; so that all may realize to a full and horrifying extent how near we are to the abyss, how close

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IF HE'D ONLY GET SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH HIM!
I NEVER SAW ANYONE IN SUCH DISGUSTINGLY GOOD HEALTH! I CAN'T MAKE HIM RESPOND TO ANY SYMPTOMS!
ANTI-ADMINISTRATION POLITICIANS
CAMPAIGN REMEDIES
CAMPAIGN REMEDIES
JIMMY WALKER

WHEN DOCTORS AGREE

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

American Business Man (Visiting London): "If the King Keeps All His Appointments He Must be in Conference All the Time!"

Song of Modern Music

IN THE days when Bach and Handel
Played the organ and the mandol-
In and harmony in music had a part,
Then old Mendelssohn and Mozart
Were considered very beaux arts
And the public thought that
music was an art.

But now a sonatina
For guitar and concertina
Is written, whose harmonics
need a tonic;
They compose a ballet suite a-
Voiding form and key and meter,
Or a symphony that's not at
all symphonic.

For when Schelling, Strauss,
Respighi
Or Stravinsky writes a fugue,
he
Tries to imitate the cobra's
stifled roar,
And their tone poems and im-
pressions
Sound like paranoid obsessions,
Until music isn't music any
more.
—Francis A. Utting.

Damming the Missouri

ONCE a company of beavers, in their engineering fury,
Took a notion that their mission was to dam the big
Missouri.
Under consecrated leaders they assembled in convention
For the instant prosecution of their
laudable intention.
They were able hardwood biters,
they were doughty timber top-
plers,
And they beavered down the willows
and they felled the heavy pop-
lars
And they laid them to the riffle and
were very, very clever;
They were brilliant—yet the river
paid them no regard whatever,
But, through barrens dry and sandy,
or through marshes wet and
drippy,
Went on flowing, flowing, flowing
to the mighty Mississippi.

When we try to curb the surges of
unchanging human nature,
Or to quench a conflagration by an
act of legislature,
Or to stem a revolution by the words
of quiet thinkers,
Or to hold religion static in a mar-
tingale and blinkers,
Or to turn the silent current of continuous creation,
Or to cork the effervescence of a rising generation,
Or to stop our zealous doctors from inventing new dis-
eases,
Or to keep a wife from doing just exactly as she pleases,
We are every bit as crazy, as I'll prove to any jury,
As those enterprising beavers when they dammed the big
Missouri.
—Arthur Guiterman.

Little Girl: "Do You Know, Grandpa, I've Just Been Wondering if it Could be Possible for You to Tell a Barefaced Lie"

It Runs in the Family

900 B.C.—Big Hawk completely severed the head of a saber-tooth tiger with one blow of his flint hatchet.

1346 A.D.—Sir Jonathan Hawkesby, in the Battle of Crécy, drove his broadsword clear through the shield and helmet of an enemy knight.

1830 A.D.—John Hawkesby killed a panther near the base of Lookout Mountain, cracking its skull with an ax handle.

1926 A.D.—James Hawkesby, Sunday afternoon at the Midvale Country Club, drove one hundred and eighty yards with a putter.

The Meanest Man

MITZI: I heard that guy you were out with last night is awfully stingy.

FRITZI: Stingy? Dearie, if he'd 'a' bought me a bag of peanuts I'd 'a' got shell shock!

A Handicap

ALICE: I hear they are going to try to get a law passed so that it will take at least ten days to get a marriage license.

VIRGINIA: What if one doesn't happen to believe in long engagements?

Absent Treatment

MRS. JONES: See here, you sent me a bill for August and we were away the whole month!

APOLOGETIC BUTCHER: Sorry, Mrs. Jones. Why didn't you let me know?

"Here You May Safely Abandon Yourself to the Joy of the Dance. Now, Girls, Be Fluttering Autumn Leaves!"

No Foolishness

MR. ABRAHAM LINCOLN PITTS—No-foolishness Pitts—the grim president of the Acme Mills, sat grimly in his office. High-powered efficiency buzzed all about him. Secretaries sped up to his desk at top speed and came sliding to a stop as if with four-wheel brakes. They received their orders, a staccato word of instruction, a scribbled OK-ALP, a steely word of reproof. They turned and were off, with an air of roweling their own sides with spurs.

Papers came out of the basket marked "Incoming," received a notation in the firm presidential hand, and were dropped in a chute marked "Outgoing," whence they slid to the desk of Miss Colquhoun, a monster of competence in a world from which error had been banished. Sales managers of great corporations entered shyly, crushing lighted cigars into their pockets, resisting a temptation to apologize for wishing to do business with Mr. Abraham Lincoln Pitts. Was he not known up and down America as No-foolishness Pitts, whose hard common sense had brought him vast wealth and power? No-foolishness Pitts! He had made the motto when a boy, and the motto had made him.

At length the business day was over, and the employes had fled, hastening, perhaps, to foolishness at the blast of 5.30.

Mr. Pitts lingered in his office. He drew from his desk a sheet of note paper, and wrote the following letter:

"*Sweetie cunning baby darling:* Did she get so sowwy waiting for her papa darling? Office all full of nasty mans all day. Couldn't call up sweetums because don't like to use office phone. But papa's always finking about ickle sugar plum, and just to prove it he's got her a pwesent and it isn't a dolly either: it's something a lot nicer, from a great big jeweler's shop; and it's just going to look lovely, lovely, lovely around her beautiful neck! And when papa comes and sees his little lollipop maybe she'll be nice and give him a great big hug, because even if he isn't so young he can be awful nice.

"Papa just wrote a pretty poem about little tiddle-ums, and here it is:

I send you a necklace
For your neck which is
speckless.
For papa's crazy 'bout you,
Can't live without you,
And when he's feeling blue,
All he can ever think about
is you.

(Continued on Page 250

There's sunshine in the flavor of Campbell's Tomato Soup!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

IT WAS A GREAT IDEA

By Sidney F. Lazarus

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

"I THINK I'll get myself a press agent an' pull a stunt or two," said Dorothy Arden to her friend, Madeline Vancastle. "A girl can't advance nowhere in the show business on just talent alone—it takes sensational publicity to put her over."

"Go to it, dearie; I wish you luck," replied Madeline. "However, in case something should happen to go wrong, would you mind telling me what hospital you like best? I wantta know where to send flowers."

"Whatcha mean—flowers?" exclaimed Dot. "I don't intend to try nothing dangerous."

"Listen, silly, you can't grab no front-page space by reclining on a silken divan an' eating chocolate creams while a photographer snaps you in a gorgeous lace creation. Editors, these days, won't fall for nothing but action an', dearie, that word has a lotta different kinda finishes."

"I guess you're right," said Dot. "Ain't there some way, though, a girl can get in the papers without either ruining her reputation or her constitution?"

"Every publicity stunt is ticklish, dearie, an' the worst fault with 'em is you never find out how hazardous they really are till it's too late. But that's one of the penalties we well-known people has to pay."

"Don't make me giggle," said Dot. "I'd bet a hundred berries against six Christmas handkerchiefs any day that you never willingly teamed up with no anguish, either mental or physical."

"All right," sneered Madeline, "if you wantta be catty an' not give me credit for what I've done I won't try to convince you otherwise. But one thing is certain: I never rose to be the greatest female nut comic in vaudeville by carrying four-leaf clovers around in my hand bag. Why, once I went through two weeks of awful torture just to get a column in the daily papers an', although I suffered something terrible, nobody never heard a squawk outta me except the horse."

"What horse?" asked Dot.

"The one I rode," answered Madeline.

"A real, live horse like the Prince of Wales falls off of, or a mechanical steed like our prince of Presidents takes his daily dozen miles on?"

"A regular up-an'-down horse, with a tail an' everything," answered Madeline.

"I knew you'd played in a aviation sketch, also a boat act, but this is the first time I ever heard of you doing Western stuff. Did you actually get on this horse's back or only just pose beside him till the curtain dropped?"

"I rode him, dearie, an' that's where the aches an' pains came from. Have you ever been astride a big chestnut full of mettle?"

"No, but I've bought a bag of 'em full of worms."

"I'm seeking information, smarty, not asting questions in no rapid-fire comedy act. Answer me. Have you ever ridden a horse?"

"I have not," replied Dot, "an', furthermore, I never had no desire to, even if they do say it develops every muscle in your body."

"'Hey, Ain't You Got No Lower Berths? I Never Did Like Uppers'"

"It sure does, an' a lotta 'em you never realized you had before. I don't know who invented that form of exercise, but I wouldn't be surprised if it was some liniment man."

"How did you come to try it?" asked Dot.

"Well, it was like this: I had been doing my peppy single in all the best vaudeville houses of the country for a couple of seasons an' had gotten my salary up to five hundred a week, but I wasn't being headlined, which was what I should of been."

"Who said so?" asked Dot.

"I did. So when I got back to New York I went right up to headquarters an' told the bookers the time had come to put my name out in lights. They said I was clever an' a comer, all right, but they couldn't spell my name in no electrics till I became a drawing card an' brought money to the box office.

"'That's like the old chicken-an'-egg gag, or which come first,' says I. 'I can't be famous till I'm a drawing card an' I can't be a drawing card till I'm famous. What is the answer—I never studied algebra.'

"'You must be patient,' said Charlie Brown, the head booker. 'If you continue to please our audiences your fame will spread an' after a while you'll just naturally grow into a headliner.'

"'Yes,' retorts I, 'an' by the time that happens I will also have naturally grown into an old woman an' the fame won't do me no good. I wanta be a headliner to the people I know now, not their grandchildren.'

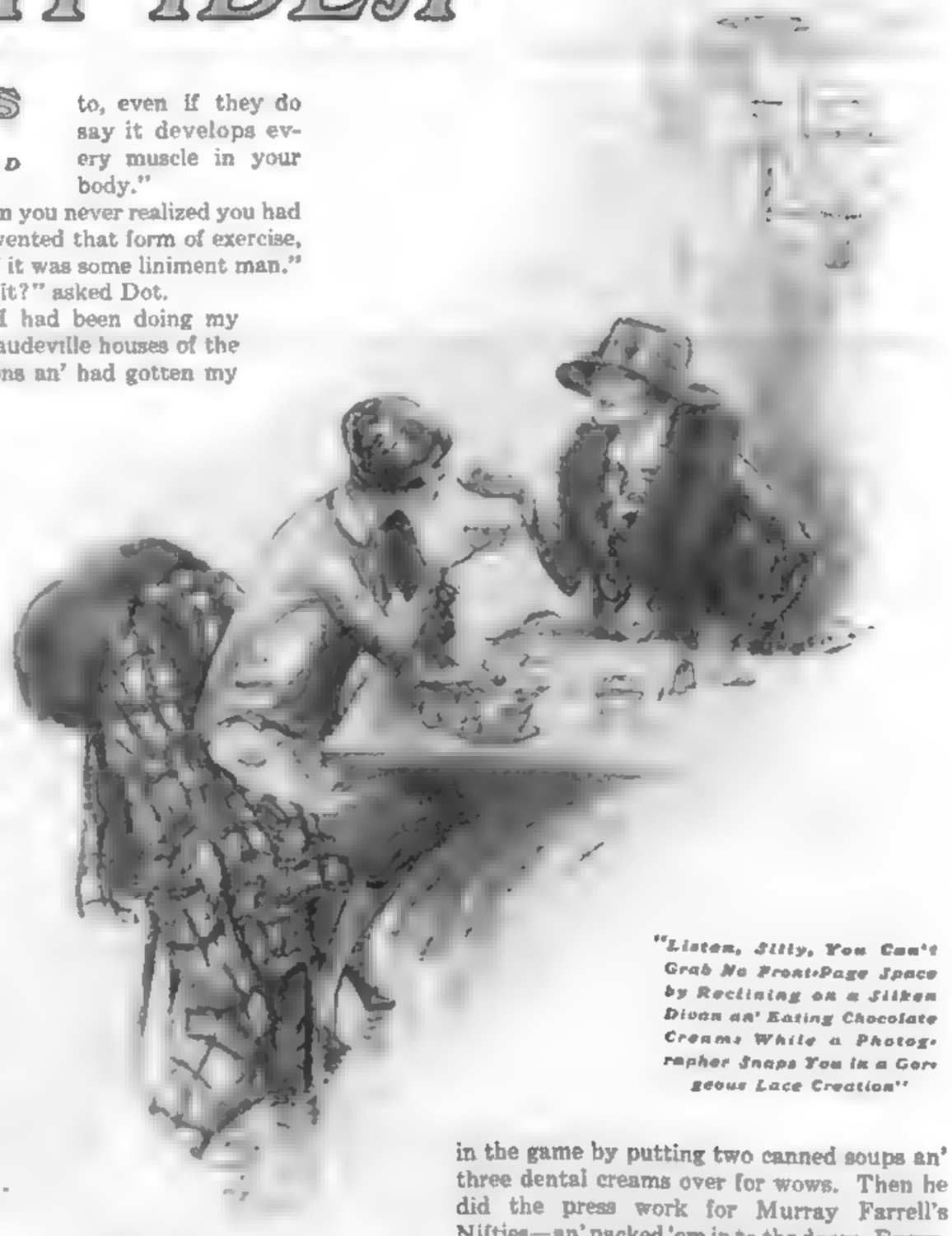
"'We can't show no partiality,' says Brown. 'You are getting a fair break from our publicity department an' that's all you can expect.'

"'Well, suppose I get me a press agent an'-do a little ballyhooing on my own hook,' asts I. 'Will it be O. K.?'

"'Perfectly,' replies Brown. 'Providing it is dignified. I want to warn you against cheap notoriety, however. It will do you more harm than good.'

"'Don't worry,' says I. 'I'm gonna hire me a high-priced man what learned his trade under a U. S. senator or somebody like that. Nothing cheap or vulgar for Madeline Vancastle. If that bird don't hatch out something classy he'll never collect for it—not in a elephant's lifetime.'

"Well, after inquiring around an' getting a lotta dope on the fellers what made their living by fooling editors into printing advertisements in their news columns, I come to the conclusion that Peter O'Conner was the sardine's adenoids. He had started



"Listen, Silly, You Can't Grab No Front-Page Space by Reclining on a Silken Divan an' Eating Chocolate Creams While a Photographer Snaps You in a Gorgeous Lace Creation"

in the game by putting two canned soups an' three dental creams over for wows. Then he did the press work for Murray Farrell's Nifties—an' packed 'em in to the doors. Everybody said Pete had made more figures famous than the man what invented the adding machine."

"But wasn't he awful expensive?" asked Dot.

"Expensive?" repeated Madeline. "Every time that bird wrinkled his forehead it knocked a couple of naughts offa somebody's bank account, an' when he went into conference with his brain they had to call on the Federal Reserve Board before they could pay him off. Well, I went up to his office in the Times Building, where I was stopped by a office boy who took my name an' address. He turned me over to another helper an' this female inquires into my past history as far back as Noah's ark. After that they made me wait 'bout an hour before ushering me into a anteroom where another girl with horn-rimmed magnifying glasses dug a few more facts outta me.

"'Good morning, Miss Vancastle,' says O'Conner when I finally got into his office. 'What can I do for you?'

"'Couldn't you read one of your assistant's interviews an' find out?' says I. 'I've done three shows in this office already today.'

"'Just a matter of form,' replies he, laughing. 'What kind of publicity campaign are you interested in?'

"'Well,' says I, 'I wantta be a headliner in vaudeville. I got the talent, but ain't been exploited enough. They tell me you can make a sunflower outta a shrinking violet, an' I came up here to give you a chance to prove it. How much will it cost?'

"'I get five hundred a week for small matters of this kind,' says he.

"'What kind of cross-word puzzles was you brought up on?' asts I. 'I never heard of five hundred dollars an' small being synonyms before. An' another thing. How long will it take?'

"'Two thousand is my minimum fee,' answers he. 'I really couldn't accomplish much in less than four weeks.'

"'Two thousand!' exclaims I. 'Listen, mister, I don't wantta buy no newspaper; all I desires is a column or two.'

"'The money isn't really an expense, you know,' says he. 'It's an investment which you will get back with interest in a few months.'

"'I hope so,' replies I. 'Well, you cook up something an' give me a ring when it comes to a boil. If it listens good I'll let you pull it.'

(Continued on Page 44)

S W I F T

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

New, tempting dishes from the ham shank

Cabbage leaves stuffed with ham
Ham mousse
Ham and green corn fritters
Creamed ham and mushrooms
Baked ham and spinach loaf
Ham cutlets
Minced ham patties
Potatoes scalloped with ham
Deviled eggs stuffed with ham
Ham and olive loaf

It is in "made" dishes that many prize its flavor most of all

Many women who pride themselves on the refinements of cookery, value Premium Ham not only for its tender, juicy slices, but also for the special savor it gives to dishes when used as an ingredient. Its distinctive, mild flavor is sometimes appreciated most of all when the meat is served as a mousse, in patties or scalloped with vegetables.

So unusually appetizing are these "made" dishes that the *whole* Premium Ham is frequently bought, cut in three pieces, in order that the shank may be available for this purpose. The butt is baked, the center slices broiled or fried, the shank boiled. And every delicious morsel that comes from the shank is used in preparing dainty surprises for the family. Some new and interesting suggestions for dishes of this kind are listed above.

Swift & Company

Premium Hams and Bacon

(Continued from Page 42)

"'I was just going to suggest that myself,' says he. 'I'm very busy this week, but I'll probably have a plan ready for you by the fifteenth. You can leave the check with my secretary on your way out.'

"'Whatcha mean—check?' asts I. 'You don't collect in advance, do you?'

"'Only half,' replied he. 'It is to show you are in earnest.'

"'I don't believe in gambling for no big stakes,' I says. "'I can be just as earnest playing tenth-of-a-cent bridge as five cents a point. Wouldn't a deposit of a couple hundred convince you I meant business?'

"'I never accept a retainer of less than a thousand,' answers he.

"'That being the case, I wantta ast you one question: Is this stunt gonna be original?'

"'It is,' says he.

"'All right then,' exclaims I. 'You know the meaning of original an' you also know the penalties for receiving money under false pretenses. If you try to palm off any lost-dog stunt or a jewel robbery after taking my thousand, I'm gonna taxi right straight to the district attorney.'

"'You have a great sense of humor,' says he, laughing.

"'You haven't,' replies I, 'or you wouldn't think a thousand berries was a joke. Give me a buzz as soon as the great idea strikes you, an' remember it better be good, Pete—it better be good.' An' with that parting shot I left him alone with his brains."

"Did you give the girl the check?" asked Dot.

"It hurt something awful, dearie, but I finally got it wrote out an' went home.

"I didn't hear nothing from O'Conner for almost two weeks an' was beginning to get worried over my investment when the welcome news came over the wire that he had hit on a plan an' wanted to discuss it with me.

"'Well,' says I when I got there, 'trot it out. Is it typewritten an' everything, with a blue cover, or have you had a drawing made of it by a artist?'

"'It's still in the embryo,' says he.

"'Why didn't the girl get it out an' lay it on your desk when she seen me come in?' says I. 'She should ought to know I'd be dying from curiosity.'

"'I think I can tell you about it without a memorandum,' says he. 'Do you ride, Miss Vancastle?'

"'Sure I ride,' says I. 'Trains, subways, busses an' taxis.'

"'Have you ever ridden horseback?' asts he.

"'No, but I was on a merry-go-round once.'

"'You're young and active,' says O'Conner, 'an' you'll enjoy riding. Besides, the exercise will do you good.'

"'Maybe so,' answers I. 'But what has horseback riding got to do with my publicity? I ain't in no circus'

"'I've hit on a very original scheme which can't possibly miss,' says he. 'Every editor in New York will fall for it.'

"'I don't like that word fall in connection with no horse!' exclaims I. 'Suppose I take a tumble an' break a few hundred bones, how am I gonna make a living?'

"'We'll get a gentle animal,' says he.

"'Listen, Mister O'Conner,' replies I. 'We've already galloped over a lotta ground without my knowing where I'm headed for. How about telling me the plot of the piece before we begin casting for horses an' things?'

"'Certainly,' says he. 'You are to ride in Central Park every morning for about a week. Your mount must be spirited, but not necessarily wild or vicious.'

"'I thought you said you was gonna prescribe a gentle horse,' said I.

"'Don't interrupt,' snaps he. 'Your riding habit must be very extreme. In other words, I want it striking, so you'll be noticed.'

"'Does this costume come outta your two thousand or do I loosen up for it?' asts I.

"'You pay for it,' replies he. 'But you'll probably continue to ride anyway an' will have use for it.'

"'I just love the way you spend my money,' retorts I. 'Go on—an' then what?'

"'Sometime during the second week you are to lose control of your horse, scream at the top of your voice, throw your arms around his neck an' hold on for dear life. As your steed, with flashing eyes an' foam-covered flanks, gallops madly down the bridle path, a mounted officer will see your distress, race to your assistance an' rescues you just as your horse dashes into a stone wall.'

"'Ain't that grand!' exclaims I. 'But how will we get up the foam on the horse—with shaving soap or something? You don't expect me to ride him fast enough to start no real perspiration, do you?'

"'A mere matter of detail,' answers O'Conner. 'How do you like my plan in general?'

"'Wonderful,' says I. 'But there's another question I wantta ast you: Suppose this mounted cop sees a good-looking nursemaid an' begins flirting with her just at the exact moment my spirited steed makes his dash—what happens then? The stunt sounds all right on paper, but remember I ain't got no desire to play polo against any stone walls, fame or no fame.'

"'I'll take care of the cop,' says O'Conner, 'also the photographer an' the reporter.'

"'It oughta be a wow,' enthuses I. 'Well, as Richard said, where do I get a horse?'

"'There's a place on Broadway, up in the sixties,' answers he. 'It's an armory, I think, an' they give lessons. You had better ride inside once or twice before venturing in the park. Phone me the first day you go out an' I'll insert a personal about your having taken up a new fad.'

"'Great!' exclaims I. 'I'm gonna go right over to Fifth Avenue an' buy myself a horse-lady's outfit what'll dazzle their eyes. You get the reading matter ready, Pete, an' I'll be made up for the part all right.'

"Well, dearie, you should of seen me when I got all rigged up. My coat an' britches was of olive-green whipcord, inlaid with real leather. My boots was tan an' came all the way up to where a flapper's skirt stops. My hat was a soft, imported, tan velour what snuggled close to my head an' made me look ten years younger. They nicked me over two hundred berries for the outfit, but one look at myself in the mirror convinced me it was worth every cent of it. An' besides, I had to impress the horse so he wouldn't know I was a amateur right away."

"They say you can't fool a horse," remarked Dorothy

"No, an' you can't bluff one either, but I didn't know that then. Anyway I went up to the riding university what O'Conner had recommended an' told the feller in charge to show me some of the animals they had in stock. 'I wantta horse what will go well with my costume,' says I; 'an' ain't afraid of a cop.'

"'To purchase?' asts he.

"'To rent,' answers I. 'I live in a three-room apartment an' ain't got room for no horse.'

"'Advanced?' asts he.

"'Sure,' says I; 'you don't think I wantta break one in, do you?'

"'You've ridden before, of course?' asts he.

"'Say, do I have to give my pedigree to the horse or do you furnish me with his? I don't wantta rent Man o' War or no champion like that; just a plain, four-footed saddle carrier will answer my purpose.'

(Continued on Page 94)

"About the Third Tank Dixie Gave a Jump, Laid Her Ears Back an' Began Covering Ground Like a Special-Fare Train What is Two Hours Late"

Down go operating costs

A significant statement for plant executives

FRICTION
the unseen enemy of production in your plant.

FROM *the executive offices of a large food manufacturer operating 40 plants throughout the country, comes this letter:*

". . . As a result of using Vacuum Oil Company's oils and service, our cost of lubrication has been reduced 50 to 75 per cent. Your engineers who supervise are entitled to a great deal of credit for the intelligent manner in which they have handled the lubricating of factory machines. All this emphasizes to us here the wisdom of purchasing oils which, while not the cheapest on the market, yet produce results which make them the most economical . . ."

WE print this because it shows a modern plant executive's idea of lubrication as a means to operating economies.

Those who grasp the real significance of correct lubrication, don't waste time figuring on the cheapness of one oil against another. They figure on the savings produced by smooth-running machinery attended by smooth production-flow.

Correct lubrication, as prescribed by the Vacuum Oil Company, is based upon each plant's equipment, and the specific requirements of its individual engines and machines. This calls for critical study by men who know machinery and the uses to which it is to be put.

These men are at your service, for, though we make and sell oils, our real work in industry is to get lubrication results.

We will gladly assist you in determining the proper lubricating practice for your plant, which, followed through, will bring lubrication efficiency. Send for us.

Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils
for
Plant Lubrication

CUT HERE
Grape-Nuts
MADE OF WHEAT AND BARLEY
IN THIS FOOD
IS NOURISHMENT YOU NEED
in the form your body can digest
"If you hope for success
eat for success!"
. . . . say America's greatest men

Delicious . . digestible . . completely nourishing . . This is the kind of food efficient men choose

OVER and over again, in their interesting letters, these famous fellow-citizens of ours have repeated one significant phrase. "Experience has taught me . . " Experience has taught them the costly folly of neglecting diet. Experience has taught them the increase in power and efficiency which comes from proper food. They are passing this knowledge on to you

They tell you what they eat themselves. Three appetizing, wholesome, moderate meals a day—*chosen especially for digestibility and balanced nourishment.* Meals which furnish the body with all the essential elements of nutrition, in correct quantities and proportions . . . Only on diet like this can a man hope to live long and prosper!

One of your meals is of *particular* importance. It is the meal which follows your longest fast—which precedes your hardest work. Choose your breakfast with greatest care!

There is a delicious food called Grape-Nuts which is helping millions of American men to make their breakfasts better. A single serving of these crisp, golden kernels, eaten with whole milk or cream, affords a generous supply of admirably balanced nourishment. And the special baking process which brings Grape-Nuts to you ready-to-serve makes it one of the most easily digestible foods in the world.

Here's something to think about, the next time you skip your breakfast, snatch a two-minute lunch, or indulge in an unbelievably indigestible dinner. . . . . Hundreds of the most able and distinguished men in America recently went to the trouble of setting down their opinions on diet, at the request of a leading scientific institute. They weren't lukewarm opinions, either! They were strongly expressed convictions that the man who eats the wrong kind of food is putting a tremendous obstacle in the way of his own success.

Grape-Nuts is made from wheat and malted barley. It supplies elements often deficient in modern diet—dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite

Added to the nutritive value of Grape-Nuts is the value of its *crispness.* This food requires thorough chewing. It gives your teeth and gums exercise which is vitally necessary to their health and beauty. Dental authorities, recognizing the danger which lies in our modern soft foods, urge that crisp foods, like Grape-Nuts, be included in the diet every day.

Try Grape-Nuts for breakfast, *tomorrow!* Your grocer has it—or you may wish to accept the following offer.

"A Book of Better Breakfasts"
and two servings of Grape-Nuts, free!

Mail the coupon below, and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, free. We will send also "A Book of Better Breakfasts", written by a famous physical director, and containing delightful menus, planned for health and efficiency

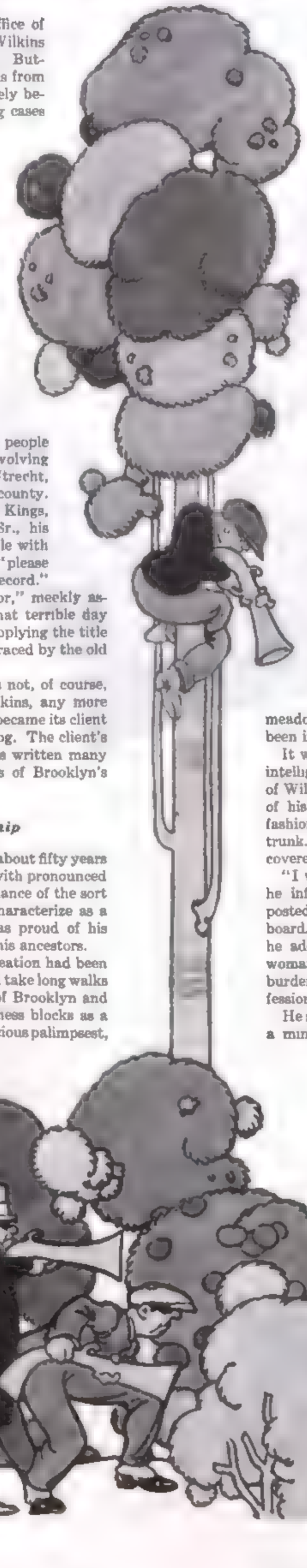
MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Grape-Nuts

TITLE SNIPERS

By BOYDEN SPARKES

DECORATION BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



IN BROOKLYN the law office of Wilkins, Slavens, Grim & Wilkins is a symbol of high caste. Buttressed by inherited associations from a glorious past, instead of merely being intrenched behind imposing cases of expensively bound and seldom consulted law books, the position of this firm among the barristers that cluster about Borough Hall and the other buildings that constitute the civic center of Brooklyn is without parallel. So firmly welded into the upper financial and social strata of Brooklyn is that institution which is called Wilkins, Slavens, Grim & Wilkins that once some years ago Mr. Wilkins, Sr., went unrebuked in open court when he interrupted a nasal-voiced upstart on the supreme-court bench who spoke of "the people of Brooklyn" in a matter involving Flatbush, Flatlands, New Utrecht, Bushwick and the rest of the county.

"If you mean the county of Kings, sir," scourged Mr. Wilkins, Sr., his white imperial as stiffly a-bristle with indignation as a dog's hackles, "please be specific for the sake of the record."

"I stand corrected, counselor," meekly assented the jurist, who from that terrible day never repeated the offense of applying the title to a greater area than was embraced by the old town of Brooklyn.

The real name of the firm is not, of course, Wilkins, Slavens, Grim & Wilkins, any more than the true name of one who became its client not long ago was Dirk Van Hoog. The client's name, however, was one that is written many times into the ancient records of Brooklyn's real estate history.

Ancestor Worship

MR. VAN HOOG was a man about fifty years of age, lank of figure and with pronounced features that formed a countenance of the sort that rude people sometimes characterize as a horse face. Mr. Van Hoog was proud of his name, but he was ashamed of his ancestors.

For a long time his only recreation had been a form of self-torture. He would take long walks in one of the busiest sections of Brooklyn and he would see this area of business blocks as a scholar might see an old and precious palimpsest, deciphering partially erased writings beneath more youthful scribblings. Giving free rein to his imagination, Mr. Van Hoog would see the land beneath the solidly built blocks as it was in the days of his ancestors—fields green with corn. That was why Mr. Van Hoog would have upbraided his ancestors if he could have brought them back from their graves. Sometimes he titillated his fancy by holding an imaginary conversation with his great-great-grandfather. It was a lecture rather than a conversation. Mr. Van Hoog would say:

"Why, heavens and earth, if that land had been held it would have brought a bigger price than if the corn it grew had been pure gold! Yes, sir, three and four thousand a front foot is a small price for it today. I'd be richer than Henry Ford. Rockefeller and Morgan and Gould would be glad to know me."

Mr. Van Hoog was a real-estate man himself—that is, he worked for a broker as an office man. In this way he had acquired a knowledge of the intricacies of buying and selling real estate. Every time he read in the newspaper real-estate news of the sale for a fabulous price of some small rectangle of what had once been a Van Hoog farm, he felt as wrathful as if he had actually been swindled out of the money. He lived alone in the same old house in which he had been born.

One day he read of the transfer of a huge factory site in an outlying part of Brooklyn. Although this was in a region several miles from the old Van Hoog farm lands, Mr. Van Hoog grunted as if with anguish when he read that a bit of meadow land had brought a price said to have been in excess of $500,000.

It was about three weeks after he gained this intelligence that Mr. Van Hoog entered the office of Wilkins, Slavens, Grim & Wilkins. Under one of his long arms he carried a diminutive old-fashioned trunk. It might have been a doll's trunk. There was a swelling in the lid and it was covered with cowhide and studded with brass nails.

"I wish to see Mr. Wilkins, Sr.," he informed the woman who was posted as a sentry at the switchboard. "I'm not selling anything," he added sourly when he saw the woman gaze with suspicion at his burden. "I wish to consult him professionally. The name is Van Hoog."

He spoke shrewdly, because within a minute he was ushered into the office of Mr. Wilkins, Sr., a retreat carpeted in green and displaying on its walls engravings showing the Brooklyn water front in the days when the masts of clipper ships were as a forest.

"We've never met before?" said Mr. Wilkins, rising to meet his caller.

"Although some of my people used to seek advice from your firm, I don't believe we have met before," said Mr. Van Hoog. Then he stooped to place the little trunk carefully on the carpet. "I found this box recently when I was cleaning out an attic room in my house. There were some old papers in it that I thought might have some value. I felt that a competent person ought to examine them."

After some further discussion of the matter Mr. Van Hoog left his trunk and its contents with Mr. Wilkins. Three days later, in response to a letter requesting a visit, Mr. Van Hoog returned to the lawyer's office.

One Good Deed Deserves Another

"I HAVE been through these documents very carefully," said Mr. Wilkins. "Some of the papers are quite worthless unless they interest you as souvenirs, but there are three deeds to a tract of land in Greenpoint which has recently been sold for a considerable sum. Whether any vestige of title adheres to these instruments I do not feel qualified to say, but they seem quite regular. See here."

Mr. Wilkins unrolled a map of Kings County and indicated four blocks close to the water front in Greenpoint.

"The land in question is here," he said.

"Ah," exclaimed Mr. Van Hoog, "I remember that! My grandfather spoke of it many times. He bought it when he was quite a young man—about 1834, I should say."

"It was in 1832, to be precise," corrected Mr. Wilkins. "We must file these deeds at once—that is, of course, if you wish our firm to ——"

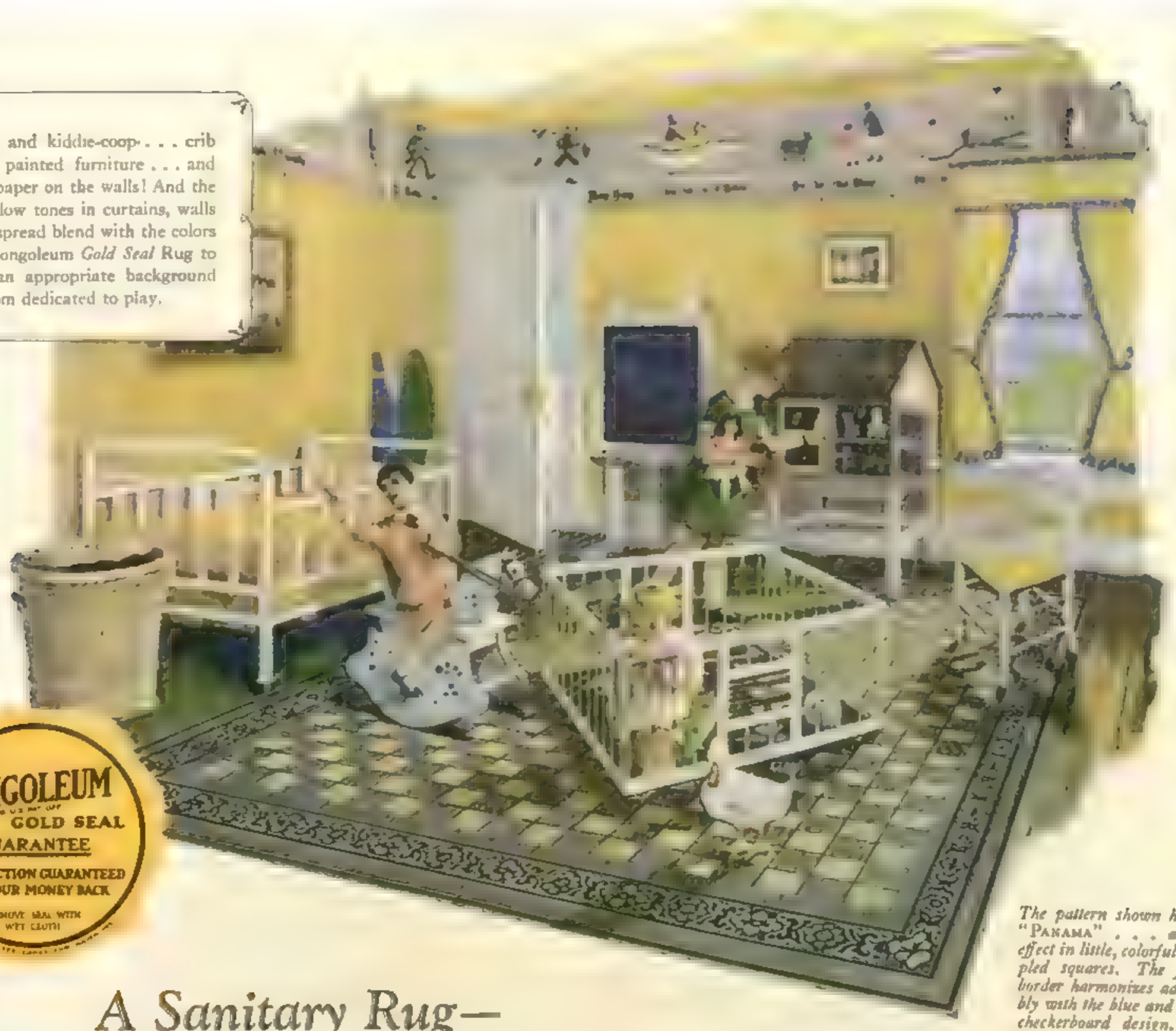
"I am entirely in your hands, sir," replied Mr. Van Hoog.

The Hall of Records in Brooklyn is a cavernous old structure with high-ceilinged chambers and huge vaults, but it is inadequate for the purpose for which it was designed. Legal instruments, deeds, mortgages and other papers are filed there at the rate of three a minute during every working hour of the day. Through its shadowy corridors stream lawyers, buyers and sellers of real estate, dealers in mortgages, employes of title-insurance companies and sundry other persons, including many widows with attendant orphans.

There are 8990 city blocks in Brooklyn—not that restricted area that is bounded by the prejudice of Mr. Wilkins, but the entire area that is entitled to be known as Brooklyn—and the bulk of those blocks are owned piecemeal by many persons, their houses standing

(Continued on Page 49)

Toys and kiddie-coop . . . crib . . . painted furniture . . . and picture paper on the walls! And the light yellow tones in curtains, walls and bedspread blend with the colors in the Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rug to set up an appropriate background for a room dedicated to play.



The pattern shown here is "Panama" . . . a novel effect in little, colorful, dappled squares. The flower border harmonizes admirably with the blue and taupe checkerboard design. It's Gold Seal Rug No. 568.

A Sanitary Rug—
colorful and easy-to-clean—for the nursery!

Romping youngsters need a room of their own . . . a real playroom, like the one above. Colors that cheer . . . simple, fresh draperies . . . and on the floor a Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rug.

The pattern shown in the picture is the "Panama"—an ideal rug for the purpose. So bright and colorful! So sturdy that it stands wear and tear without a sign.

Then, too, Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs are sanitary. Surface is smooth, waterproof and seamless. No place for dust or germs to hide. Only a light, easy mopping is required to keep it clean as new.

And safe to play on! For Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs hug the floor without any fastening. No tacks to work loose and scratch tender flesh. No curled-up edges or corners to trip running feet.

Artistic patterns for every room

Leading rug designers create the motifs for *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs. You're sure to find patterns that will harmonize with the other furnishings of your rooms.

On your next shopping tour don't fail to see Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs. Sizes for every room—from small mats to room-sized rugs. Every one's a real bargain!

And the Gold Seal pasted on the face of the pattern guarantees "Satisfaction or Your Money Back." Remember to look for the Gold Seal on the rugs you buy.

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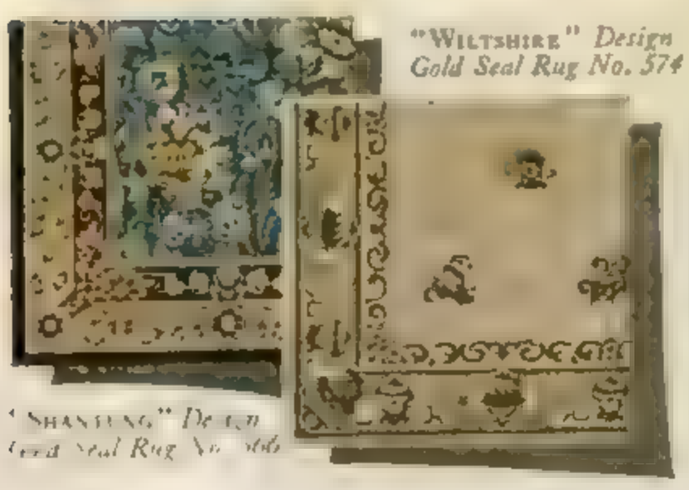


"Wiltshire" *Design Gold Seal Rug No. 574*

"Shantung" *Design Gold Seal Rug No. 566*

CONGOLEUM
GOLD-SEAL
ART-RUGS

Always look for the Gold Seal on the rugs you buy!

Free Handbook

If you imagine that there's no use trying to improve your rooms unless you can spend a lot of money, then you should read Anne Lewis Pierce's booklet "Color Magic in the Home." This handbook has been written for women of limited means—and terms with practical and helpful suggestions. Just fill out and mail this coupon to Congoleum-Nairn, Inc., 1421 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., for your free copy.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ S. E. P. 10

(Continued from Page 47)

shoulder to shoulder, rank on rank, in a mass of bewildering gridirons of asphalt streets, providing shelter as compact and as confusingly similar to a bird's eye, or an aviator's, as the cells of so many coral polyps. Each individual owner fancies his property as a wedge of land reaching down a threadlike tentacle to the very core of the earth like the plug in a watermelon; but unlike the watermelon plug, each little wedge is also credited by its owner with the space above it until it reaches to the outside limits of infinity. Their title to their land is precious in the sight of these property owners above all other material possessions.

Every one of these hundreds of thousands of wedges is represented in the Hall of Records by symbols of its existence entered in various indexes in the custody of the register of Kings County; but not every present deed is recorded there, because some people prefer not to have it known that they own real property. The buying and selling of those small wedges of land, the mortgaging of them, result daily in a fresh deluge of papers to be recorded in the Hall of Records, which is why these legal papers come in a flow of staggering proportions. It was into this stream that the deeds found in Mr. Van Hoog's small trunk were launched by a clerk of the office of Wilkins, Slavens, Grim & Wilkins.

The clerk presented them at the counter in the register's office, which is the beginning of this labyrinth. It is called the verification window. The employe of the recorder's office who sits there is a large man who, when coatless and with his waistcoat unbuttoned, seems to overflow the cushioned seat of his chair. Most of the documents that are handed to him through the window receive no more than a glance before he passes them on to the next clerk.

In most cases that glance tells him that the notary public or the commissioner of deeds who acknowledged the signatures attached to any document is one duly commissioned to perform such offices within the county. There are hundreds whose signatures are as well known to him as the signatures of a bank's depositors are known to its tellers. When he encounters an unfamiliar acknowledgment a hasty reference to one of two large volumes containing the signatures of all the notaries or of all the commissioners generally satisfies him, and the document is accepted for recording subject to other tests beyond the verification window.

But the deeds from Mr. Van Hoog's trunk were challenged promptly by the clerk because of the acknowledgment. In addition to notaries and commissioners of deeds, certain other persons are authorized to take acknowledgments in New York—as, for example, supreme-court judges, the judges of any courts of record, the secretary of state, foreign consuls, and army and navy officers with an army on the march or a ship under way.

For the purpose of this account, assume that the acknowledgment on Mr. Van Hoog's resurrected but unrecorded deeds had been made by a colonel on the staff of one of New York's early governors. Nevertheless, in spite of the clerk's belief that the acknowledgments were defective, the deeds had to be accepted for filing, and accordingly they went into a temporary filing cabinet around which hover a swarm of title-company employes.

Every document filed there is scrutinized by them. Whether or not it concerns property on which their companies have granted title insurance or mortgages, or in which they are in any other way interested, they make a brief description for their employers. When the Van Hoog deeds were dropped into that filing cabinet these watchers behaved pretty much as a school of sunfish do when a can of bait is dropped by accident into their pool.

What Title Insurance is For

BY NIGHTFALL of the day those deeds were filed the large title-insurance company which had given a policy to the recent purchasers of the factory site, title to which had been disquieted by the appearance of Mr. Van Hoog's three deeds, had become as active as a fire department when an alarm is rung. The purchasers of the land, being confident that they would be indemnified by the title insurance company for any claim that might be made by Van Hoog or others, were not seriously disturbed. They did not even alter their building program. Steam shovels, concrete mixers, piles of brick, pyramids of sewer pipe, stacks of lumber and a swarm of workmen were on the ground. To stop construction for a single day would have been costly. Stopping for an indefinite period would have been disastrous.

The head of this company ended a brief conference with a representative of the title-insurance company and his lawyers by saying, "This is what title insurance is for. Am I right?"

"Yes—and gosh-darn it!" agreed the title-insurance-company man.

Mr. Wilkins, of Wilkins, Slavens, Grim & Wilkins, informed his client, Mr. Van Hoog, that their best strategy for the time being was inactivity.

With $500,000 at stake, the president of the title company felt quite differently about his strategy

"Those deeds are raw forgeries—I hope," he told his associates. "But we all know that owners of property in the early days sometimes executed a deed to a piece of land that they had no right to sell. Sometimes they sold the same land three and four times, escaping detection because deeds were rarely filed. Our abstract of the title to this land seems to be a perfect chain from the extinguishment of the Indian rights about 1636 and the grant from the Dutch Government to the original settler down to this very minute. We have backed that title with our judgment and we will have to back it with our cash if we are wrong. I don't think we are wrong, but we are not going to take any chances. Hop to it."

So well was he obeyed that within a week reports were beginning to pile up in a wire basket on his desk.

An Archæologist in the Title Vaults

THERE was one from a handwriting expert who had been furnished with photographic copies of the deeds that had been filed on behalf of Mr. Van Hoog. His report was based on a comparison he had made between the deeds and a sample of Mr. Van Hoog's penmanship that had been provided by investigators in the employ of the title company. "Investigator" is a more genteel word than "detective."

There was another report from a paper expert who had studied the original documents at the office of the register in the Hall of Records. This report also contained an opinion on the ink used by the author of the deeds.

One report was from the company's lawyer, who had been to Albany digging through records in the basement of the capitol building, musty piles of papers that contained a variety of acknowledgments of official papers bearing the same year as the Van Hoog documents.

But the most interesting report of all, from the viewpoint of the president of the title company, was a memorandum from one of his title readers, a scholarly old fellow with the temperament and the tastes of an archæologist. This said: "Some of the phrasing in the conveyance of the property described in this deed was not used in Kings County until some forty years after the date of this deed."

The president of the title company gave a whoop of joy. He knew his reader well enough to feel sure that his statements did not need support. If this old gentleman declared that the language employed in the Van Hoog deed was anachronistic, he knew he had a lever with which he could pry that troublesome deed out of court—if it ever got into court.

A digest of all the reports of the experts engaged showed that the oilskin paper on which the troublesome conveyances had been written was free from watermarks. It had been shrewdly selected; but the ink was a black fluid quite different from the rusty stain left by pen scratches on most important documents of ninety or a hundred years ago. The ink of those days was commonly concocted by a solution of iron filings and nutgall. Not only was the ink on the Van Hoog deeds so black as to be suspicious, but it had not eroded itself into the paper as is the habit of old ink long in contact with paper.

On top of all this, the acknowledgment, the original red flag that had been an alarm signal to the clerk at the verification window in the office of the county register, was regarded by the lawyers of the title company as faulty. They had been unable to find anything to show that the long-dead official whose name had been used to give the deeds authenticity had ever possessed any authority to act as a notary or a commissioner of deeds.

In short, the title-company officers were fully persuaded that Mr. Van Hoog had written every word of those supposedly ancient documents filed at the register's office. In spite of all this, they compromised with him, although not with his lawyers.

The austere firm of Wilkins, Slavens, Grim & Wilkins withdrew the very moment they were persuaded that their client had been, so to speak, writing fiction. They even offered to withdraw the instruments from the register's files, but this was not permitted. The register had in the meantime received a letter from the district attorney's office which read: "I am informed that you have for record in your office three deeds to"—describing the property. The prosecutor's letter added: "This office is investigating the title to this property with a view to commencing criminal proceedings. Kindly hold the deeds until our investigation is completed."

That investigation never has been completed. The title company did not care to prosecute, for the reason that any sort of litigation in the history of a piece of real estate tends to weaken titles, and is undesirable also because it tends to encourage other title snipers to become active.

That is what Mr. Van Hoog had become—a title sniper, and title snipers are a numerous breed. His career, though, was ended almost as soon as it had begun. When the facts in the possession of the district attorney were laid before Mr. Van Hoog, he consented to accept the proposition of the title company. It was this: In return for a good and valuable consideration—namely, one dollar—he agreed to surrender his deeds and sign a quitclaim deed to that half-million-dollar factory site. He admitted nothing, however, beyond what he had told old Mr. Wilkins.

"I found them," he said, "in my attic."

Somewhere in Brooklyn tonight, if you should go for a walk, probably you would encounter Van Hoog, walking through business streets laid on ground that once belonged to his grandfather and his great-grandfather. If he should be muttering under his breath, and if you should listen closely, no doubt you would hear him complaining against those forbears for having been so shortsighted as to sell their land.

In another large Eastern community there are two men—lawyers, they call themselves—whose professional practice it is to study all new real-estate developments. They are especially interested in auction sales of lots marked out in fields where cabbages or other produce still grows. They have returned to the normal scene of their endeavors only recently. The Florida boom attracted them in its early stages. It may be several years before they cash in on their Florida expedition, and while they wait they are hoping for opportunities in some of the newer Long Island shore-front developments.

Nearly every community has at least one of their kind. If they had been born in an earlier day, likely enough they would have gone West to the gold fields and become claim jumpers.

Mr. and Mrs. Ole Jensen, who left an East Side flat after years of scrimping and saving, got acquainted with these two gentlemen under circumstances that were for them terrifying. The pair can be identified here as Schwartzheimer and Littlejohns.

A House, a Garden and Lots of Hope

JENSEN was a furniture packer in a storage warehouse, but his ambition and the ambition of his wife were to own a home—not a flat, but a detached house that would be theirs—and they were unwilling to compromise with that ambition even to the extent of making a substantial down payment and carrying the rest on mortgages. Mr. Jensen distrusted mortgages. He had small understanding of such matters, and was seized by strong Old World prejudices in favor of being absolute master of his property.

One day when Mrs. Jensen returned from the savings bank with the greasy little brown book tucked inside her dress she informed her husband that with the last interest credit their capital had reached $6500. In an outlying suburb there were houses, dizzy rows of contractor-designed wooden boxes, with sun parlors and garages all precisely alike, and for sale at $6500.

Two weeks later they moved in, most of the furniture being pieces that Jensen had salvaged from his place of employment—broken chairs that he had patched until they were within a shade of being as good as ever, tables that had been too badly scratched even for a disposal at the occasional warehouse sales of secondhand furniture. People who patronized those sales were looking for bargains, but they would have been glad to possess the articles they had spurned if they could have seen them when Jensen had refinished them.

In the back yard, in a spaded plot just out of the way of the clothes-drying reel, Mrs. Jensen had a six-furrow garden, in which were germinating a packet of radish seeds, another of lettuce, one of onions and—such is the power of faith—one of eggplants. The Jensens had so much pride in the soil of their estate that it is within the range of possibility that they would have planted coconuts just as confidently if the notion had occurred to them.

After two years the Jensens had managed actually to raise some eggplants. They had an automobile, too, an aged vehicle which was kept on the active list by dint of heroic measures on the part of Jensen. If any physician succeeded in keeping the breath of life in a patient as far gone as that automobile, he would write a long and solemn paper about his skill and read it before the county medical society. Jensen merely bragged about the quality of the car and dismissed his own part in the miracle as but the attention due any piece of machinery. Then one evening a bomb shattered the tranquillity of the Jensen establishment.

The front-door bell rang. No bell at their home ever failed to ring or bulb to illumine when an electric button was pressed.

(Continued on Page 86)

POMP AN' GLORY

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

STAFF in hand, her skirts trailing on the ground, her basket on her arm, her face hidden in her deep sunbonnet, her bright eyes glittering, old Flo, tiny, of great but uncertain age, stepped out of her cabin. Opposite was an open field, at the left the street led to Gettysburg; at the right, beyond a few outlying houses, lay the battlefield. Had her vision been keener, she might have seen open spaces edged by and dotted with monuments and bounded in the far distance by two rounded hills. She did not need to see; the view imprinted on her mind by many years of seeing required no further glance to make it plain. She knew it in many aspects, snow covered, sprinkled with the terrible fragments of war, or dressed in early June daisies, as it was at this moment.

Stepping from her house, she looked first of all upward. The leaves on the mammoth sycamore in her tiny yard were so abundant that she seemed to be standing in a beautiful room. She smiled a childlike smile.

"Ol' tree, youse 'bout as old's I is," she said. "You sheltah me dese many yeahs. You sheltah me some mo'. Unless"—the deep wrinkles on her brow grew deeper and a frightened look came into her sunken eyes—"unless Ise worried to mah tomb befo' mah time. Ise one hundred an' twenty yeahs ol', and Ise likely to lib till one hundred an' fifty 'less Preacher Nestle gets me to jine de chu'ch. If I jines de chu'ch, like's not I won' even see de celebration."

As she locked and padlocked the door, she looked uneasily over her shoulder toward the street.

"Ise sta'tin' in good time," she said. "Ise de worm what gets ahead ob de bird."

Advancing with caution, she continued to talk to herself.

"I'd lak some day jest to sit in mah own do'ya'd, but dat can't be while Ise so persecuted. In mah house Ise safe; I can keep de fron' shade down and let him bang-bang. But in mah do'ya'd he can see me. I'll jine de chu'ch when Ise ready, but Ise not ready yet."

Reaching the gate, she peered over it, first toward the left and the center of the town, then toward the right and the fields.

"De coas' is clear," she said. "Now I sails off."

She began to untie the elaborate knot in the rope with which the gate was fastened. The gate was low; it would have been possible for any man of average height to step over it. In the midst of her labors her hands ceased to move and she looked over the fields toward the Round Tops.

"Such a celebration ain't nebber been since de big battle, dat's shuah. Dey had a great celebration once, but dat was all lubbin. Dere ain't goin to be much lub in dis celebration. Dis is goin' to be real battlin', as in de days of de war. Dey is goin' to hab de manouvahs and de cha'ges. It's easy to say what dey ain' goin' to hab, but it's ha'd to tell what dey is goin' to hab. Cross dem fields dey goes in de ol' days, wid guns crackin' an' cannons roarin'. Dere dey sta'ts and ovah dere dey aims to git. But dey gits stopped. All dat is goin' to happen again on de first ob July. An' dey is goin' to be millions ob folks to see. An' is I goin' to jine de chu'ch befo' dat time? Is I goin' to gib up ———"

Trembling with haste, she worked at the knot. She loved long words and had a few which she delighted to utter.

"Shuah would be disadvantageous to be caught now an' heah," she said. "Dat man, he has a persuajeous voice. Fool! to stan' cogitatin' while ——"

She leaned forward, listening intently. There came to her ears the sound of footsteps in the direction of the open country.

Beyond her house was the last paved sidewalk and it was along this that the footsteps advanced. They were brisk and rather heavy.

"It's him! It's de Preacher Nestle!" said Flo. "What'll I do? Stealin' slyly on me!"

Mr. Nestle made no effort to be sly; the air was filled with the tuning up of a deep bass voice.

"What'll I do?" gasped Flo. "What'll I do?"

She looked round wildly—had the hangman been approaching she could have been no more appalled. The song into which the humming resolved itself was not disagreeable or threatening, but her look of alarm deepened to a look of agony:

"You mean to go to heaven, sister;
That we all know.
The chariot's all prepared to take you,
When your time comes to go."

Her alarm changed to indignation. "Mah time's not come to go, 'less you brings it on!" she muttered. "But what'll I do? In de name o' sense, what'll I do?"

She answered the question for herself. Without another look in the direction of the song, she stepped behind the mighty trunk of the sycamore. The song grew more distinct, the words took on a warning character:

"Then mind your p's and q's, sister,
For the time's at hand.
Your lamp should be lit and burnin' brightly,
For the promis' land."

The voice had now reached the gate. Mr. Nestle was a tall young colored man, dressed in a black clerical suit, with a pleasant though determined face. He bent over to study the intricacy of Flo's fastening. Flo pressed her body to the trunk of the tree. The trunk was about three feet thick—that distance and six feet of open space separated her from Mr. Nestle.

"Pe'haps he can't undo it," she said to herself with a momentary gleam of hope. "But den he'll step ovah."

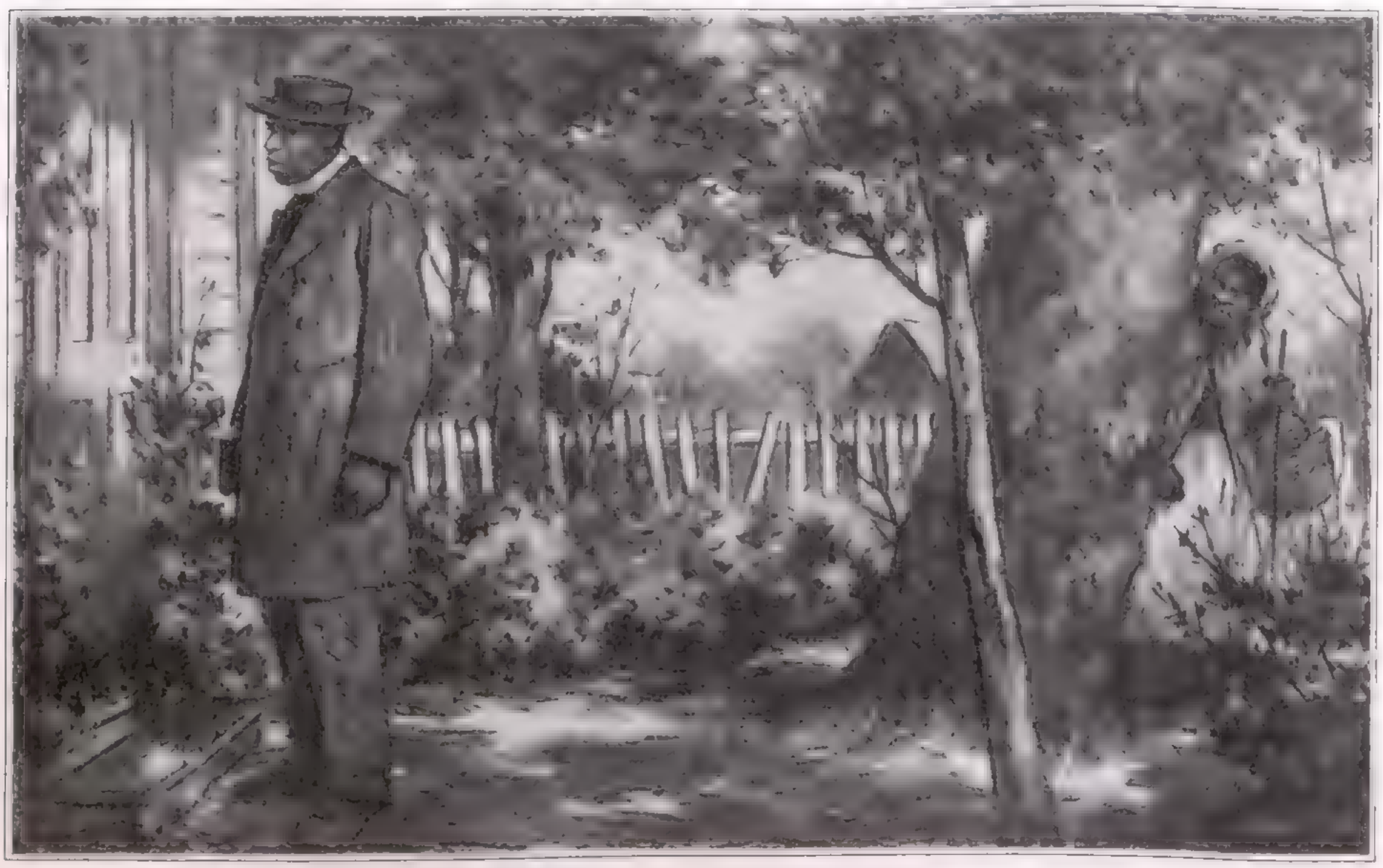
This was exactly what he proceeded to do. "Got her this time!" he said distinctly.

Flo pressed her meager body closer to the tree. "Not yit," she said to herself. She took a step—the trunk was so broad that it was easy to keep out of sight. "Long's I can't see him, he can't see me."

Mr. Nestle stepped briskly to the door and rapped politely. There was no answer and he rapped again.

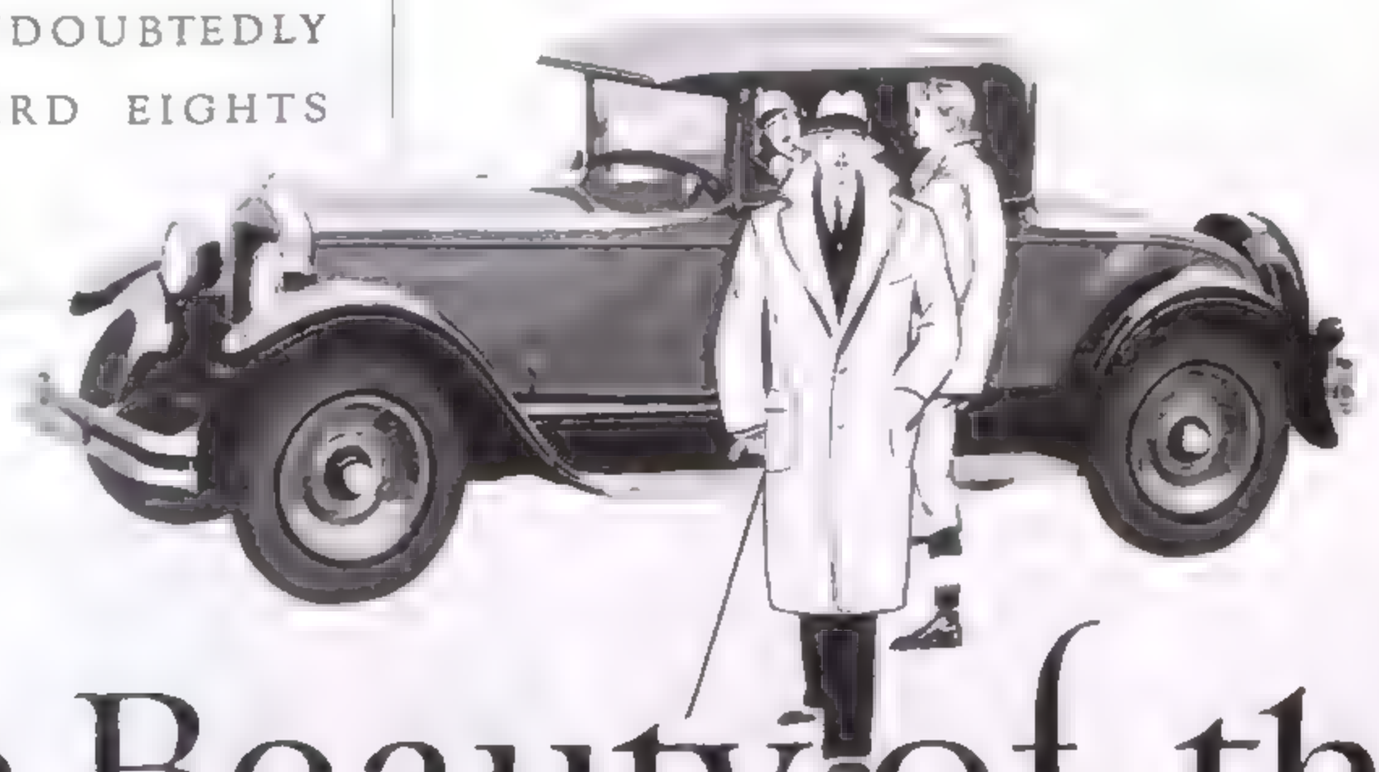
"Aunt Flo!" he called. There was no answer. "Aunt Flo, this is the preacher, Reverend Nestle."

Flo's sense of humor was keen; in the midst of terror she grinned. (Continued on Page 192)



"Aunt Flo, We're Going to Have a Meeting, Beginning July First"

IN THE
FINE CAR FIELD
THE TREND
IS UNDOUBTEDLY
TOWARD EIGHTS



The Beauty of the Hupmobile Eight

Beauty in an automobile is the result of the harmony of line and grace of contour which have their real source in intrinsically good design and sound structure.

The dignity and pleasing appearance of the beautiful Hupmobile Eight is a case in point.

Balance, harmony, rhythm are its distinguishing points because Hupmobile Eight is, first of all, a thoroughly fine car—beautifully designed and engineered.

But Hupmobile Eight is not merely a beautiful car in appearance—it is also a beautiful car to drive.

The sweetness of its performance comes from a balanced mastery of details.

Its thrilling power is almost unbelievably silent and smooth. What *you* get is swift, superb flight, with total absence of the usual signs to indicate the source of it—a delightful ease of travel that leaves you wondering at the smoothness of the roads.

Hupmobile Eight handles beautifully—responding unresistingly to your guidance. It seems to follow the road of its own accord, so slight is your consciousness of steering it.

And it glides away to the fastest start and the smoothest pick-up you have ever enjoyed, with not the slightest sense of labor.

Its capacity for sustained speed and comfort rivals the most luxurious limited trains.

* * *

Yet these ultra-modern delights of motor travel are obtained—not at the price of wasteful operation, but with a surprising economy.

Being a Hupmobile, with all that the name implies of sterling ruggedness and quality, Hupmobile Eight literally becomes sweeter and smoother as the miles pile up on the meter.

As time goes on and your mileage grows, you realize that you've gone 10,000, 15,000, 25,000 miles and more with none of the tinkering and adjusting that hitherto have always seemed unavoidable.

* * *

Fundamentally all these unusual performance characteristics: its gliding ease; its smooth, vibrationless pick-up; its perfect balance; the cradling ease of its travel; its economy—all these are attributes of beauty—the beauty of mechanical harmony.

Only because it has all these qualities in unmatched degree; only because it shows that it has them by looking and acting like the splendid car that it is—only for these reasons is Hupmobile Eight so rapidly becoming dominant in the field of truly fine and reasonably priced motor cars.

The next Hupmobile Eight you see, watch it for a moment—notice the symmetry of its beauty—the poetry of its motion. Ride in the Hupmobile Eight, and you'll want it for what it alone can give you.

* * *

Beauty—Color Options—Luxury

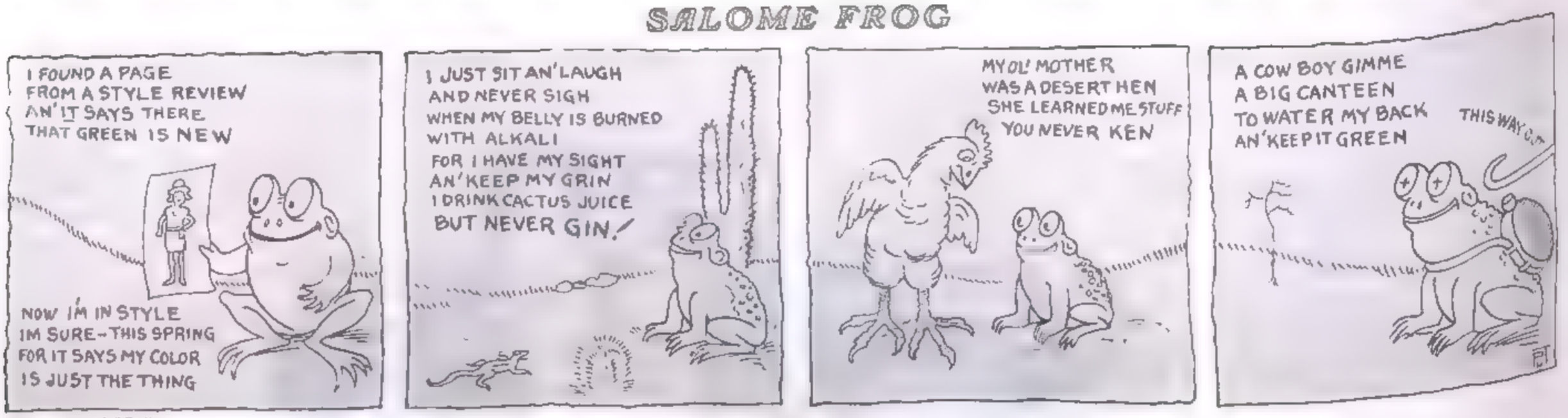
Sedan, five-passenger, $2345. Sedan, seven-passenger, $2495. Sedan-Limousine, seven-passenger, $2595. Coupe, two-passenger, with rumble seat, $2345. Roadster, with rumble seat, $2045. Touring, five-passenger, $1945. Touring, seven-passenger, $2045. All prices f.o.b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

Sedan
$2345

THE DISTINGUISHED
HUPMOBILE
EIGHT

CARTOON AND COMEDY

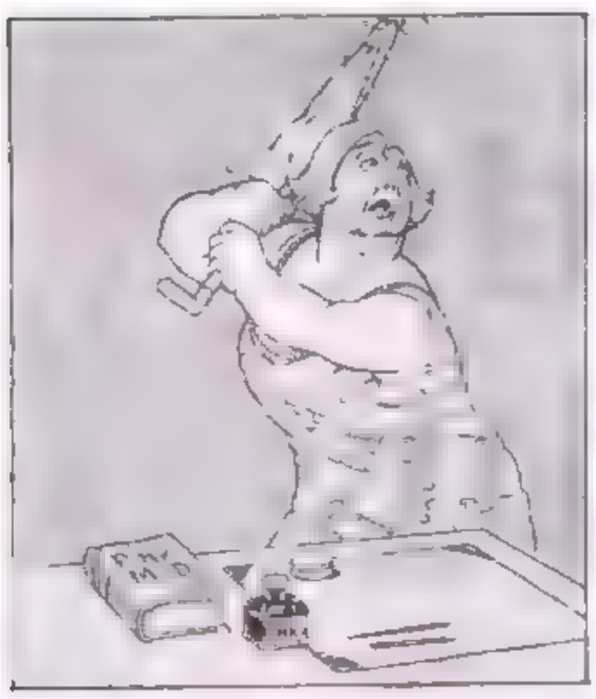
SALOME FROG



DRAWN BY CLAUDE G. PUTNAM

From Salome, Arizona

THE DISMAL FINISH OF MADAME UMBUMPUM



Rouse, Ye Ladies, and Drive the Sin Out of Synthetic Pulchritude!

We Must Smash the Powder-Puff Power, and Overthrow This Black Incubus

And Pour Out the Vials of Our Wrath Over This Wide-Spread Scandal!

Each of You Must Also Have a Hand in This

Our Cause Rests in the Unsullied Hands of Frail But Fearless Woman

Now, Mark Me! There are Certain Broad Features to This Problem

The One Dark Blot on the Fair Face of Liberty—

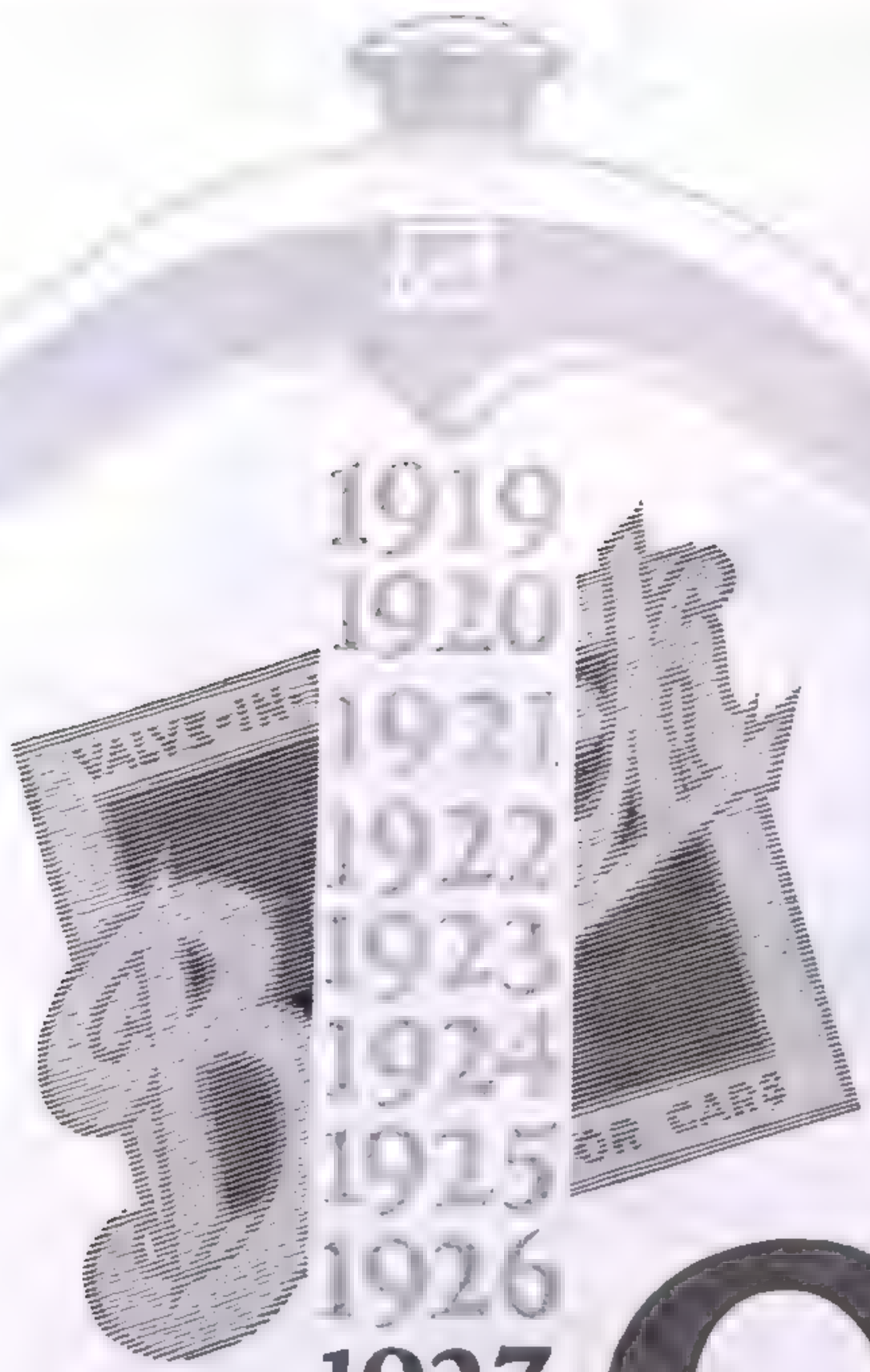
Vanity—Must Not be Allowed to Sully the Pure Bosoms of Our Flapper Sisters

Ahem-em! Now, Sisters, Please! I Would Like Everyone to Look This Way!

Ladies, This Unseemly Mirth is Incredible! I Blush for You!

Sisters, Your—Boo-hoo!—Laxity Covers Me With Increasing Shame

But I Must be Chairman-Table, Although the Outlook is Gloomy Indeed



1st for 9 consecutive Years

For the ninth consecutive year Buick has won first choice of space at the National Automobile Shows.

This is Leadership! For, this honor goes annually to the member of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce with the year's largest volume of business.

Chance plays no part in this award. It is conferred upon the car which has found the most favor among the buyers of America—the car in which they have invested a plurality of their dollars.

It has gone to Buick every year since 1918 because Buick has built better motor cars, and continually put back the savings of increased volume and engineering development into still greater value.

Nine continuous years of leadership! For any other car to equal this would mean retaining continuous leadership until 1936—almost another decade.

The industrial history of America records no more brilliant achievement than these nine successive years of Buick dominance.

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT · · BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

CLOCKS OF THE OLDEN TIME

By Esther Singleton

OF ALL antiques, the clock makes the strongest appeal to the collector of American furniture and to the lover of olden-time curiosities. Perhaps it is because the domestic clock is such a fine companion. Its presence makes the very spirit of home articulate. Indeed, its voice seems to carry the clock out of the class of mere furniture and almost to lift it into the ranks of human beings.

An Ell Terry. In Oval—A Banjo Clock

Moreover, the clock connects us with past generations, having lived with our forefathers as it is living with us; and it can tell us much about bygone days if we will listen attentively to what it has to say.

What is it that interests you most about a clock? Is it the case, or is it the mechanism, or is it the strike? The strike would seem to be the most important thing, because the word "clock" comes from bell—*cloche*, *Glocke*, and so on, in various languages.

Have you ever been in the home of a collector of clocks on the dot of the hour, a collector whose pets are numbered by the hundred?

Perhaps one pert little mantel clock will begin the concert, saying very quickly—almost petulantly, indeed—in a light, thin voice, "ping-ping, ping-ping," as if very anxious to tell the household, before any of its friends has a chance to do so, that it is two o'clock.

A Chorus of Bells

"DING-DONG, ding-dong." Another takes up the story, seemingly annoyed to have to come second, but, at least, with the idea of saying two o'clock in very much better style than its pert neighbor. A heavier and much gruffer personality calls out very loudly and with I-dare-you-contradict-me emphasis, "Tong! Tang! Tong! Tang!" At the sound of this aggressive voice, a very handsome and rare French gilt clock on another mantelpiece, quite disgusted with the last unmusical announcement, and remembering that, made by Lépine, it once graced the home of a marquis in the Faubourg St.-Germain a hundred years and more before it was put up at auction in the collection of a noted American connoisseur, delicately and rather deliberately, as becomes a *grande dame* of its former exalted associations, sings, like a trained operatic artist, "Ting-tee, ting-tee!" A peasant voice from upstairs calls out of its little Swiss chalet "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" and before us rises a vision of snowy Alpine peaks, green pines and rushing mountain rivulets, and we seem to smell the scents of the Grindelwald.

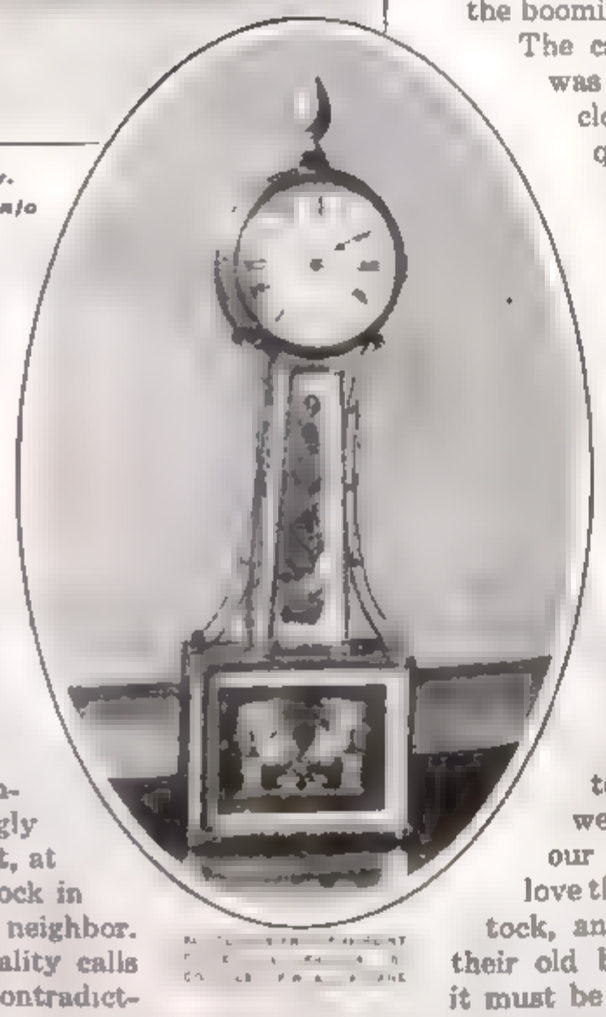
And suddenly a chorus of innumerable voices of various timbres, resonances and qualities, ranging from the shrillest soprano to the deepest bass—all alive to the importance of the occasion—are ringing and dinging and donging and pinging and ponging and twanging and panging and tinkling and bellowing and booming, each one trying to outdo all the others. For about five minutes the entire house seems to have gone crazy.

Finally one old grandfather on the landing of the stairs thinks to quell the racket with its commanding "Bong! Bong!" Grandfather is nearly successful, but not quite. A London clock, from a dark corner in the hall, which prides itself on its voice rather than its case, half a second after grandfather thinks all is quiet along the Potomac, pronounces a musical "ling-ling, ling-ling," and then its sweet, silvery little chime of bells peals forth:

"Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's."

Then the room fades away and you seem to be in the heart of London, standing in the Strand at the very spot where Charles Lamb used "to shed tears for fulness of joy at such multitude of life." And beyond the moving crowds you see in the distance the stately dome of St. Paul's, veiled in soft purple mist; and near at hand, in a sort of island, St. Clement Danes, quaint Wren church, pealing the tune of this old rime on its echoing bells—bells which have for centuries told the passer-by about golden oranges and yellow lemons from an enchanted land of warmth and sunshine.

Bells play a much greater part in the life of Europe than they do in our country. Perhaps it is because, centuries ago, Europeans, old and young, looked up at the old clock on the tower of the cathedral or town hall when they wanted to know the time; and when they could not see the clock they were informed of the hour by the booming bell, or chimes, as the case might be.



The carrying of watches and pocket dials was not very usual, and neither was the clock a feature of the house. Consequently the great town clock became a personality that recorded the hours, days, months and years. There was a romance, a mystery, a charm about the old cathedral clock that had seen so many generations come and go, in war and in peace, while history was being made; and which had gone on for centuries ringing its hourly chimes far above the street and exhibiting every day at noon and at midnight a puppet show of figures, whose quaint stunts were regulated and directed by its own mechanism. Perhaps it is because our ancestors have handed down to us this veneration for the ancient town clock and its bells that we have such an affection for our old domestic clocks. We love their solemn tick-tock, tick-tock, and we love the sound of their old bells—not always musical, it must be confessed, but having usually a nice, comfortable, cheering and homelike sound.

First in the affections of everybody comes the old grandfather clock, to which Longfellow added a halo of romance when he wrote The Old Clock on the Stairs, which every American boy and girl for several generations has learned by heart sometime during school life. Everyone has, like Prince Agib,

Photographically lined
On the tablets of his mind,

as W. S. Gilbert says in the Bab Ballads, a picture of the old white house standing back from the village street with the shadows of the trees and the flickering sunlight falling across the "antique portico," and within, the old clock on the stairs tick-tocking away, according to Longfellow, the words:

Forever—never!
Never—forever!

while the history of the family unrolled during the years—births, marriages and deaths. In hours of joy and in hours of sorrow the old clock's voice was heard, undisturbed through everything and as unconcerned as Father Time himself.

That poem called public attention to the importance of the grandfather clock; and grandfather clocks have been of more value ever since. Indeed, it is this sentimental appraisal that has raised the commercial price of the long-case clock.

Although there are a great many varieties of the tall clock's case, which in the early days of its existence was called the coffin, in the main the form remains the same. And there is a reason for this. The case of the tall clock was constructed to house the pendulum.

Christiaan Huygens, a Dutchman, as most authorities agree, produced the first pendulum clock in 1657; and this new mechanism changed matters very greatly and contributed to the timepiece an accurate balance. In France, for example, they even changed the word for the clock, calling it *pendule* instead of *horloge*.

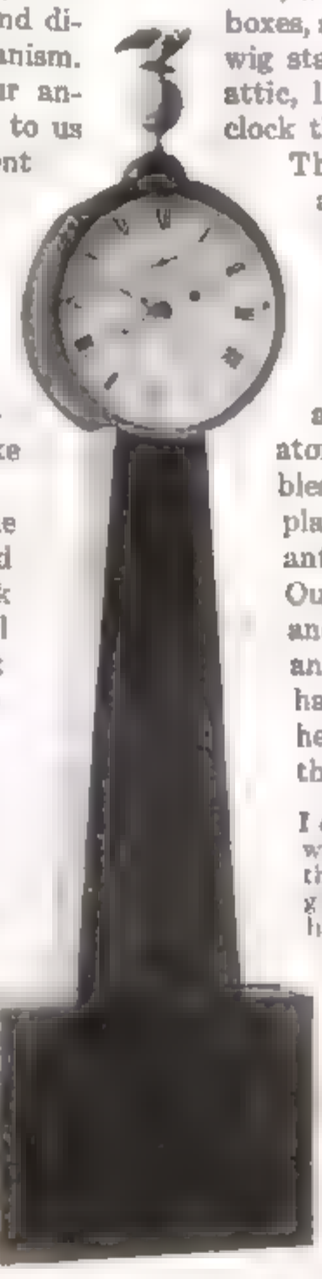
The King of Antiques

ONCE having got the pendulum settled, the tall, narrow case was not long in coming. How convenient it would be to have a simple box which could protect the pendulum from dust, hide the unsightly weights and stand solidly on the floor. The bracket could be dispensed with too. So, in about three years' time from the application of the pendulum between 1660 and 1670, the first grandfather clock came into existence.

And in a very short time—indeed, almost immediately—grandfather traveled to England on the crest of the tide for Dutch fashions in furniture and asserted himself there sufficiently to make people soon forget that he was not a native. Grandfather next took a long voyage across the Atlantic and began to talk loudly in our Colonial homes, and became acclimated and naturalized.

And grandfather did something else. He made himself so distinctly felt in the home that—like many Liberty Boys and Revolutionary and Colonial soldiers, who laid the foundations for such patriotic societies as the Sons of the Revolution and the Society of Colonial Wars without knowing that they were doing so—the grandfather clock became, unwittingly, very largely responsible for stimulating, if not actually starting, the present craze for patriotic antiques.

Many years ago, people who did not appreciate their old Heppelwhite sideboards with the serpentine fronts and spindlelegs, or their ball-and-claw Chippendale chairs, or their mahogany highboys with the bright brass wing handles, or their gate-legged tables, or their Sheraton knife boxes, and who banished their old wing chairs and their wig stands and their tip-and-turn tea tables to the attic, looked with fondest admiration upon the tall clock that had been an heirloom in the family.



A Large Banjo Clock

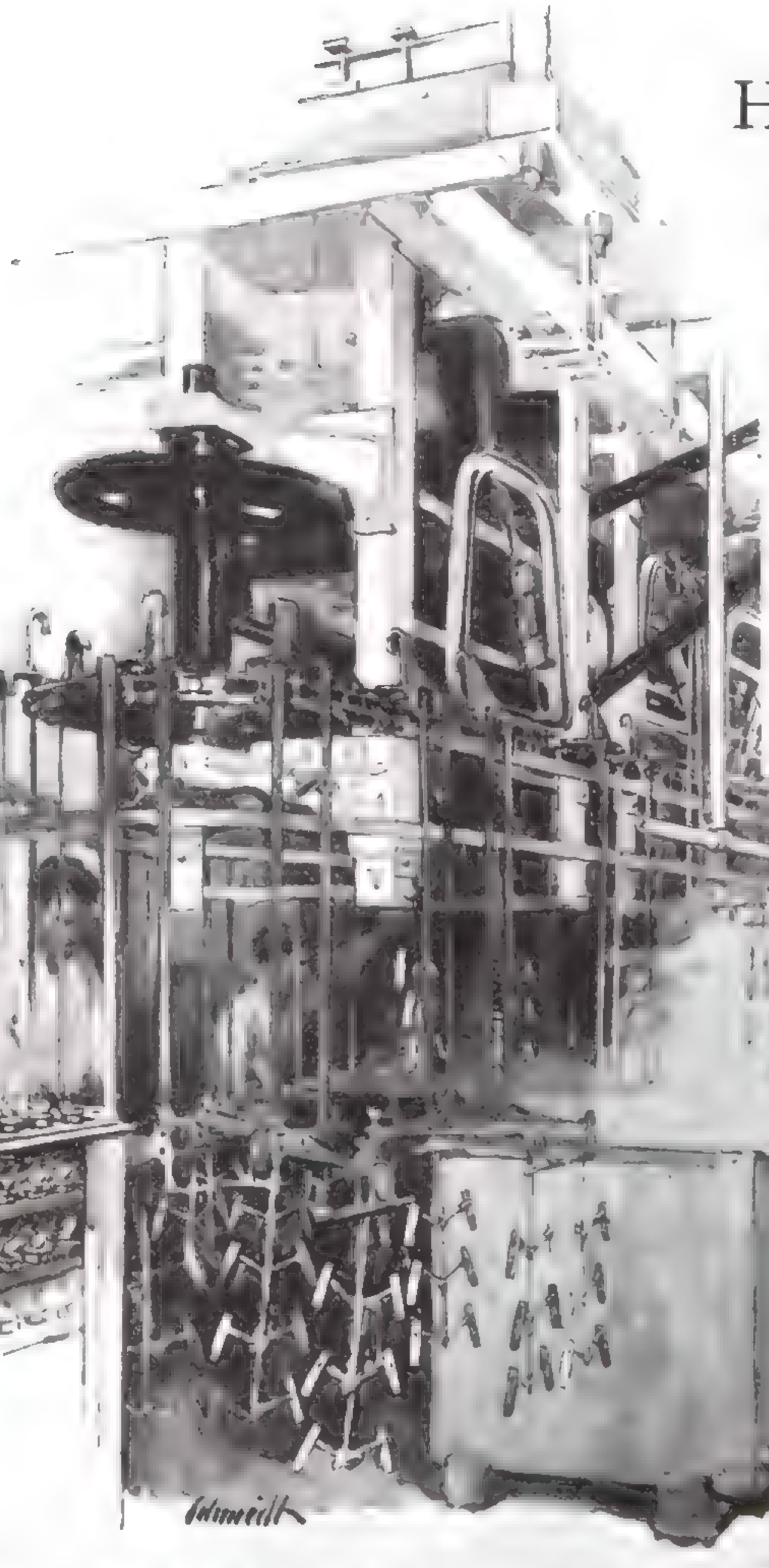
The grandfather clock commanded respect and appreciation even in Colonial times, when it had so newly arrived from England or Holland or from the workshop of a native craftsman near at hand. And today it stands proudly proclaiming with every tick and with every tock that it is the grandfather of its country, where antiques are concerned. Chippendale and Sheraton chairs, court cupboards and gate-legged tables, highboys and lowboys—all and each have to play second fiddle to the tall clock that is king of antiques.

Our Colonial clock makers chose it for a model, and rich men, who had a fancy for fine furniture and homes of elegance, frequently sent abroad for handsomer tall clocks than they could purchase here. John Hancock, for instance, was one of these. In 1738 he wrote to Mr. Wilks in London:

> I desire the favor of you to procure for me and ship with my spring goods a handsome chiming clock of the newest fashion—the work neat and good, with a good walnut tree case veneered work with dark lively branches. On the top, instead of balls, let there be three handsome carved figures, gilt with fine nished gold. I'd have the case without the dures to be ten foot long, the price not to exceed twenty guineas. I'm advised to apply to one Marmaduke Storr at the foot of London Bridge

A clock with this name on the dial, which belonged to John Hancock and is now preserved in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, is presumably the one sent for; but the case is lacquered.

(Continued on Page 56)



HARDWARE

Into every industry necessary to the manufacture of motor car bodies, Fisher has introduced new and better methods.

Fisher ingenuity in heightening quality and lowering cost, is strikingly displayed in its production of body hardware.

Some Fisher Body hardware is designed with all the skill and care given to jewelry, and frequently calls for period treatment. In other pieces, great strength, accuracy and ease of operation are the chief considerations.

To produce hardware that meets its own exacting standard, Fisher operates the largest and the most modernly equipped automobile hardware unit in America.

Many thousands of pieces of hardware for Fisher Bodies are nickel-plated daily. A continuous automatic system, accurately timed, is employed for labor-saving and finer results

FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS

FISHER

(Continued from Page 54)

Have you ever thought of how many kinds of grandfather clock there are? Take the cases, for instance. There are cases with little twisted columns at the sides of the dial, like the one that William Penn owned, now in the possession of the Philadelphia Library Company, which, by the way, owns one that tradition says belonged to Oliver Cromwell, if we may believe this pedigree as given by William Hudson, mayor of Philadelphia in 1725, who owned this grandfather clock that claims Old Noll as its grandfather.

Then there are walnut cases, plain pine cases, mahogany cases and cases of fine marquetry work and beautiful lacquer. And there are cases variously ornamented with columns, twisted pillars, pillars inlaid with brass reeds, pillars with brass capitals; and there are clocks that are decorated with inlay. Look, too, at the designs in Chippendale's The Gentleman and Cabinet Maker's Director for ornate cases with motives in the fashionable Chinese taste of the day, many of these cases terminating in the bulging kettle shape which was so popular with the French and the Dutch.

Then look at the many ways in which the top is finished—sometimes perfectly flat and square; sometimes cut out into the sweeping swan-neck curve, with or without a central ornament between the scrolls; and sometimes finished with pinnacles tipped with brass balls or other ornaments.

Then the dials—there is a special study for you! First come those handsome brass dials, chased, engraved or modeled, dating from 1690 to 1705, or thereabout. Then come those interesting enameled dials, dating from the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, once white, but now given by time a warm creamy shade like old ivory; dials more or less decorated with gilding, cut out and applied ornaments in the spandrels, or with paintings of heads of angels, cherubs, the Four Seasons, or wreaths of delicately colored flowers.

Did you ever look at the keyholes attentively? If not, look again and note how frequently the idea of strengthening these holes and protecting the dial from the constant rubbing of the keys has resulted in making little ornamental rings of brass, which add to the appearance of the face of the clock.

Have you noticed all the styles by which the hours are registered? Some dials have Roman numerals and others have Arabic numerals; and these vary in size and character. Some are really handsome and decorative; others are insignificant and give the face a sort of vacant look, a sort of cold stare.

Telling a Clock's Age

THEN, too, have you noticed how the different makers inscribe their names on the dial—in all kinds of ways and in all kinds of positions?

Then over the dial very often the moon is represented, with a human face that also varies in expression and beauty and good or bad painting. The moon is always comfortably lying in a bed of clouds, and the mechanism is so timed that the moon of the clock moves with the phases of the real moon. So the clock moon peeps up over the clouds and merrily smiles at you when the full moon comes to the center. The moon is one of grandfather's greatest charms. Indeed, a grandfather clock without its moon is as badly off, children think, as a real grandfather would be without his watch.

The question of moons brings us to the consideration of all those interesting little moving figures, such as ships rocking up and down—in rhythm with the swing of the pendulum—on dark-blue seas of painted and enameled tin; or other automata that we so often see in grandfather clocks of Dutch make. Sometimes these puppets are placed at the bottom instead of at the top of the dial.

Last, but not least, have you ever thought of the many kinds of hands there are that give the clock face so much expression and character? Look at the early dials and note the very plain arrowhead hand and then follow this in its many developments. You will find spearheads and open loops and double loops and elaborate arrows, very beautifully pierced and perforated, and sometimes richly chased and engraved. Of course, the finest hands appear only on very handsome clocks; for it took one man four weeks to make a handsome pair of hands.

Some of the faces, too, you will find have the hour hand only; but you must not take this as a sign of priority, because even after the minute hand was added in 1670, it was usual, even all through the eighteenth century, to employ only a single index; and it would seem that two hands appeared only on clocks of the finest workmanship. So, you see, the question of two hands or one hand does not establish the age of a clock.

You cannot determine the age of a clock, anyway, by its hands—unless the clock is guaranteed to be in "perfect original condition"—for broken hands are often replaced; but you can tell if the restorer has added the type of hands that are sympathetic with the character of the old clock's face. Remember that the form and workmanship of the hands tell you exactly their age; and the study of clock hands is a very interesting little excursion into the byways of collecting.

Every grandfather clock has a different voice, which varies greatly in sonority and beauty. However, it has, generally speaking, a very startling manner of calling out the hours. The hickory-dickory-dock mouse that had run up into a nice cozy corner in the dial but flew down as fast as it could when the clock struck one, could testify to this. It probably read the dial and would not risk staying until the clock should strike twelve.

Then, too, the interior mechanism of the grandfather clock is very important, as is natural for a clock that has to tell the day of the week and the month and give the moon's phases and sometimes the tides as well. Consequently the antique lover who buys a calendar clock, and who wants to hear its rich voice in the house and to look up to its authority in regulating all the times and seasons of the family, as well as measuring punctuality for all outside engagements, should call in the very best clock maker he can find and let him give the clock the necessary jacking up into health and action. Once again made hale and hearty, the old clock on the stairs will—if some one person will charge himself with the proud honor of winding it up regularly once a week—gladly do its duty by the family and cheerfully tick off the minutes, show off the moons and ring out the hours for another hundred years.

A Corner in Mr. Flint's House, at Monson, Massachusetts

Grandfather Clocks Without Coffins

WE OFTEN hear the grandfather clock spoken of as an eight-day clock. There are many periods for winding, according to the mechanism. The earliest clocks of this type ran for thirty hours only, and the period of duration is not a criterion of age. A miniature long-case clock is called a grandmother clock, but grandmother clocks are rare.

The domestic clock that was in use prior to the grandfather clock is variously called today the lantern, bird cage, bedpost or Cromwellian. But lantern is the most usual name, and it is a good one, because the clock is in the form of an old lantern, and because, like the lantern, it hung on the wall. It also resembles the form of a bird cage with a domed top above the fretwork. The style of the three frets—placed on the sides and in front—is a good guide toward determining the age of the clock. One of the favorite ornaments of the fretwork is a pair of dolphins that stand on their heads and cross their lifted tails. This device appeared in 1640 and continued to be a popular pattern until the lantern clock ceased to be made.

In the reigns of William and Mary and Queen Anne, the dial frequently projected beyond the frame; this sheepshead clock may have been a Dutch fashion. The lantern clock was entirely brass; sometimes mottoes were engraved on the sides. The dials also were brass and there was only the hour hand. The minutes were rarely indicated between the numerals. Some of the lantern clocks were very complicated in mechanism; some of them were alarm clocks.

In between the lantern and the grandfather comes the hood clock, which is always fastened to the wall. To this class belong the interesting Dutch clocks of Friesland and Zaandam, with their wealth of ornamentation around the dial, which often takes the form of mermaids, in a riot of blue and gold and green and vermilion.

The cuckoo also is a hood clock, first made in 1730 by Anton Ketterer in the little town of Schönwald in the Black Forest. Many hood clocks might be described as consisting of the top part of the grandfather clock without the long part of the case.

The earliest hood clocks had only one hand—the hour hand—but sometimes they were supplied with two bells, the larger one striking the hour and the smaller one the half hour, but with the same number of strokes as the hour bell. Later, clocks sounded the quarters as well.

The wall clock with its exposed weights and chains is popularly called the wag-at-the-wall, or wag-on-the-wall.

Next in popularity to the grandfather clock comes the banjo, a Boston product of 1801, which owes its existence to Simon Willard, who in that year invented what he called "an improved timepiece" and got a patent for it in 1802. Willard did not call it a banjo clock, and nobody knows who bestowed this name upon it. The clock, however, made an immediate hit and appeared in a great variety of cases—some plain mahogany; some mahogany with gilt embellishments; some all glass and gilding, with paintings on the glass; some with ornaments at the

Continued on Page 162

The rock that saved the house

Here's where the fire centered. The Gyp-Lap is sound—merely discolored

Republished, by request, in co-operation with National Fire Prevention Week, October 4-9

Copyright 1926, United States Gypsum Co.

A kettleful of roofing material bubbling away beside the new-sheathed wall of a residence in building. A roar of explosion—a burst of flame—and a mass of blazing pitch hurtles against the wall, threatening both the new house and its neighbor with total destruction.

Thirty-five feet high the column of fire shoots, and for 30 minutes burns full force against the building.

When finally the firemen subdue the flames, what damage has been done? The wooden window frame near where the fiery spatter struck is burned to a char. But the building wall itself is safe and sound—because it's sheathed with Gyp-Lap. The *mineral* lumber has met the fire and defeated it.

Where the burning material struck its outer surface, the fibre covering of the Gyp-Lap is charred. But the core of gypsum rock within is white, intact. And on the inner surface, next the framework it protected, no sign shows of the fire that raged only one-half inch away.

Not so much as a smoke stain showed behind the joint where the tongue-and-groove units of Gyp-Lap met to form a fireproof barrier.

This is an actual occurrence. It happened recently during the building of two fine homes, of Spanish design, for Dr. H. Edwin Kiddy and Mr. G. O. Newton, of Newcastle, Indiana.

Sheathe your house with Gyp-Lap. This *mineral* lumber puts a rigid, bracing, lasting wall of fireproof gypsum around the framework and under the roofing. It *protects, insulates, strengthens,* and all at *no more cost* than ordinary wood sheathing—indeed, generally for *less.*

Your dealer in Sheetrock, lumber or building supplies sells Gyp-Lap or can get it for you promptly from our nearest mill. Made only by the United States Gypsum Company.

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
General Offices: 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois

GYP-LAP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The FIREPROOF Sheathing

72 designs selected from National Architectural Prize Contest for $1.00. Mail coupon to Fireproofing Dept. W. U. S. Gypsum Co., 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Illinois.

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UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
Dept. 430, 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois
Send me sample of Gyp-Lap and free Booklet, "Protected Homes."

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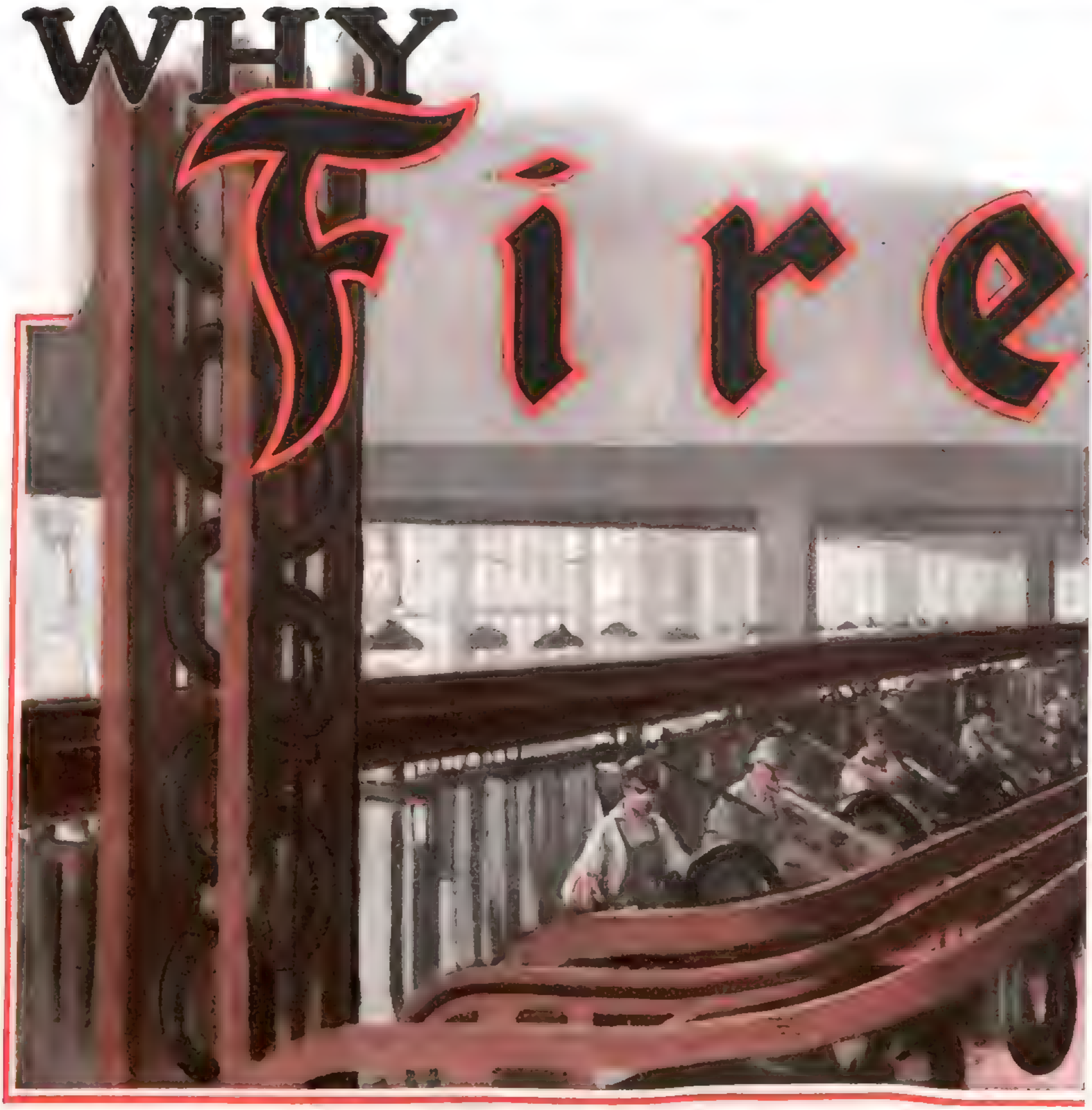


Throughout Firestone activities a single purpose runs—to raise tire quality and lower tire cost to car owners. Such vital factors as the selection of raw material—engineering and chemical science; such important processes as Gum-Dipping the cords—are essentials preliminary to actual building of the tire.

The tire-building machines—of Firestone design, and of mathematical precision—are manned by trained tire-builders, specialists who concentrate every movement on the building of a uniform tire. Firestone designed conveyors carry cord plies, beads, cushion, breaker strip, sidewalls and tread to their very elbows. No waste motion, no walking away from their machines to get materials.

The Mark of Quality

MOST MILES

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE
THEIR OWN RUBBER..... Harvey S. Firestone

Likewise with no lost motion or confusion—no manual trucking—the finished tire is carried away on another conveyor to the curing room, final inspections, wrapping, and directly into cars for shipment.

Throughout every process, the vast Firestone organization functions as a unit. Production is uninterrupted. Fresh air—good light—orderly arrangement of equipment and surroundings—enable machine operators to concentrate on building better tires. In no other way would it be possible to maintain Firestone quality while attaining tremendous quantity production. Here again Firestone illustrates that devotion to the "single purpose" of quality which has made this name everywhere synonymous with Most Miles Per Dollar.

PER DOLLAR

Why the Vote Doesn't Get Out

Mrs. T. Answered Squarely, Albeit Mechanically, the Election Clerk's Impertinent Questions Until He Came to the Fatal Query, "Occupation?"

By KATHARINE DAYTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

THE time is rapidly approaching when throughout our broad—as it especially is near election day—land candidates of all ages and sizes for every available office will be seen dashing round in what we writers like to call whirlwind campaigns and seven-passenger touring cars containing never less than fourteen very plain-looking men, wearing badges and hats just a little too far back on their heads, urging all good men and women and thousands of watchers to come to the aid of the party.

As one who vividly recalls the Hayes-Tilden controversy, the good old days of Chester A. Arthur and Burchard's rum, Romanism and rebellion; who has followed carefully the development of the one-way tariff under the Republican Party, the metamorphosis of the Democrats' gold standard of an earlier day into the solid ivory of the present, to say nothing of the original Florodora Sextet and the first rainy-day skirt, we do not speak lightly when we say that it's as plain as the nose on our face—and if you knew our nose you'd know we weren't mincing words—what will happen this November; and not only what, but why.

Now according to all party leaders—mind you, all we know is what we read in the papers, as the witnesses in slush-fund investigations always say laughingly—the great underlying purpose of all preelection physical and financial activity is to get out the vote. Ever since the time of the Barnburners, not to mention the Whisky Rebellion, when we were but a slip of a girl, politicians have been trying and trying to get out the vote, but in their post-mortem election reports they invariably acknowledge failure. Exactly what the vote does on election day—whether it plays golf, goes to the movies or just pays bills and cleans out that bureau drawer it's been trying to get at for months—has never been accurately determined. But one thing it very definitely doesn't do is to get out, politically speaking. Indeed, the most recent statistics show a yearly decrease in the getting out of the vote of something like—well, we did know the exact per cent, for the moment it seems to have slipped our mind. Anyhow, something that's distinctly being viewed with alarm in political circles, and particularly by our own little crowd, which you often see referred to in the papers as the better element.

The coming of woman suffrage was, as some of you older people here may remember, looked upon as the dawning of a brighter day for this problem. Political leaders who, like the majority of just plain—and how many of them are!—men, cherished the belief that women would go anywhere so long as it was out, went about with a new look on their seamed and careworn faces. Alas, the results were, and are, the same. The unimaginative masculine mind, baffled by a situation with which it was not fitted psychologically to cope, could not do otherwise than proceed, as it has to date, along its old well-trodden way. This year will be but a repetition of every other.

The Same Old Alibis

FRUITLESSLY again this fall the same quaint old-fashioned appeals will be made to us women of America to support, say, Egbert J. Goosom because the amount of money Europe owes us is something fierce and he did or didn't do something or other about the World Court, farm relief, railroad valuation and a seat for every school child. Footlessly again we shall be told that a vote for Ralph S. Whimple is a vote against crime and for better babies and good roads, and that a boy's best friend is his mother.

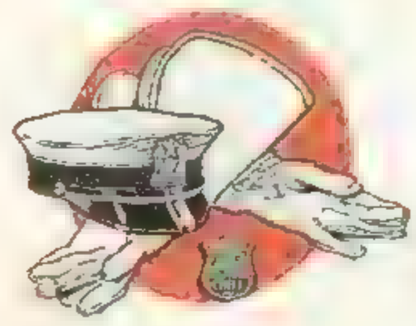
Without fear of contradiction we predict that the vote will get out even less than it did last year; politicians will go around whimpering and wringing their hands, and Senator Butler and Mr. Clem Shaver will have to, as usual, trot out those same old alibis of the decay of the American home, the heavy rains, the continued drought, leap year and collective bargaining, in explanation. There may, indeed, be the customary landslide; but, oh, friends, what a little, little landslide! Maple sirup, winter and womanly modesty we all know are not what they were in the old days; but when we think of what landslides used to be when Millard Fillmore —— But what's the use?

As we said, we all know what will happen to the vote, but we believe that we are the first to put our finger on, as the phrase goes, why. We say this in all modesty, for putting our finger on things has always been just as natural to us as breathing—you know how it is with a thing like that: you either have it or you don't—and, of course, we want it thoroughly understood that it is only of the getting out of the woman vote that we feel ourselves qualified to speak. In the first place we are, as our readers, God bless 'em every one, may have guessed—now no fair going back and peeking at our name—a woman ourself. And it was through our own bitter experience at the polls that we came to put our finger on this particular problem.

Now we women of America have no quarrel with Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler or Mr. Irving Berlin or whoever it was who said they cared not who wrote the nation's laws so long as they could write its mammy songs. Neither would we in either of their places. But what we do object to is having so many laws that sound as though they had been written by men who write songs.

Who can deny that our statute books today are overrun with laws that could have been composed only by the authors of My Sweetie Turned Me Down, Everything is Hotsie-Totsie Now, and the like? Who can deny a grim foreboding that the finally accepted substitute for the

(Continued on Page 77



Ask your Chief of Police . .

THE EDITOR of the American City, a magazine devoted to civic affairs, recently made an investigation to determine what could be done to bring about safer motoring.

He addressed his inquiries to the men who are responsible for the regulation of traffic—for the safety of those who ride as well as those who walk—the Chiefs of Police of American cities and towns. The editor asked nearly 500 Police Chiefs what precautions, in their opinion, would be most effective in increasing the safety of motorists and pedestrians. And here is what the great majority recommended . .

Limiting automobile speed to 40 miles an hour.

Regular inspection of cars, especially the brakes.

Standardized traffic laws.

Stricter license tests for drivers.

The use of the All-Steel automobile body.

Particularly interesting is this official recognition of the All-Steel Body's contribution to the cause of safer motoring. It confirms the public confidence in All-Steel construction as the greatest protection yet devised against personal injury.

Most motorists realize the superiority of All-Steel. Many mistakenly believe they enjoy its protection, simply because of the metal surface on their cars. This misunderstanding should be corrected.

The fact is that there are two prevailing types of automobile bodies. One is an interior framework of wood with a sheathing of metal. The other is steel through and through—a framework of steel, and a surface of steel, welded into a single impact-resisting unit.

If you happen to know your Chief of Police, or any other authority on traffic problems, ask him yourself whether he thinks the All-Steel Body affords increased protection to those who ride in motor cars. There can be no doubt of his reply. And, when you buy your next car, be *sure* that the body on that car is an All-Steel Body—a body with an *interior frame of steel* as well as an outer surface of steel.

EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING CO.
PHILADELPHIA—DETROIT

Originators of the All-Steel Automobile Body

Sedan $895—Special Sedan $945
f. o. b. Detroit

NOW DRIVE THE CAR!

Only those who have driven a Dodge Brothers Motor Car BUILT RECENTLY can fully appreciate all that Dodge Brothers have accomplished during the past few months.

So swiftly has improvement followed improvement, that today the car, to all intents and purposes, is a different and incomparably finer vehicle.

The announcement of smart new body lines and attractive color combinations first attracted general favor. But since then, improvements even more fundamental have been accomplished mechanically.

Drive the car NOW! Observe its impressive new silence, smoothness and elasticity of performance, and you will then begin to realize just how vital and varied these and other later improvements actually are.

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT

DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

Carefree *childhood! Will it last? Will you* make *it last?*

ARE you willing to overlook any precaution to safeguard these robust little bodies?

One of the greatest sources of the troubles that come to children is the neglect of baby teeth. Too often they are deemed unimportant. This is a great mistake. For, while the baby teeth are still in place, the permanent teeth are forming in the jaws. And so, decay and premature loss of the first teeth may cause serious harm to the second teeth.

Thus, the regularity of the permanent teeth, the proper development of the jaw bones, and, to a large extent, the entire health of a child are greatly influenced by the condition of the temporary teeth.

Decay can begin almost at once after the first teeth appear. Principally it attacks the grinding surfaces. Often it occurs along the V-shaped crevices where the edge of the gums meets the teeth —The Danger Line.

Squibb's Dental Cream is safe —and effective

In the pits and crevices acids form that cause decay—and no tooth-brush can reach into all of them to brush the acids away. A dentifrice must be used which can neutralize such harmful acids and still not injure the tender surfaces of the child's mouth and gums.

Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, will accomplish this. It contains no grit. It is pleasantly flavored. Children like to use it.

It is particularly effective because it contains more than fifty per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Every mother knows this safe, effective means of neutralizing mouth acidity. Every time Squibb's Dental Cream is used it neutralizes the dangerous acids which cause decay and irritate the gums. Tiny particles of the Milk of Magnesia lodge in the mouth, giving protection afterwards.

Keep your children's health out of the shadow of The Danger Line. Medical authorities agree that proper oral hygiene practiced early greatly lessens the chances of children's catching the usual childhood diseases. Why, then, accept a dentifrice that may be less certain to protect? Squibb's Dental Cream is on sale at all druggists'—only 40 cents for a large tube.

In almost any drug store you will find 20, 30, even 40, different kinds of dentifrices. Many people buy these dentifrices . . . changing from one to another. They seem disappointed. They brush their teeth regularly . . . yet they still have decay and gum diseases . . . WHY?

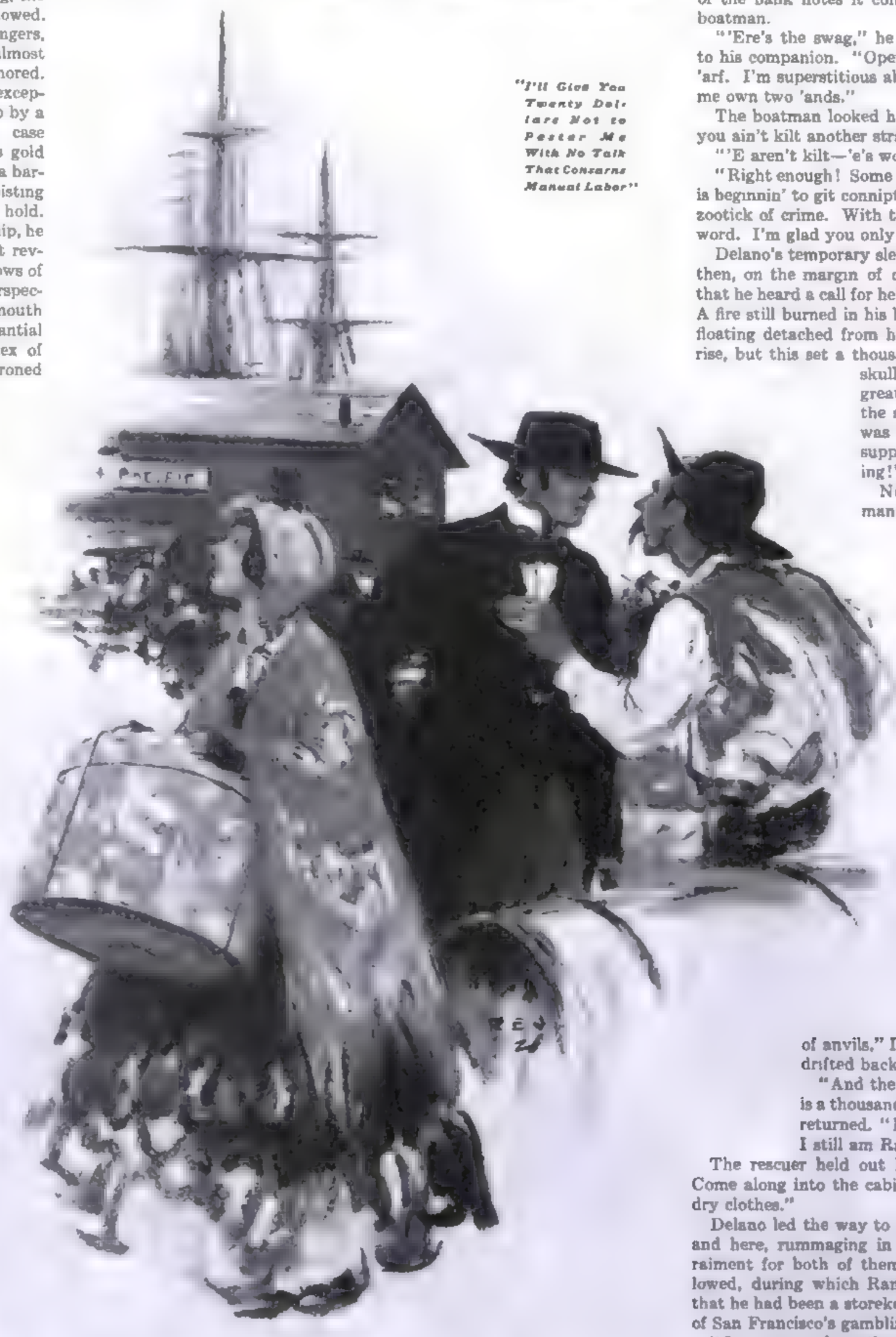
Because teeth need more than brushing. They must be protected at The Danger Line. Try this simple test—Tonight, just before going to bed, take a tablespoonful of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in water, swallow a part of it—and use the rest to swish about the mouth and as a gargle. You will be surprised in the morning to find how clean and sweet your mouth feels. The Milk of Magnesia will not only have neutralized the acids in your mouth, but sweetened your stomach also. The same result may be obtained using Squibb's Dental Cream—it contains over 50 per cent Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. © 1926

SQUIBB'S
DENTAL CREAM
Contains over fifty per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

THE POWER OF THE PRESS

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON



"I'll Give You Twenty Dollars Not to Pester Me With No Talk That Consarns Manual Labor"

AN HOUR after the Storm Eagle anchored in San Francisco Bay, ninety-nine days out of Boston, the crew deserted the ship to join in the rush to the placers. Later in the afternoon the mates went ashore and in the early evening, under the gray fog, the skipper and the supercargo followed. Of the eighty-three male passengers, all save one had disembarked almost before the Storm Eagle had anchored. Young Eli Delano, the single exception, held to the abandoned ship by a three-hundred-pound packing case which contained his miraculous gold extractor, fumed and fretted in a barren effort to get assistance in hoisting his machine up out of the ship's hold.

Alone on board the deserted ship, he observed for a while the violent revelry of young San Francisco. Rows of illuminated tents defined the perspective of the streets. Portsmouth Square, fringed with more substantial structures, seethed in the vortex of activity. Ten thousand voices droned under a jangle of a dozen blatant orchestras. Maudlin yells, with now and then the popping of pistols, half muted by the distance, gave place to the roar of heavier firearms and a chorus of alarm. The deep insistent clang of a heavy bell reached Delano's ears, and six or eight square blocks of flimsy structures exploded in flames. Standing at the ship's rail, Delano saw the fire sweep a hillside of rag houses. The flames, reflected from the low plane of fog, spread a soft glow above the stage whereon frantic puppets danced through their play. Then, impelled by some stray current of gentle air, the fog shut down upon the scene. Delano realized his solitude. He lighted a lantern in the ship's deserted cabin. Its rays dispelled but a little part of the dreadful night. He rolled into his bunk and pulled the blankets over his head. He heard a platoon of rats racing along their highways, and this familiar sound brought sleep.

On the next day, an hour after sunrise, the young man hailed a passing boatman and was rowed ashore. Landing on a flimsy wharf, he walked toward the land. The first street was a lake of mud. He crossed to firmer ground, stepping on a quaking levee made of pianos and kitchen stoves and hogsheads of tobacco. Encountering a roving pedestrian whose aimless manner suggested that work for wages might be welcome, "I'll give you ten dollars to help me get a machine out of the ship out there," Delano offered.

The wanderer expectorated violently sou' by west, fair into the morning breeze. "I'll give you twenty dollars not to pester me with no talk that consarns manual labor."

At noon, still unsuccessful in his search, Delano sought the boatman at the end of the wharf and returned to the Storm Eagle.

On the way to the ship he told the boatman of his needs, adding to his statements an indiscreet reference to his ability to pay the price and premium demanded by local labor. "It's worth a hundred dollars to me to get that gold machine ashore. It's warranted to take out a thousand dollars' worth of gold every day."

"Stranger, I'll bring you a man this afternoon that'll help you, if I can find him. Good, strong feller by the name of Henry."

"If you do I'll thank you kindly and make it worth your while."

The obliging boatman returned at five o'clock with the muscular Henry.

Delano, waiting at the ship's rail, heaved a line down and the vigorous Henry came aboard.

"Evenin', guv'nor," he greeted Delano. "Jarge 'e tells me you needs 'elp a-'eaving out some gear. Wot I arsks is, karn't yer pals 'elp yer?"

"There's nobody but me on board," Delano returned.

"'Oo's that up there on the for'd hatch?"

Delano turned his head, and with this the muscular Henry socked him once behind the ear with a blackjack. Delano collapsed with a grunt. The hardy Henry relieved the inert figure of a wallet, and after filching three-quarters of the bank notes it contained, he rejoined the waiting boatman.

"'Ere's the swag," he announced, handing the wallet to his companion. "Open it up, pardy, an' divvy 'arf 'n' 'arf. I'm superstitious about pickin' the blarsted gilt wi' me own two 'ands."

The boatman looked hard at his accomplice. "Henry, you ain't kilt another stranger, have you?"

"'E aren't kilt—'e's wot you might say sleeping."

"Right enough! Some of them genteel citizens on shore is beginnin' to git conniption fits at what they calls a epizootick of crime. With the blackjack, easy does it is the word. I'm glad you only put him to sleep temporary."

Delano's temporary sleep lasted through the night, and then, on the margin of consciousness, it seemed to him that he heard a call for help, the voice of a man in distress. A fire still burned in his brain and his head seemed to be floating detached from his body. He made an effort to rise, but this set a thousand hammers beating inside his skull and he groaned in pain. Then a great echo of his groaning came from the source of the first call, and this was followed by a fainter phrase of supplication, "Help! I'm drowning!"

Now, with clearer purpose, Delano managed to pull himself to his feet. He edged along the rail to the bow of the ship, whence came the cry. He looked down at the dark tide. He saw a hand clutching the black links of the anchor chain a foot above the water. Aroused now and conscious of some new strength, he made haste to attempt the rescue of the drowning man. He made fast one end of a line and threw its coils down the slanting chain. He slipped down the chain and clawed at the drifter's wrist.

"I've got you safe," he yelled. "Let go!" Too weak to climb alone, too great a burden to be lifted, the rescue of the drowning man was presently accomplished after Delano had looped him fast and hauled him up and over the side. "Seemed to me you weighed heavier than a sack of anvils," Delano panted after his prize had drifted back to life.

"And the weight of my obligation to you is a thousand times that much," the stranger returned. "My name is—is Randall Bucklin. I still am Randall Bucklin, thanks to you."

The rescuer held out his hand. "I am Eli Delano. Come along into the cabin. We need a glass of rum and dry clothes."

Delano led the way to the deserted cabin of the ship, and here, rummaging in his baggage, he produced dry raiment for both of them. An hour's conversation followed, during which Randall Bucklin disclosed the fact that he had been a storekeeper and later a casual member of San Francisco's gambling fraternity.

"One way and another, though," he concluded, "the game's almost played out. Crooks and tinhorns and shoestring bets have gummed the deck. The hard-shell miners from the placers never get past the boys and girls at Stockton and Sacramento. The old camp isn't what she used to be a year ago, when the rush started. I've half a mind to seek new pastures on the greener hills, where the gold is fresh from the creeks. There's nothing left here but two-bit Chinks and four-bit Chilenos, with a swarm of Sydney ducks waiting outside in the dark to crack you in the head the minute you lay down the cards to get a little sleep. One of 'em got me last night."

"I was robbed last night by a white man myself," Delano announced, and then, returning to the ambition nearest his heart: "Somewhere in the hold of this ship I've got

a patent gold-extracting machine that is warranted to take out a thousand dollars a day. Randall, if you help me to get that machine out of this ship and up to the placers, I'll give you a half interest in all the gold I take out with it. Over and above that, I'll esteem your aid and experience more than words can tell."

Without hesitation the older man clinched the compact. "Eli, I'm your man," he said

Exploring the forward hold of the Storm Eagle, the pair came upon a packing box which Delano recognized as being the container wherein the patent gold extractor had been shipped

Together they hoisted the three-hundred-pound box to the deck, where, after clearing one of the ship's boats, they lowered the box over the side and with a small store of provisions set sail up the bay for Sacramento.

At Sacramento, knowing the ropes, Randall Bucklin was able to expedite their project by half a dozen well-placed inquiries "The boys have hit coarse gold on the South Fork of Furnace Creek," he reported. "There's a rush starting out of all the old camps for the new diggings that lay from Ounce Gulch to Harmony Flat. I bought a big mule for two hundred dollars that can pack your gold grabber. He's tied up over in front of the Elephant House along with a pair of jacks that can handle the grub. There's a good trail from here to the South Fork, and unless you pine to linger, we can make the Fourteen-Mile House by tonight. I've got to buy a few clothes, and I'll be ready to travel whenever you say the word."

"Now is the time, and the sooner the better," Delano returned. "Let's get your outfit and away we go."

On the fourth day of their journey after leaving the Fourteen-Mile camp, nearing the South Fork of Furnace Creek, the trail became more and more crowded with gold seekers, until, climbing the steep slope of Hornet Ridge, which lay between them and their goal, Delano and Bucklin found that they were members of a single-file mob numbering, as nearly as they could guess, more than two thousand men.

"Things will be crowded," Bucklin predicted. "This rush means that the boys will string out north until they tie in with the Yuba River gang. Maybe we'd better settle down in Harmony and let the rush go by. Both forks of Furnace Creek are filled up, but that don't mean a thing. You can edge in with your gold machine in a hundred places. There's nothing thorough about these first rushes. I hear that Harmony is a good camp, and if she isn't busting the sides of the mountain we might do well to anchor for a while."

"Whatever you say suits me, Randall. You know this layout better than I do," Delano replied. "We'll stop awhile in Harmony and set up a record with our patent gold extractor that will turn these pan miners and sluice magnates yellow with envy."

In Harmony, which had grown during the week from a single tent to a roaring camp with a main street and a population of more than a thousand, the partners found shelter in the Mansion House, the most pretentious of a dozen similar flimsy establishments offering board and lodging to the transient gold seekers. A tour of Harmony's main street enabled Randall to get the feel of the town, as he put it.

"Eli," he summarized, when they had returned to the hospitable Paradise Saloon, which adjoined the Mansion House, "all things are relative and some day the Pyramids will be dust; but without overloading the general definition of the word, 'permanent' seems to fit this camp mighty close. She's got every natural advantage and some day she'll be bigger than Sacramento. After the frost hits this butterfly crew of gulch rats there'll still be lots of folks in Harmony, unless I miss my guess"

"Meaning just what, in general?"

"Nothing—except that it wouldn't be a bad place to start a store or a bank or something that would hive up the profits every day in the year after this gold fever cools and when things settle down. This gambling game is sort of a new deal with me. I taught school in Pennsylvania and I failed in the hardware business in New York; I tried to run a farm in Ohio and for a while I owned a steamboat on the Mississip'. I read law at Harvard, and I kept a store and dealt the cards in San Francisco mainly because a decent environment appealed to me more than anything else that offered when I hit the maniac town. We'll try a rattle with your gold extractor, but if she don't pan there's a dozen things to fall back on right here that can make us rich if we work at them."

The partners' conversation was interrupted by an invitation from the proprietor of the Paradise Saloon. "My name is Pat Riley and this shebang belongs to me. You gents needn't hang back if you're busted. First of all, what'll you have—one, two or three? I've got three barrels of Monongahela, and that's the only variety I can offer you"

Randall Bucklin sized up the intruder with a quick glance, and then, smiling, he held out his hand. "My name is Bucklin. Shake hands with Eli Delano. Right now we're partners in a newfangled gold-extracting machine that he brought out from Massachusetts."

"I've seen a thousand of 'em," the smiling saloon keeper returned. "When this one blows up, and when your golden dreams fade away with the mists of the mornin', remember that your welcome in my place is still bright an' fair."

When the word went around that the newfangled gold extractor was to be exposed to the gaze of the public, a crowd began to assemble around the packing box, which stood outside the door of the Paradise bar. Rumors of the important event served to move the crowd out of Pat Riley's saloon and to drain the other emporiums of Harmony of their patrons, so that by the time Delano had equipped himself with a bar and a pick, the spectators, all more or less professionally interested in the new machine, numbered more than two hundred.

When the top of the box was removed Delano knocked two sides loose and then, swathed in a cocoon of wadded excelsior, the gold extractor stood in plain view.

(Continued on Page 158)

"Mr. Printer," He Began, "I'm Honest Jim Bunker, an' Here's a Program of Today's Festivities, an' Here's a Package of Gaudy Red Paper"

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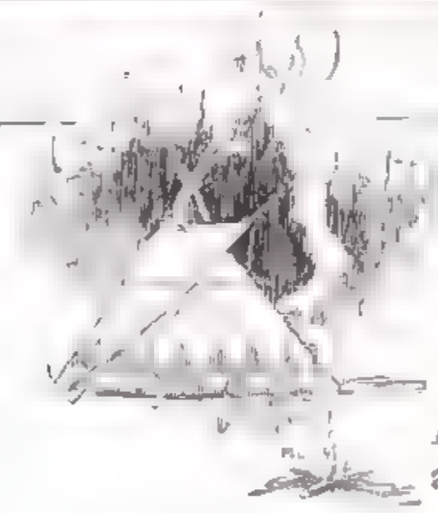

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PONTIAC SIX

Gallivanting Jennie Veeve

By DICK WICK HALL

THERE is Lots of Things Lots of Folks don't know about Pigs even if they do eat Bacon for breakfast and Ham And on Sundays. I have learned a Lot about Pigs lately, since my 10 year old Jane got hold of a Book on Hog Culture somewhere, telling all about Pigs being Pigs and how many of them you could raise to the square yard etc., and after reading this Pig Book, Jane got the Big Idea that she wanted to go into the Pig Business and Pay Off the Mortgage on the Ranch.

I never pretended to know Nothing about Pigs—and the man that wrote this Pig Book might have run a Hog Ranch some time—but I have found out that there is a Lot of Things he don't know about Pigs. I am commencing to think that maybe he just took a Correspondence Course in Pig Culture and done most of his Hog Raising with a Pen instead of in one. Anyway, How Come I got into the Pig Business was this way:

We had all gone down to the Old Folks' Ranch at Phœnix on Thanksgiving, to get Something to Eat, as usual, and after Dinner the children discovered that there was a Job Lot of assorted Pigs on the Ranch. You all know how Kids is when they find something. They Want it; and while I was taking a nap on the sofa, full of Turkey and Cranberry Sauce and Mince Pie and Plum Pudding and Hard Sauce and Unpleasant Dreams, Jane, she went and talked Grandpa out of a Pig, and then they come and woke me up and told me about it.

There comes times in Everybody's Lives when you have Got to Set Your Foot Down and let your Family know Who is Boss, so I did, and I let them all understand that there wasn't going to be No Hogs in our Family, as a Frog was all the Live Stock I could rustle feed and water for. This all led to a Lot of Argument, and Jane cried because she couldn't have Jennie Veeve, which was what she had already called her Pig, and they all made so much fuss about it that I finally had to go down to the Hog Yard to see the sweet little thing.

He was a little red devil, about as big as a quart bottle of Milk, and when Grandpa got over in the pen and caught him by the hind leg and he started to squeal, I thought the old Sow was going to eat us all up; and I Set my Foot down again and said there wasn't going to be no Hog in Our Family while I was alive. One of my City Relations said he guessed I must mean after I was Dead instead of while I was alive, and this started another Argument which made everybody but Jane forget all about the Pig.

Evening and Train Time come and we said good-by and drove to town and got on the train for Salome. We got on the Eating Car at the end of the train, not that we was hungry again, but Gus, the steward, is a friend of ours and it is a good place to ride and drink a cup of black coffee and talk and the ride don't seem so long. I always believe in being on time, and we had to set around quite a while before train time, and just before the train pulled out Grandpa got on the train and give us some pecans which he said he had promised the kids and had forgot, so he had followed us in and brought them. Jane seemed tickled to get the pecans, which I never knew before she cared so much for; but nothing was said about the Pig, so I never thought no more about it.

The train pulled out at last and the Eating Car all filled up with Folks who didn't have no Ranch Relatives to visit, from the way they ordered and eat, and we set there talking and having a cup of coffee; and I told Jane how much better it was that we wasn't going to have No Pig to be a-bothering with all winter, which she didn't seem to mind much and only smiled at me and made me wish I was a kid again and could forget that easy.

We rode along a ways and the colored waiters was all busy bringing in their big trays full of grub, balanced up in the air on their hands, and everything was running smooth, when all of a sudden a Big Commotion started out in the kitchen—Hollering and Yelling and other Big Noises—and everybody turned around to look that way, and just as one of the waiters stopped at the table next to ours, with his tray full of grub up in the air, the cook come chasing something out of the kitchen on his hands and feet, all leaned over like he was playing Leap Frog, and they hit the waiter in the back of his knees and he give a yell and scattered Grub all over that end of the car.

A Lot of Things happened in No Time at all. The waiter set down in the aisle and the cook went in under the table and a Lady at the next table screamed and jumped up on top of the table and everybody else jumped up, and a High School boy in a red sweater made a dive in under a table across the aisle and something commenced to squeal. And then Jane jumped up and run down there and cried, "Don't Hurt Jennie Veeve!" And she went in under the table too, and just then the Lady on top of the table, she grabbed the Bell Cord and the train stopped so quick that all the grub and everybody else fell down on the floor.

The Conductor come running back and stuck a Big Gun and his head through the door of the Eating Car, with his Dandruff all up, and hollered out "Hands Up!" which scared everybody some more, thinking it was Train Robbers. And the Conductor come on into the Car behind his Gun, and just then the cook and Jane and the High School boy all come out from in under the table right between the Conductor's Legs and in a Big Hurry after the Pig. I don't know whether he was just Scared or got tangled up and fell down or What, but he shot a couple of times up through the roof and by the time I got down to that end of the car, everybody in the car was either under the tables or trying to get there as fast as they could, and I don't think they was looking for the Pig either.

I got hold of the Conductor's Gun so as he couldn't shoot Jane, and by that time Gus had got his breath back and him and Jane was both trying to tell the Conductor at once that there wasn't no Train Robbers or Nothing Wrong, and Jane tells him it was Only Her Pig had got loose, which she had give to the Cook to bring home for her so as I wouldn't know nothing about it until it was too late, because she was going to Make a Lot of Money Raising Pigs.

The High School boy had caught the Pig by this time and the Conductor was so mad for a while he didn't know whether to shoot the Pig or Me, but Jane she kept begging him not to hurt Jennie Veeve and pretty soon somebody Laughed and the Conductor told them to Shut Up or he would put them off the Train, and then he pulled the Bell Cord some more and the Train started up and he told everybody to go back to their seats where they belonged. He made me and Jane and Jennie Veeve go up to the baggage car with him and Jane talked nice to him and finally we compromised it by me agreeing to pay the Damages and Full Fare for the Pig, all of which amounted to $23.85, not including one woman who had got some Gravy spilled on her dress and wanted me to pay her $65 for it or she would sue me, which I told her to go ahead and do.

Me and Jane had to ride all the rest of the way home in the Baggage Car, taking turns holding Jennie Veeve, and I give her a good talking to, which she listened to and said it would be all right when I understood better and knew more about Pigs, because she was going to Make a Lot of Money Raising Pigs and would pay me back. I told her she would have to make it Pretty Fast to keep up, as the Pig Business had cost me $23.85 all ready in the first two hours, not counting a $65 damage suit maybe.

She says a Pig is a Pig and worth More than $10, because Grandpa had told her so, and Jennie Veeve would have 10 little pigs and each of them would have 10 little pigs and that would make a Hundred Pigs worth $10 each, or a Thousand Dollars, and these Hundred Pigs would have a Thousand and they would have Ten Thousand little Pigs, and before we knew it we would have a Hundred Thousand Pigs worth More than a Million Dollars, and didn't I think that was Pretty Good for a little ten year old Girl to make All that Money in the Pig Business so Easy as that? And if I was Nice and didn't Scold no more and would help Feed them, she would make me her Pardner and give me Half the Money, if I would buy the Feed. I can see where there is One Financier in Our Family.

We got home finally, about 10 o'clock, and Jane fed Jennie Veeve about Four Bits' worth of Bread and Milk and wanted to take her to bed with her to keep her warm, but we compromised by putting her in the wash boiler, with a fourteen dollar wool blanket in the bottom of it, and then we went to bed and tried to sleep, but Jennie Veeve wasn't sleepy yet and we had to stay awake a long time, waiting for her to go to sleep first. I dreamed of a Hundred Thousand Pigs all night, but I didn't wake up feeling like a Million Dollars.

Jennie Veeve had to have Oatmeal and Cream for breakfast, with about a quart of milk to wash it down with, and the rest of us had to go without any until we could see the milk man and order some extra. After breakfast I had to let all my other work go and build a house for her, out in the back yard, with a feed trough and a bed etc., which it took me all morning to do, and then Jane swiped a new porcelain bowl out of the kitchen and give Jennie Veeve the rest of the milk and all the bread we had, so the rest of us had to eat crackers for lunch, and then I went to my Office to work.

What I call my Office is only about a block from the house, out across the Plaza, and the family have got a big mine signal bell fastened to the front gate post to ring when they want me to come to meals or to get some wood for the fireplace or in case the house gets on fire or some Tourist wants to see the Frog or they want me to go to the store for a pound of butter etc. I had only been over to the office about fifteen minutes when the bell commenced to ring something awful, like the house was on fire for sure, or else My Wife had just thought of something she had forgot to tell me, so I run to the door and there she was, ringing the bell with one hand and waving at me with the other and yelling at me and pointing out across the Desert and to Come in a Hurry, which I did, of course, ignorant of What For, but having been Married Long Enough to know that it is Always a Good Idea to Do What your Wife says first and then stop to ask about it afterwards.

As near as I could make out, when I had run across the Plaza and got home, Jennie Veeve had got loose and Prince the Dog, he had got after her and Jane had took after them both and Junior was trailing along Behind somewhere, and they was all headed out into the Desert and going to Get Lost and Die of Thirst if I didn't Hurry up and get a Move on me. I Cranked Up Lizzie and My Wife and I jumped in and started out through the brush, across the Greasewood Golf Course and into the Desert, looking for Our Kids and Live Stock, which we caught up with about half a mile from town, Jennie Veeve trotting along through the greasewood and grunting away to herself, with Prince following along behind and Jane running and crying and scolding Prince and calling and coaxing Jennie Veeve, and Junior trying to keep up and telling them what to do.

My Wife says she will stay in the car and for me to catch Jennie Veeve and we will all ride back together and shut her up again and find out where she got out. This sounded Reasonable, to her, so I called off the dog and got him in the car and told the kids to quit chasing Jennie Veeve and let her rest a little and then I would catch her easy, which I figured I would; but Jennie Veeve must have done some figuring too while she set there waiting for me.

She had set down beside a greasewood bush and I went up to her and called her Nice Jennie Veeve and Come, Jennie Veeve, and she just set there and grunted at me, until I reached down to grab her—and then she wasn't there. She scooted off sideways and turned around and looked at me out of her sassy little eyes and grunted some more, like she thought we was playing Tag and I was It. I thought I would fool her this time, so I took my coat off and when I got up close I made a dive and tried to lay down on her and catch her in the coat. I missed her, but I found a Prickly Pear Cactus with one hand and got my face all scratched up where I stuck it into a greasewood bush, and I also lost part of my Good Disposition and scolded the kids for not getting up closer and heading Jennie Veeve off when she run.

My wife give me a lot of Good Advice, setting in the Car and telling me What to Do, which didn't make me feel No Better, so I lit out after Jennie Veeve again and run her around through the brush like we was both crazy. I didn't catch her, but I found out what Hog Wild means.

I liked to have run myself to death after that dog-goned hog, here and there, back and forth across the Desert and around through the brush and across the sand washes and arroyos, the kids after me and My Wife trying to follow us with Lizzie and scolding at me because I didn't keep Jennie Veeve closer to the car so as she could Tell me What to Do. I was getting a Little Peeved too, because if there is one thing I don't like worse than another, it is running a Pig around through the greasewood and having Any Body Try to Tell Me How to Catch It.

Catching a Pig in the Greasewood is a good deal like catching a Greased Pig anywhere else, and is something they Don't Teach How in no Domestic Science Course, unless you have qualified for the All American Football Team, which I never did. Pig Catching is how Football first started, and that is why they call it the Pig Skin. My Idea of a Practical Education would be to put one Little Pig, like Jennie Veeve, out in the middle of a football field with One College Student, and if he can Put the Little Pig in between the Goal Posts inside of an hour, Give Him his

(Continued on Page 169)

"What shall I give to ME when that extra dividend is declared ?"

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A PETTICOATED BOAR

(Continued from Page 37)

fragrance of the inclosure, and the boy pulled from one of his pockets a paper bag striped with red and green and poured into the blue gingham of her lap a dancing delight of peanut gnomes, and before she had done with her exclamations he took from his other pocket another striped bag from which he poured an ecstasy of candies, whispering, rustling in their tissue wrappings, yellow and red and blue. And then he puffed the festive bags, secured the tiny balloons with bits of twine and set them quivering in the light autumn breeze to the roof entrance of their golden retreat.

And all the time he was talking, filling her eager ears with the delightful details of the fair, this youth of her own age with coloring scarce deeper than her own. Where her hair lay ash pale upon her forehead, his swept backward as yellow as the yellowest of the straw behind them. While her eyes were as blue as larkspurs shade grown, his were field-brown, and his chin was tamped with a depression which was almost a dimple. It was not in the disposal of its features a strong face, not even a valiant face perhaps; but it was a beautiful face and a kind face, and it was the face in all the world which made Cherubim Hoofsparger's dreams seem real and true.

"And the prizes?" she demanded breathlessly.

His eyes drew from hers and his face sobered. "Well, Cousin Perlina ——"

"Oh!" cried Cherubim sharply. "Oh, poor Seraphim! Poor Seraphim!" Her little hands flew out as though to clutch this twin of hers back from his disappointment. "Three years she has got the prize off from him and it's wonderful hard for him. He can't used himself to take the hind place—and to take it off a woman—off Perlina in especial."

"What can he otherwise expect?" Young Betzel snatched impatiently at the straw. "He ain't got no pigs with papers at. I mean them kind where you buy with fancy names on paper—what it is now?"

"Petti-somepun," suggested Cherubim timidly. "Somepun like petticoat, ain't?"

"Yes, somepun. Somepun the same. Well, what I am saying, he ain't got no petticoated boars, and she won't have nothing else by her. Three years back she cleaned out from her farm the common stock all, and three years back, you mind, she got first the prize from him with that big black-and-white one. And you should see oncet; every year her pigpens get grander. If Seraphim wants to flax her at the fair, he has got fur to spend some money and that's somepun he just ain't natured to do. So I guess my cousin will keep on getting the prizes. To be sure, he got the first for his gander, and I heard my cousin trying to buy it off him. She's wonderful anxious to get a start with the fancy poultry too." He chuckled. "It does now make a laugh for me when them two come together."

"And come together they do," mused Cherubim. "It is now wonderful how she comes always over here and badgers him. She ain't ever coming by your place but what she takes and comes acrost our fields. A body would think she would stay off when they like each other so bad."

"But it wonders me if they do," pondered her companion. "Perlina laughs for an hour yet after she sees him. And, like you say, she goes after him."

Cherubim shook her head emphatically. "But not him. You never seen him going after her. And she don't make any laughs for him, I can tell you: no, after he sees her, he has cross like bears always. No, it is such a hate like never was between them two."

"Well, the thought has come to me still that some folks enjoy themselves the best when they have cross," commented the other shrewdly; then, as he felt her draw from him in puzzled resentment, went on quickly: "But he did laugh today when she plagued him to sell her the gander. And you couldn't near give a guess what he said! He kept a-drawing her on and a-drawing her on like he was thinking some serious of it; and she was getting quick and red like she does and she was pulling out her pocketbook and picking at the bills in it. And then when everybody was crowding close with their ears, he just made that way with his hand like as if she wasn't nothing, and he laughed on her and he says, 'I will trade you evens one of my big ganders fur one of your little freckly hogs,' he says. And he went off past her like her and her hogs was only a joke fur him."

"Och, my!" Cherubim pressed scandalized fingers to her cheek. "But he hadn't ought to have said such an insult at her. Think oncet! A pig fur a gander yet!"

"And Perlina—you ought to have seen the look she give him out of her eyes. She stood quiet for a minute and everybody was looking on her and starting to laugh. And then she says quick and loud, 'Laugh then! Git into practice then!' she says. 'Fur till a little I will be giving you somepun fur to laugh at,' she says. And she took her finger and pointed after him."

"But what could she do him? He makes it his boast where nobody has ever got the best of him. Och, my souls! Now they will like each other worse than ever."

"But it's like I tell you," insisted the boy; "they do make an excitement for each other. It ain't a dead hate between them, and whatever ain't dead has still got the right to change. What I mean, it's a dead hate when folks stop taking notice to each other or caring; that kind ain't ever changing, for it's somepun gone dead between them. But this kind—why, look here! Look at us now. I used to laugh on you because you was little and white, and now—oh, Cherrie—now I"—he looked at her, took a long breath and went suddenly out of hand. His eyes whipped from hers and his voice husked—"and now I love you because you are little and white."

As always after one of his avowals, they sat in stricken silence. Each stared at the mist line of the far horizon, each clenched fingers tightly, each felt powerful glories beating about them, each knew such desolations as their hearts could scarcely hold. For Cherubim, beginning to speak, low and shaken, was as firm as ever in her declaration that she would never marry. Why, no, it was unthinkable! Desert Seraphim! Leave him without a housekeeper! Her own twin! Her own Seraphim! Her beautiful, perfect Seraphim! Even if he would allow her to marry—and he never would—she could not, could not do it. No, Seraphim would never marry, for he hated women—all women; so she could never marry.

The sound of wheels echoed suddenly in their little retreat. Their gaze clung in mutual panic. Cherubim pressed back against the straw.

"He's early home because he ain't getting the prize. Och, elend! He will kill us oncet!"

But it was Perlina Betzel, riding high upon her one-seated express, who came into view along the road at that moment. They gazed after her straight back and her high-flung head set upon its short neck, and in their relief laughed aloud.

"She's coming by fur to look the farm ower," explained young Betzel.

"Then you best be going," urged Cherubim nervously. "And besides—Seraphim—I thought I heard a while back another wheels."

"And that I won't. The farm's there; she can see for herself how good I am keeping it." His head wagged pridefully. "I have got the half of it paid for. The half of it, Cherrie"—he snatched her hand hotly—"the half of it is mine—ours."

For a moment her fingers rested limply against the heart beating in his palm. Then she drew from him, not suddenly, but surely, surely. She lifted herself upon palms hard spread against the straw-strewn floor as though to brace herself soul and body upon some great resolve. Her head turned toward him, and, staring at him as though he were already a long way off, her lips repeated the words of a lesson she had for long been trying to teach herself: "I ain't—coming no more, after today. You see, it ain't any use. So I can't—be coming no more."

Their gaze clung awfully, and from that union of their eyes was born a cry of anguish which wrung the color from his lips.

"And that you will! That you will! Because you've got to, you've got to!"

They were standing facing each other now, arms stiff, hands clenched against this crisis in their lives. The boy broke; he caught her like a feather to his bosom. He held her from him and panted: "You wouldn't ever leave me—and now I've done it! I've kissed you!" He snatched her to him again upon that cry of triumph; snatched her to him, then fell back, unstrung and staring, as a voice bellowed at his ear:

"You done it! Yes, I would say you done it!" Seraphim Hoofsparger stood there, pitchfork in hand. Upon his head the red-brown thicket rose stiffly, like ten thousand menacing spikes. His lips writhed like red-hot wires; and the voice curdled thick in his throat: "Git to the house! Git to the house! And you"—the pitchfork shook in his fist—"you go quick! Quick! Quick, or I do you somepun!"

Both stood wax-white before him. Neither spoke. Neither moved. They could not. Neither was made of the quick stuff which acts swiftly in a crisis. Seraphim rammed the pitchfork as though to catch the boy upon its tines.

"You git off! And you stay off! If I am ketching you this side that fence again, I kill you! Yes, I kill you!"

"Who was you killing now, Seraphim?" cut in a voice crisp as lettuce behind them. Perlina Betzel stepped around the straw stack. She was munching a red apple and she bit into it largely and noisily as her black eyes raked from one to the other over the top of it.

"You!" roared Seraphim after an instant. "You and all your thievin' tribe! You and that white-face weasel there! You get off and you stop off!"

"Not till I thieve one them ganders off you," observed Perlina, then turned her gaze frankly curious upon the lovers. She was a strong-built young woman whose flesh rode high upon her bones. Even when she walked, she gave the impression of having a high-spirited beast beneath her, so sure-footed and rollicking was her gait. Her hair was not short, but it was the sort which escaped easily from its careless knot at the nape of her neck; the breeze blew the virile black locks backward as she stood eying the lovers with lively curiosity. "What is it at them? Was they thinking they was in love together?" She turned upon Seraphim. "And you was trying to stop it?" She laughed. "Dopple! You'd ought to know better. The Lord himself can't do that."

"Blasphemer!" howled Seraphim. "Takin' the Lord in wain! You will see oncet what I can stop and what I can't!"

"What you can't, heh?" Miss Betzel caught the words from his lips. "All right, we will see oncet what you can't stop. But don't go choking yourself so red; I won't be plaguing you no more." She swept an appraising eye over Cherubim again. "I can't see why you wouldn't make a good wife fur him. You're both awful meeky-mosy. It wouldn't be enough fire in it fur me, but I've took notice a'ready where it's all kinds of love in this here world." She shrugged her shoulders and turned back to Seraphim. "Leave us git to our trading now. It's clost behind five and I have got to be soon starting home."

"Trade?" Seraphim reared back in astonishment and then spat as though even the word were poison to him. "What fur trade? Trade! I wouldn't be trading with you, not if you was to give me a—a ——"

"—— a pig fur a gander yet? Well, that's what I am going to give. I have been changing off my mind, and I am going now to take you up on that there offer of yourn. Made before witnesses," she added casually. Seraphim had need of his pitchfork now, for he had need of something to lean upon, considering that he had no breath for a moment. Miss Betzel squinted severely at the ground around Cherubim's feet. "Ain't them peanuts still got meat at? Pick them away, Henry. Ten cents per the bag them sharpers was getting for them at the fair. That shows he'll make you a good purwider," she said gayly to Cherubim, who stood with her palms covering her face, nervous tears flooding silently between her fingers, "when he buys for you peanuts at ten cents a bag yet. But come on, show me oncet the gander you will be giving me for my pig. It's getting late on me."

"Yes, and it will be later yet when you see the gander I am trading you." Seraphim's eyebrows bushed low over his narrowed eyes. "It will be the doomday when you get your chancet to trick me with a ornery runt."

"A petticreed boar," amended Perlina.

"A boar where ain't born yet," grunted Seraphim.

"Och, what does it make to talk with a dopple?" Perlina flung the apple core from her with a full-arm gesture. "You seen the boar a'ready. It's that one where fetched the prize of you two years back. You ain't forgetting to remember that one, I should guess."

A half hour later she stood with the gander firmly clutched in her arm. For she had been firm upon that seemingly inconsequential point; she was going to take the gander home with her that night. Seraphim was to come for his boar the next day, and in case all was not as agreed upon, he was to bring his gander home again. A half dozen times the fowl had been plucked back by the exasperated Seraphim only to result in the lady turning coolly upon her heel with the murmur:

"To be sure, if you ain't wanting a pig for a gander ——"

"But why would I be leaving you pack my gander off?" rasped Seraphim for the seventh time.

Perlina Betzel shrugged her shoulders and deftly twisted the neck of the fowl so that its menacing head issued from behind her armpit.

"Why would I be giving you a pig for a gander?" she countered, and lifted the hasp of the gate.

"It's a twist somewheres," Seraphim growled. "But take notice to this now: If the boar ain't as repersented, I pack me the gander home again."

"It'll be there for you," she called back briefly

He clutched at his chin as she went riding high upon her heels across his field, her careless hair flying backward like small strong wings. An afterthought sent him hurtling after her.

"I want the petticreed papers at!" he thundered.

She turned the length of half the field from him and laughed at his clutching, clawing figure in an amusement which set him about stifled with rage.

"You'll be getting them. Before these here witnesses. Him"—she pointed to her cousin, who was proceeding, eyes upon the ground, ahead of her—"and her." Her free arm gestured toward the little figure in blue who was drooping over the gate in the rear. "For like I tell you, if you ain't fetching her, it won't be going through. It's got to be before witnesses and it's got to be regular."

(Continued on Page 75)

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

Prize-winning homes you can build

THIS illustration is from the first announcement appearing in this publication which gave the results of the Lehigh Prize Home Competition.

Homes for those with courage to build

THIS illustration is from another Lehigh advertisement which explained the advantages of concrete masonry construction and gave thousands "courage to build."

Avoid home-building experience

SOME months ago 247 leading architects submitted plans in a Prize Home Competition sponsored by us, the Lehigh Portland Cement Company. These architects demonstrated the decided advantages of concrete masonry construction for *home-building*.

This type of construction, it was believed, was not fully appreciated by most homebuilders. This was in spite of the fact that its low initial cost, its low repair expense, its permanence and fire-safety had long ago made concrete masonry an accepted standard for business-, industrial- and public-building construction.

A jury of eminent architects met to judge the competing plans, and selected 28 as the Lehigh Prize Homes.

Nation-wide interest aroused

We immediately announced to the public the results of this competition through Lehigh advertising in magazines and newspapers.

The response—the interest aroused—was immediate. Already more than 150,000 persons have asked us for detailed information about these Prize Homes. And the inquiries are still pouring in.

Simultaneously with the first announcement of the awards we started to build Demonstration Homes from prize-winning plans, near New York, Chicago, Kansas City and Birmingham.

These Prize Homes were completed and thrown open to the public. Visitors thronged to see them. More than 75,000 people signed our guest registers.

These homes were no sooner completed than other Lehigh Prize Homes were started in many other sections of the country—built with the coöperation of Lehigh dealers. In this way hundreds of thousands have had an opportunity to see and to appreciate the advantages of a concrete masonry home.

This new book will help you

To give you the benefit of our experiences in the building of these homes we have prepared a beautifully illustrated 32-page book "Building Better Homes." This book gives details of the day-by-day progress in the building of the first four Lehigh homes, with photographs of the various stages in construction. Everything before your eyes, just as it happened. You'll want this book, because after you've read it, you will be in the unique position of one who has built a number of homes.

LEHIGH CEMENT

Look for the Blue-and-White Lehigh Sign, known from Coast to Coast—the mark of the reliable dealer.

LEHIGH PORTLAND

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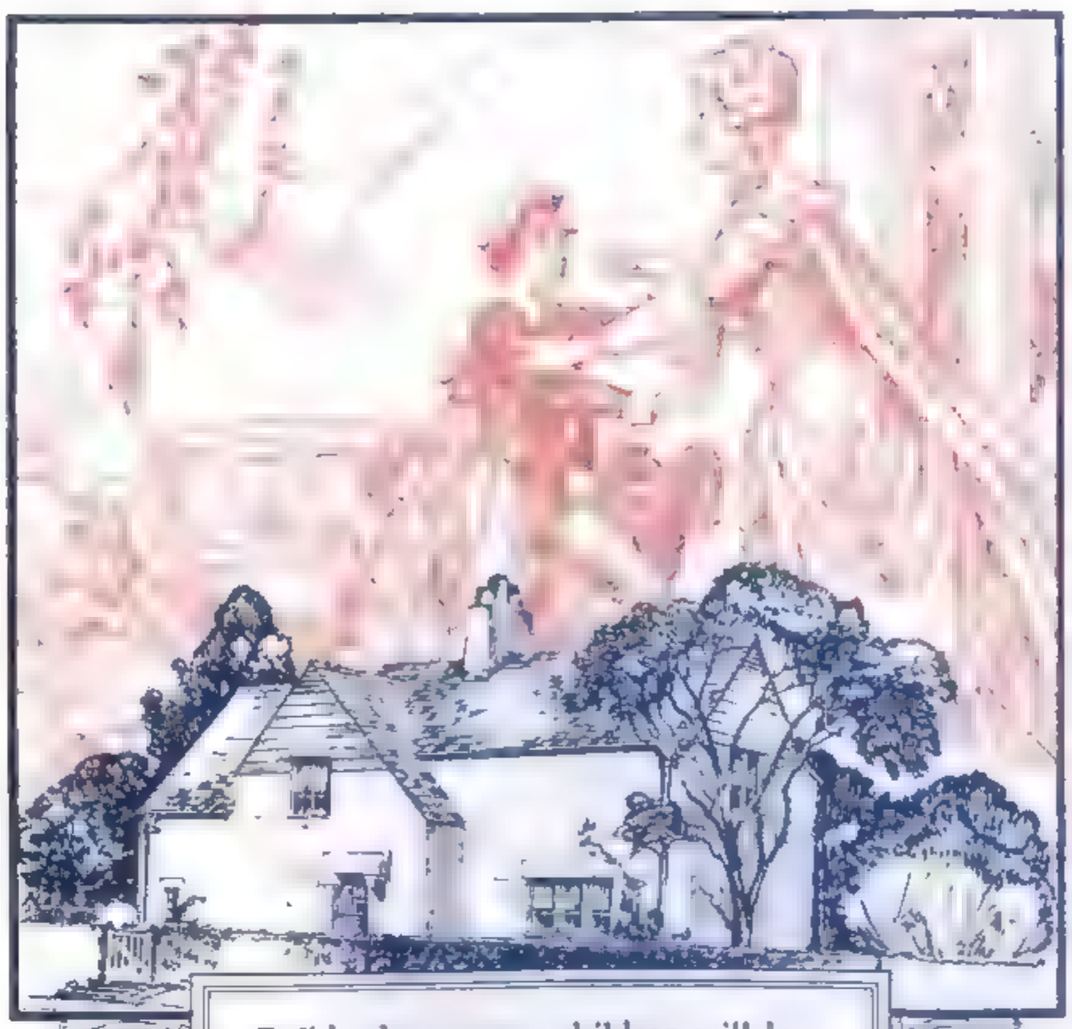

Build a home your children will love

THIS illustration appeared in a later Lehigh advertisement announcing the building of Lehigh Prize Homes and explaining why these concrete masonry homes are the kind "your children will love."

Many homes are paid for twice . . . How to avoid a second cost

THIS illustration is from still another Lehigh advertisement which discussed upkeep and repairs—showing why the building of a concrete masonry home avoids "a second cost."

pitfalls . . . Here's to guide you

Here are a few typical questions this helpful book answers—questions that face every prospective builder:

How fast should my house progress? Whom should I hold responsible for different details of construction? How can I know good from faulty construction? What constitutes sound foundations, a good roof, sound walls, good painting, plastering, plumbing? How can I arrange for "room to grow"? What should I watch during construction? (60 important things to follow.) How to read architects' drawings.

These questions, and hundreds of others, are answered in "Building Better Homes"—not in a general way, but definitely. For the book is written from actual experience. Mail the coupon with 10c for your copy.

This entire program to help prospective homebuilders is only one phase of the service the Lehigh Portland Cement Company is now rendering to the building industry. In general there are these two simple rules which govern the success of all construction work.

How to get permanent satisfaction—whatever you build

1—The first essential, when you build, is to get Dependable Materials. Precautions should be taken. The dealer who insists on carrying Lehigh Cement for you, often does so in the face of constant pressure to offer you the "just as good" brand. Is it not reasonable to expect such a dealer to protect your interests in other ways by handling a line of thoroughly Dependable Materials?

Let the Blue-and-White Lehigh Sign guide you to such a dealer.

2—Make sure to secure Competent Workmanship. A good contractor will save you money through skilful building economies. He will put quality both where it can be seen at the start and where it will be noticed for its low repair expenses in the years to come.

A point to remember in choosing a contractor: The contractor who insists on Dependable Materials is more likely to hire competent help and to put skill and dependability into all that he builds.

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"That's a pretty broad statement, Tom. Won't you have to make it conditional on the number of tubes in the set or the use of the new power tubes?"

"No, sir! Under the same operating conditions—whether you use four, five tubes or more, whether you use a power tube that uses up to 135 volts; the Eveready Heavy-Duty No. 770 or the even longer-lived Eveready Layerbilt No. 486 will last twice as long as the smaller sized 45-volt batteries."

"Well, they ought to, they cost more."

"Yes, about a third more—but lasting twice as long, they cost much less."

"Your arithmetic is good, Tom, but if that's so, when I bought my set why did the dealer equip it with the smaller Eveready 772's? Why didn't he put in the Eveready Heavy-Duty Batteries?"

"He probably thought he was doing you a favor—making your first investment cost you a little less. That little difference looks like a lot to a good many folks who are buying their first set, equipped with tubes, loud speaker, 'A' and 'B' batteries and everything."

Heavy-duty batteries last twice as long as the smaller batteries of equal voltage. Eveready Heavy-Duty Batteries are the great contribution that the world's foremost electrochemical laboratory has made in "B" battery economy, dependability and satisfaction.

Dry "B" batteries give a noiseless current, pure D. C. (direct current), the kind that is essential if you prize pure tone.

Send for booklet, "Choosing and Using the Right Radio Batteries," which we shall be glad to send you upon request. This booklet also tells about the proper battery equipment for use with the new power tubes. There's an Eveready dealer nearby.

Note: A "C" battery gives a quality of reception unobtainable without it and greatly increases the life of your "B" batteries.

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WTAM—Cleveland
WWJ—Detroit
WGN—Chicago
WOC—Davenport
WCCO—Minneapolis, St. Paul
KSD—St. Louis

(Continued from Page 70)

"You bet it's got to be regular!" gritted Seraphim with an intensity which ground the edges of his teeth.

They were his final words before he climbed down over his wagon wheel in Perlina Betzel's barnyard the following day. For in the meantime he had spoken no word to little Cherubim, shivering and weeping; instead he had ignored her with a silent contempt which was harder to bear than any words he could have spoken. She drooped upon the wagon seat in Perlina's barnyard, her little sailor pulled low over the pale flame of her hair, like a candle whose life had been all but quenched. She waited piteously for Seraphim's signal that she might dismount; but he plunged on toward the side gate. It was Perlina who flung open her door and came with her high-rollicking canter down her walk, calling out, "Come ahead on down, Cherubim. We got to get the jury together; and the rest part of it's here a'ready." Her arm swung toward Henry Betzel, who stood upon the porch. "But come insides till a while, ain't you?"

Seraphim Hoofsparger stopped short. Ordinarily a large, free-moving man, this morning he looked and spoke and moved with a tight caution which made him seem shrunken within his clothes.

"I ain't going in," he declined flatly. "I come fur to git"— he reconsidered—"I come fur to see that boar and not nothing else." And added, "I ain't ever been insides your house and I ain't going today."

"Oh, yes, you are!" cried Miss Betzel cheerfully. "I would bet on it." She laughed as at some rich anticipation, flung open another button of her plaid shirt and called loudly, "Otto! Herman! Make hurry now and come quick!" And as Seraphim stiffened with suspicion, she reminded him, "You had plenty witnesses by you yesterday, so I guess you won't have objections of my two chore hands today."

Seraphim said nothing and turned toward the long, low hog houses he had glimpsed upon a slope behind her barn. But Miss Betzel led the way through her small family orchard.

"I ain't keeping all my animals to the one place," she explained.

Seraphim glanced at her sharply and a moment later stopped in his tracks. "It's sick then."

"Whether it was sick?" Perlina's black eyes picked over his tautened features amusedly. "Well, you will be soon seeing if it was sick or ain't it. You wasn't thinking to say me that question yesterday after, was you? Now me—it's some different with me; if I am talking trade, I ask at the first if it is anything sick with it. But mebbe you would perfer to ride six miles first before you ask it:"

The thrust went home; it started a red wave which went slowly and evenly to the edge of the red-brown thicket; but he said nothing. Indeed, he was rather magnificent in his silent repression as he stood a minute later by the side of an improvised pen and gazed down upon the prize beast which had first wrested his prowess from him.

Disappointment, humiliation and anger struggled for the control of his rugged features; but pride won over them all. His face was a still mask and his voice was toneless as he gazed at the heaving sides of the huge animal and said, "It's the thumps. I said it was sick. Now give me my gander." But little Cherubim saw the cold sharp slit of the steel glance he leveled upon Perlina, and her fingers went fluttering toward her bosom.

But not Perlina's. Her fingers were drawing from the breast pocket of her woolen shirt a folded paper. With head slightly tilted, she queried softly, "You think then you won't be wanting the petticreed papers you was asking after so particular? I want to be offering everything as repersented, anyway."

"Git me my gander!" Seraphim cut the head from a goldenrod with a flail of his palm.

"I hate to be giving the gander up," sighed Perlina. "My, the fine it is! But, to be sure, it's waiting for you, also as repersented. Come along backwards then." At mention of the gander the two farm hands plodding along behind exchanged a long glance of amazement. Then one tittered, and the other. Perlina smiled briefly at them over her shoulder. "Get along now. You two have seen aplenty and heard aplenty to last you for a while. Ride that wagon of corn into Heitwille. And don't be stopping to gas too long—— Even if you have got somepun to gas about," she added.

Oh, she was thrusting him hard at every turn! But he marched straight behind her, saying no word and casting but a single malevolent glance toward the guffawing Herman and Otto as they hastened toward their gossip fest in Heitville. But he would forestall them; yes, even as he trod that short distance through Perlina Betzel's orchard, he was beginning to see clearly how he would forestall them. He would get his gander, and himself drive home by way of Heitville. By the time the farm hands arrived upon their heavy wagon he would already have spread the story of how he had turned the joke upon this woman again, of how he had led her on to think that she could get the better of him when all the time he

He fetched up hard. The toe of his boot had stubbed against the steps leading to her kitchen porch. For a moment he stared; his eyes turned inward upon his forming plan had blinded him outwardly to the fact that they were proceeding toward the house rather than toward the barn. But Cherubim and her lover were already entering the door, and Perlina Betzel, chatting pleasantly of this and that, was stepping across the porch.

"Git me my gander!" Seraphim stood rock still.

Perlina turned, one hand resting lightly upon her hip, the other gesturing toward the door.

"It's insides. I took it in for to keep it safe for you per the agreement."

"Fetch it!" he roared. But Perlina smiled.

"Come and get it—per the agreement." She went within.

He stood doggedly without her house and swallowed bitterly. He had declared he would not enter it—he would not Cherubim's face appeared at the window, and it was as though she had just turned from a sight within of new and awful portent. It was as though she implored him not to enter. He scrambled redly up the steps.

Upon the table in the middle of the kitchen was a roasting pan, and in the pan, cleaned and trussed and stuffed, was an enormous goose.

"You killed it!" shrieked Seraphim.

"No, the boys done the killing," amended Miss Betzel. "But I done the picking. And ach my, the hard!"

"You killed it!" All the pent emotions of the past hours exploded at once within Seraphim and pitched him in zigzag toward the table. "You killed my property! Now I will get the law on you! Yes, I will get you—I will get you for this!"

Cherubim crowded against her lover and together they crowded into a corner. But Perlina stood calmly by the table.

"It's all there, and the stuffings besides. I ain't ever promising you if I would give it back to you alive or a corpse. It's all there per the agreement."

"I will get you fur this! I will get you and I will get your farm and I will get your pigs! I will get off you everything you think you have got!"

Perlina Betzel made a shoveling motion with her palms.

"Take them! Take them all! Me too—for I go with them. You can't get them without getting me too."

It was as though she drained the color from him as he stood there. Flush rose high toward her cheek bones even as it receded from his graying face.

It was a thing dreadful to see, this fury of a lifetime which had mounted to this monstrous challenge. The woman stood, chin flung up, her hands at her sides, her eyes beneath their drooped lids steady upon him. Seraphim Hoofsparger faced her, his head rammed forward, his fists clenched backward.

"I take it—and I take all you got!" His voice was a menace between his stiffened lips and his eyes never left hers.

Perlina Betzel's palm swept the table as one who sweeps up dice. She spun on her heel and laughed as one who wins a lifelong wager.

Oh, it was a terrible betrothal—so terrible that as silence fell again upon Perlina's sharp laughter, it was not to be borne. Little Cherubim tumbled toward her and fell into her arms.

"You mean then—oh, you don't mean that you're going to marry with?" She was half incoherent with hysteria. "Oh, but if you are, you mustn't make like this. You must —— Oh, go and kiss him!"

"Kiss him?" Perlina laughed again and pushed the little form from her. "What would I be slobbering over him for? That ain't fun for me. It ain't any fire in that. Go and slobber over your own man."

If love meant striking fire to her, she had struck it. Seraphim's eyes flushed red.

"You think you are getting fun then? You think you get a laugh on me, you and your thumping hogs? I will show you! I will show you! I will scratch a mark fur you when I get you, and you will see once how you will put your toes to it for the rest part of your life."

Again there was the challenge, intimate and terrible. It was as though in that raftered kitchen, destiny swung low to touch one or the other of them with decisive powers. For the space of a breath scarcely drawn there was silence. Then Perlina Betzel swung about and with arm upraised wrenched a knife from the wall and flung it, blade down, between them.

"Scratch it with that!" she taunted. "I stuck it there till this day would come!"

It vibrated there, quivering between them, that knife which the young Perlina had raped from him with her elfish fingers in the days of their childhood. Which of them would stoop now to pick it up? Which of them would stoop before the other?

Seraphim looked at the knife and he looked at the woman. His head weaved slowly.

He said, "So you hate the kissing then? I will show you how I take—what I want."

Perlina Betzel lay in his arms, strong as life and strong as love, giving him back of kisses as fierce as his own. She flung herself from him at last.

"So you take what you want!" Her high triumph rang like a flashing thing.

Seraphim Hoofsparger, dizzied by the heavy sweet he had drawn from her lips, stooped before her, groping at her feet after the lost blade of his childhood

Foot Trouble saps your energy

JUST because you've been able to "get along," even though your feet give you a lot of trouble, don't think it isn't taking a lot out of you that you can ill afford to lose. Bad feet are more serious than the pain they inflict. They rob you of precious energy and vitality, lower your efficiency amazingly, and hasten old age.

It is an easy, simple and inexpensive matter to rid yourself forever from your foot ailment. Don't wait till it cripples you entirely. Go to your leading shoe or department store and ask for a demonstration of what the correct Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Appliance or Remedy, especially designed for your particular trouble, will do for you.

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By removing the cause, Dr. Scholl's FOOT-EAZER immediately relieves weak or fallen arches, cramped toes, callouses, tender, painful heels, rheumatic-like foot and leg pains, etc. Light, comfortable, adjustable. Worn in any shoe. $3.50 per pair.

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To further assure permanent and lasting relief to foot sufferers, Dr. Wm. M. Scholl has appointed a representative shoe dealer in every city as headquarters for Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies. These stores are identified by the above symbol on their windows. Each store employs a *Foot Expert* especially trained in Dr. Scholl's scientific methods. Go to this store in your town and you will get expert foot comfort service.

Free Sample On request, we will mail you a sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, and Dr. Scholl's Book, "The Feet and Their Care." Address, The Scholl Mfg. Co., 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

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Fits every taste—fit for any taste—Curtiss **Baby Ruth.**

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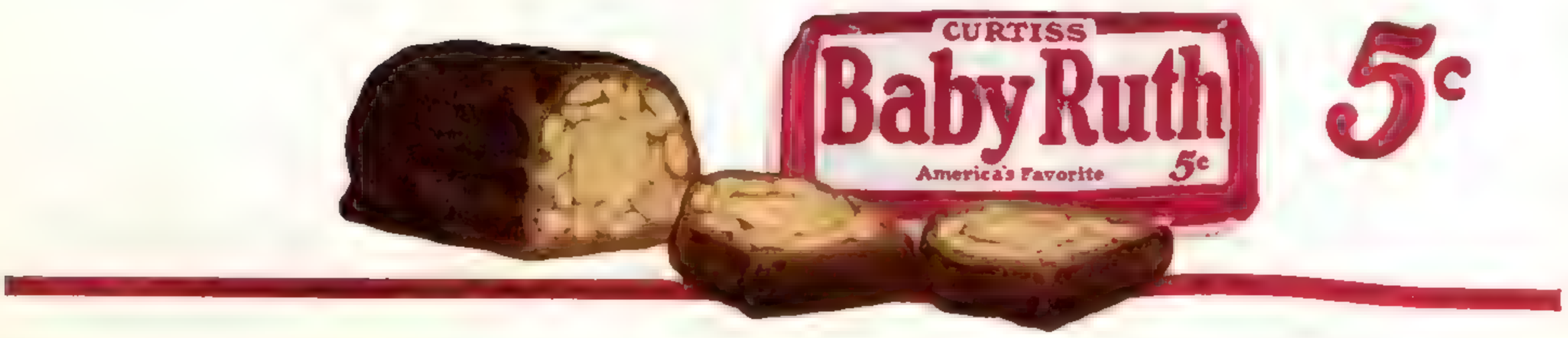


WHY THE VOTE DOESN'T GET OUT

(Continued from Page 60)

McNary-Haugen Bill will not read as if the immortal lyricist of Yes, Sir, She's My Baby had a hand, if not two of them, in its writing? And who would not prefer to think that Tin Pan Alley rather than our great legislative bodies is responsible for our election laws? Surely only the authors of those songs in which the singer pleads to be carried back—and don't we just wish he would be!—to his old black mammy in the District of Columbia, Oklahoma or either or both Dakotas, and so on, could have conceived the intolerably idiotic query "Occupation?" on our registration and voting sheets! A query, moreover, that must be answered audibly! The professional woman simply uses the regulation doctor-lawyer-merchant-chief stuff, of course. But the vastly greater majority of women who compose the enormous and important—and how often it is both—wife-and-mother vote which, according to the impassioned pleas of the candidates, is the vote of all votes they want to get out in order to save themselves and the country, has but two alternatives, either of which is so bitter a pill as to make the popular gall-and-wormwood combination seem in comparison like a banana sundae—that is, "housewife" and "none."

Men, politicians—or both, as is sometimes the case—have evidently never heretofore realized that to be called or even to call herself a housewife rouses all the primitive what's-its-name in a woman's nature. We don't intend to reason why here; it just does, that's all. She won't really mind a bit if you call her angel, vamp or little devil; she will even stand for "flower" and "guiding star" and, in extreme cases, "little girl"; while the more debased have been known to submit to "the wife" and "little woman." But "housewife"—well, just try it! That's all we say—try it! Remember, we're only suggesting, not advising. And as for the answer "None"—we ask you, is it any wonder if the wife-and-mother vote, when it gets out and finds itself confronted by these perfectly blah words, gets right back in again and pulls the covers up over its head? We pause for a reply. Yes, we knew you wouldn't be able to think of a comeback until you were on your way home in the taxi!

One of Song & Story's Gems

But just for the sake of argument let us consider, as so few people ever do, mother. For years mother has been more or less taken for granted. For years men, and politicians among them, have quoted those beautiful verses that go, you remember:

Who da-de-da-de-da-de-dum
Who da-de-da-de-da-de-dee
Who da-de-da-de-da-de-dah
My mother!

and so on, without any more real idea of what they were saying than we have this minute.

Probably there is no product of that famous old firm of myth manufacturers, Song & Story, which has stamped such a false conception so ineradicably upon the masculine mind. The very way in which Mother's Day alone is celebrated, if you can call it that without laughing, proves this. It is, to say the least, negative.

There is not the quarreling of happy children and the odds and ends of red ribbon and tissue paper which we associate with Christmas Day, nor the horns, whistles and serious drinking of New Year; the eating of a hearty midday dinner followed by a nap, with a newspaper laid lightly over the face and increased heaviness of breathing, is not compulsory, as at Thanksgiving; differing from our patriotic holidays, there are no orations in which Washington, Lincoln and President Coolidge are compared more or less favorably to mother, nor is the flag displayed mostly upside down; there are no tie-ups in traffic or little lost kiddies in the police stations—the invariable accompaniments of the seventeenth of March; neither golf nor special matinées are *de rigueur*, as on election day; and there is not even the increased interest in meteorological conditions so markedly evinced on Saint Swithin's and Ground-Hog days. No, on Mother's Day we are simply asked, not compelled, to buy a carnation—and this, by the way, is for ourselves, not mother—and to remember her. Otherwise the smoke, as the fellow says, goes up the chimney just the same.

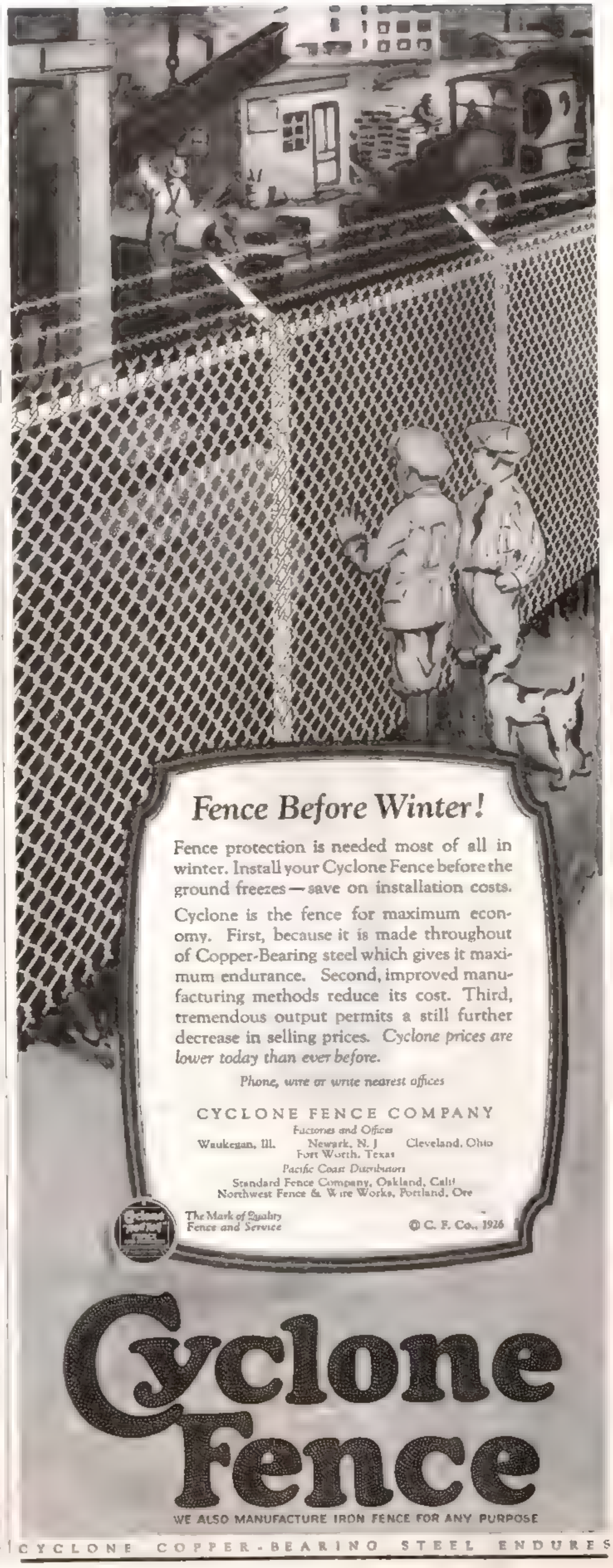
All Work and No Occupation

Now of the comparatively few things mother isn't, one of the chief is negative. Whether the movies—where 98 per cent of all the mothers depicted have, regardless of their ages, snow-white hair and violent tremblings of the lips and limbs, and are invariably to be seen sitting quietly alone with folded hands and no heavier tasks than yearning and putting lamps in windows—or Charles K. Harris or James McNeill Whistler has been most at fault for fostering this delusion we cannot say. Ours not to blame. We simply offer this explanation in extenuation of what otherwise might seem to be pure masculine political stupidity—and indeed will be stupidity if, after reading the following pathetic-case histories, results of our research questionnaires to the wife-and-mother vote, this insulting question is left on our election sheets.

Case No. X21907: Mrs. L. W. T., Fort Worth, Texas. A frail little woman with three children, all above the ages of seven respectively. In the past five fiscal years alone she estimates roughly that, aside from her regular household tasks, she has made for her children to wear in secular and Sunday school entertainments four fairy costumes, three brownie costumes, one Red Riding Hood, two Martha Washingtons, two Rose Queens, one angel and one Uncle Sam. On November 4, 1924, as she started for the polls, willing and eager to vote for John W. Davis because he looked so handsome in that big, clean way, although she thought it was perfectly lovely the way President Coolidge was sworn in by a kerosene lamp and all, she received a note from Miss Effie Cuddy, little Arthur T.'s teacher, asking if Arthur could represent Mr. Turkey Gobbler in the Uncle Wootzie's Tableaux to be given by the Third Grade at Thanksgiving. Still clutching the note, Mrs. T. answered equably, albeit mechanically, the election clerk's impertinent questions until he came to the fatal query, "Occupation?" when she went temporarily insane, frothed at the mouth, bit the clerk, scratched and kicked, until finally overpowered and attended by an ambulance surgeon. Although she has been taking everything and yeast ever since, she will never vote again if she knows it, she says emphatically—no, not if Davis and Coolidge run themselves ragged!

Case XX02: Mrs. H. F. B., Red Bank, New Jersey. A pleasing little woman of probably one score years and twelve, or thereabouts, who has three children and a charming little home a little way out of Red Bank, which naturally makes it quite a little way out, at that. On election day last year Mrs. B.—— But let her tell her story in her own words:

Election day is just like every other day in our family, except that last year, if you remember, it came on Tuesday. So of course I had to take the car—we have a little car, but no chauffeur—in to get the laundress by 8:20, as she says it takes her too long to come on the trolley and she doesn't like them anyway, leaving my husband at the 8:17 train and getting home in time to have the children at school by 8:30. My


Fence Before Winter!
Fence protection is needed most of all in winter. Install your Cyclone Fence before the ground freezes—save on installation costs.
Cyclone is the fence for maximum economy. First, because it is made throughout of Copper-Bearing steel which gives it maximum endurance. Second, improved manufacturing methods reduce its cost. Third, tremendous output permits a still further decrease in selling prices. Cyclone prices are lower today than ever before.
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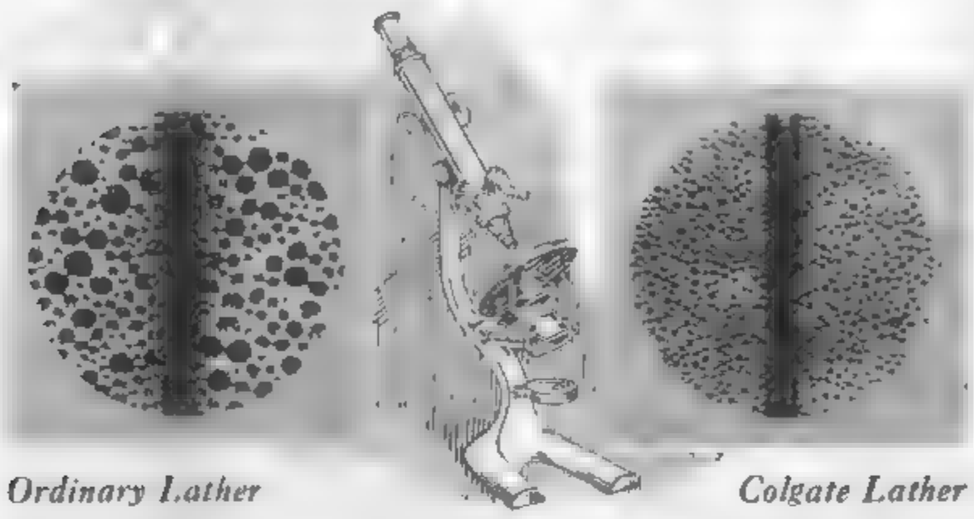
WE ALSO MANUFACTURE IRON FENCE FOR ANY PURPOSE
CYCLONE COPPER-BEARING STEEL ENDURES

Look through the lens of this microscope



Ordinary Lather *Colgate Lather*

See how this lather softens your beard at the base, where the razor does its work

MOST shaving lathers look alike to the naked eye. But see what a remarkable difference there is under the lens of a powerful microscope.

Notice the fine, closely knit texture of Colgate lather. Notice how compact it is—how close these tiny bubbles nestle to the hair.

And then compare it with the coarse texture of the other lather. Those large-size bubbles you see are filled with air. They make fewer points of water-contact with the base of the hair.

And remember, *water*, not shaving cream, is the real softener of your beard.

In Colgate lather the bubbles are smaller, as the microscope shows. This means two distinct advantages: (1) Smaller bubbles hold more water and much less air. (2) They penetrate right down to the base of each tiny hair.

So that this moisture may soak right into the beard, Colgate's first emulsifies and removes the film of oil that covers every hair in the beard.

Quickly thousands of clinging, moisture-laden bubbles bring and hold an abundant supply of water in direct contact with the bottom of every hair.

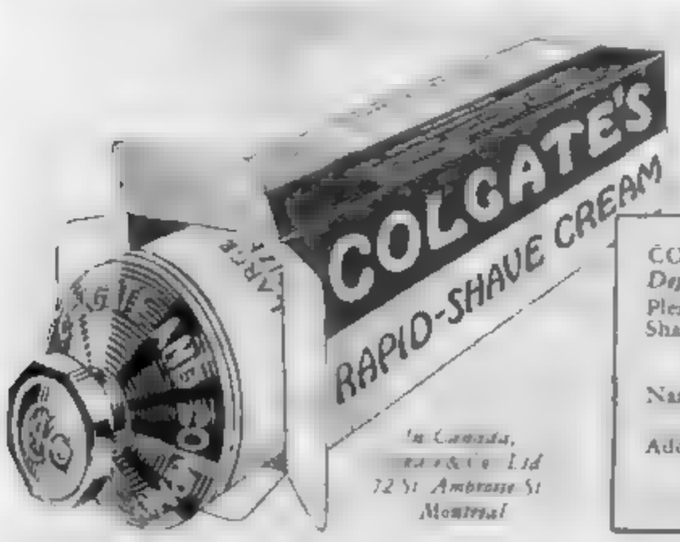
Thus the entire beard becomes wringing wet—moist and pliable—softened down to the base, where the razor does its work.

In this way the beard becomes properly softened right where the cutting takes place. "Razor-pull" is entirely banished.

In addition, Colgate lather lubricates the path of the razor—lets it glide across your face without catching or dragging. And it leaves your skin clean, cool and comfortable throughout the day.

Here is a shaving experience such as you have never enjoyed before.

If you want a quick, smooth shave every morning, clip the coupon below and let us mail you a generous trial-size tube



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NEW YORK

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Dept. 140-J, 581 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

Name

Address

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SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

maid had left, as usual, to go to Camden to be with her brother-in-law's sister's cousin, who was sick, so you can imagine what a time I had getting the coffee grounds out of the sink in time to make connections. Added to this, we had poached eggs, so the dishes were something terrible, and my youngest child is at that hot-cereal age which is so trying. Two or three hours were spent getting him to eat it—having him give a bite to mumsie and a bite to daddy and to gamma and gampa and Cousin Lalla and Bowser and Moo-Moo and Peter Rabbit and Old Uncle Honky-Tonk in the Big Woods, until he could see little Mr. Chickadeedee on the bottom of his bowl—arguing with the older children about wearing rubbers and handkerchiefs and getting my husband's fur coat out of the cedar chest to take to the tailor's so the lining could be mended in time for the Yale-Harvard game.

Right in the middle of marketing I remembered I hadn't left any word for the iceman, and that made me think that I'd heard a queer dripping sound when I went to the ice box for the grapefruit, so I hurried home and found just what I expected—the pan underneath running all over everything, a man to measure for the new linoleum, a moth in Mr. B.'s blue winter suit that had been in the cedar chest the entire time, so it must have been put away in it by that horrid Igrid I had last spring, who said she was going home to get married and then went right off to Mrs. Giffert's, and goodness knows what else!

Then I had to drive to school for the children—they go to different schools, of course, and get out at different times—and after luncheon take Esther to have her teeth straightened at Doctor Miggitts' at 2:30, her music lesson at 3:30, make Junior practice, and get them both to dancing school by 4:30. I left them there to go to the polls. On my way I remember thinking as I drove along that here it was November already and the next thing would be Thanksgiving, and I'd probably have to have Harold's family with us this year, because we all went to his sister's last time; and after that would come Christmas, and what on earth I'd get for the children to give their day-school teachers alone, not counting dancing and Sunday and scout masters. Anyway, when the clerk asked me my occupation everything seemed to just go black, and the next thing I knew I was home in my own bed, with Harold bending over me begging me to open my eyes. God bless you, dear Miss Dayton. You are doing a wonderful work!

ZILPHA S. B

Space precludes our giving more of these histories, although our books are open to all Senate investigators who bring a letter from their pastors.

Indeed, we should welcome a game of peekaboo on this subject with Senator Reed—of Missouri, we mean, not Pennsylvania—any day. These letters which have come to us from all over the country show that the temper of the wife-and-mother vote is not to be trifled with if you really want it to get out, Mr. Politician! Already little groups of willful women voters have pledged themselves if this query is put to them this fall to fill in the space after "Occupation" with "Huh!" or even worse, and who knows what may follow?

Although properly, we should hope, speaking, we belong with the maiden-aunt vote, we consider that it was this same unintelligent question which first drove us to take up writing in a serious way. What it will drive other women to, who have not had the disadvantage of our Puritan upbringing, we shudder to think.

Need for Personal Pulchritude

And speaking of the maiden-aunt vote, we should like to call somebody's attention to another phase which our politicians have, either purposely or because they couldn't help it, ignored—namely, the crying need for more personal pulchritude in our candidates. Goodness knows we are always in favor of kind hearts versus coronets and simple faith as opposed to Norman blood any day in the week; but there's no denying that candidates nowadays simply do not have the charms of the Hamiltons and Burrs of an earlier day, and that we, personally, find it increasingly difficult to get all wrought up over the respective merits of two men, one of whom looks like the man whose feet we always trip over as we enter a street car and another who looks as if he wore arm garters and a ticket stuck in the front of his hat band when he rides on trains.

Not that it's really here or there, but somehow our heart just isn't in our vote. No doubt this state of mind, if that's what it is, will be indignantly repudiated by our sister voters, but let us be honest with ourselves, girls.

Hope Is Always With Us

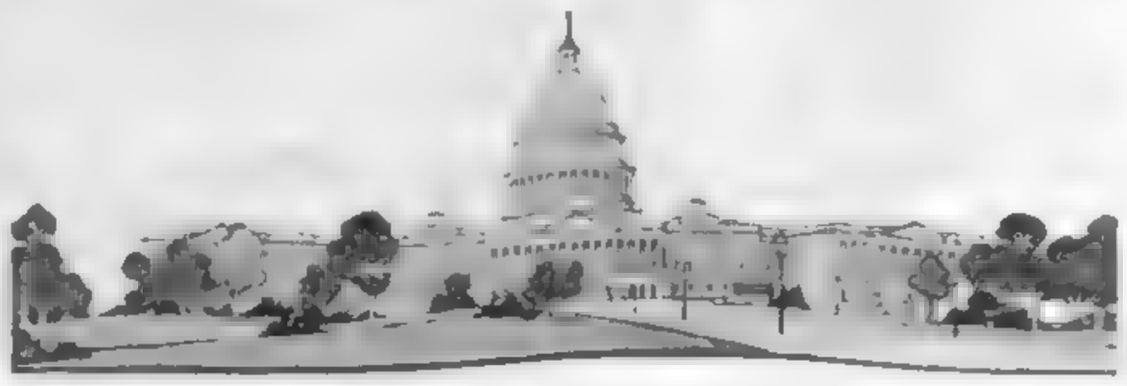
A step in the right direction was taken by the Democratic Party when, in the last presidential election, it nominated John W. Davis. It was but a step, however, as the elder statesmen, disregarding what they considered newfangled notions, picked one of their regular samples such as they had been showing us for years, and placed Mr. Charles Bryan on the ticket.

As in Mr. Hughes' defeat in 1916, which has been attributed to the slogan Keep Our Whiskers Out of the White House, so the Democratic slaughter in 1924 must be credited to that cry that went up from the womanhood of America: "What—,or Skullcaps?" and Coolidge and Dawes won practically by default.

It is now rumored that in 1928 the new blood in the Democratic Party will try to retrieve its error by putting forward Governor Ritchie of Maryland. If you have seen his picture—especially one of those reading from left to right, with all the other governors, so you can imagine how he just stands out –you will realize what a master stroke this is; and that the Republicans, judging from their present layout, will have to begin looking for dark horses to run against him.

We predict that the women of the country will get behind Governor Ritchie if he is nominated, and personally we expect to be in the front row, pulling at his coat tails and trying our best to get him to notice us. He has the loveliest prematurely gray hair, looks exactly like a man we used to be simply crazy about, and so far is the only candidate in either party who seems to us to go perfectly with the East Room—gold piano, crystal chandelier and everything, or even if it's completely refurnished as planned. Moreover, he is a bachelor, and our advice to such of our eligible sister voters as have always—and who of us has not?—thought it would be simply dandy to be married in the White House, is to enroll now, whatever your political affiliations, for the Democratic primaries. We ourselves intend to be the Original Ritchie Girl in our home town, and we hope the governor will not forget that it was his own party that started the spoils system.

In conclusion, let us warn our leaders that things cannot go on as they have been, or pretty soon nobody will be voting but watchers and a couple of other fellows who haven't taken up golf yet, which will make it pretty expensive. For our own part, and that of lots and lots of women we know, we frankly admit that if certain changes are not made, the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November will find us pushing back our cuticle, cleaning our rings, or curled up somewhere with a good book—unless, of course, someone asks us, as we can't help hoping they will, to do something.



Will you win $10,000 free by naming this Beautiful New Jewett

SOME fortunate man or woman (*it may be* YOU!) will be given $10,000 in cash—absolutely free—for suggesting the name or phrase that best expresses the *smart style*—the *charming beauty*—the *perfect taste*—the *matchless vogue*—of this new Jewett 4-door Sedan.

Think of it—$10,000 for a single name, or phrase! A fortune won in a moment!

Two Beautiful Jewetts Will Be Given Away—Too!

But this is not all! Two other men or women will each be given one of these wonderful new cars for suggesting the two next most fitting names or phrases.

When you first see this charming new Jewett, you will instantly appreciate that a car so superfine deserves a name that will set it apart and above ordinary cars. It is just such a name that we want—and we will gladly pay these handsome awards to get it!

You'll be surprised how readily names suggest themselves to you when you step inside this Jewett and grasp its solid walnut steering wheel—as you sit on its beautiful mohair upholstery and sink into the nested springs of its deep cushions—as you admire the skill that inlaid its walnut finish panels and arranged the clever corner lights, arm rests, silk toggle grips, and the twin smoking sets—as you note the luxury of its plate glass windows—as you admire its clustered instruments, indirectly lighted.

Enjoy to the fullest the sheer beauty and comfort of this wonderful new car. But do not stop there. Take a ride—drive this Jewett yourself—feel the resilient comfort with which it negotiates the roughest roads, its instant acceleration and deceleration (with Paige-Hydraulic 4-wheel brakes, you know!), its quiet, obedient performance at all speeds. And then—after you've seen and admired the charm and beauty and smartness of this newest Jewett—ask your dealer for an official ballot and write on that ballot the name or phrase (of not more than six words) that you believe will most adequately identify this car as the style carriage it is.

Rules of the Contest:

1. Contest opens October 1, and closes at midnight on October 31, 1926. Anyone over 14 years of age may compete, except Paige-Jewett employees or members of their families.

2. The prizes to be awarded in this contest are as follows: $10,000 in cash to the person who, in the opinion of the judges, suggests the most appropriate name or phrase, and gives the best reason for his choice; a new Jewett sedan to the person who, in the opinion of the judges, submits the next most appropriate name or phrase, and gives the best reason for his choice; a new Jewett sedan to the person who, in the opinion of the judges, submits the two next most appropriate names or phrases, and gives the best reasons for their choices.

3. The above prizes are awarded for a name or phrase of not more than six words and a reason for selecting such name or phrase. The name or phrase should be such as to describe the smartness, beauty, luxury, comfort, performance, style or charm and appeal of the new Paige-Jewett. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

4. All names or phrases, with reasons therefor, entered in this contest must be written on an Official Ballot. Such ballots may be secured from any Paige-Jewett dealer or by writing to the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, Detroit. Each Paige-Jewett dealer will have a ballot-box where these ballots may be deposited after you have made your choice.

5. Originality of thought, cleverness of name or phrase, soundness and brevity of reason advanced, clearness of expression and neatness will count.

6. If two or more contestants submit the same prize-winning name or phrase, and reasons for suggesting such name or phrase, and if such contestants are submitted in an equally clear, concise and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

Only 3 Weeks More!

Remember—this contest closes October 31st. Go to the nearest Paige-Jewett showroom *immediately* and cast your ballot!

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT • • • MICHIGAN

Then deposit this ballot with the dealer.

Everyone who intends to buy a new motor car will find a thorough inspection of this beautiful new car extremely profitable even though he or she does not win one of these handsome awards. For here is an entirely new type of automobile.

You'll Be Well Repaid For Coming To See And Know This Car

Here is a car combining every proved mechanical superiority of the day—with bodies of exquisite beauty and great luxury. Here is a chassis equipped with a wonderfully powerful and economical motor (larger than former Jewett motors) with an air cleaner, balanced crankshaft, high pressure lubrication, bronze-backed bearings, cushioned clutch and silent chain timing. And yet here, too, is a beautiful body replete with that custom exclusiveness and those style embellishments that heretofore have been associated with the costliest motor cars.

There's Little Time Left—Visit A Paige-Jewett Dealer Today

Come to know this car as quickly and thoroughly as you can. Come to know it soon—for when you see it you'll want to name it—and you may win $10,000! But you must hurry for the contest closes October 31st. Go downtown this evening—go now—to the showroom of your local Paige-Jewett dealer—to see and to admire and to name this charming car.

(823)

Watch This Column

REGINALD DENNY in "TAKE IT FROM ME"

"TAKE IT FROM ME," REGINALD DENNY'S very excellent new picture, will be given simultaneous showings in the leading first-run theatres throughout the country when offered to the public. This is a decided and unusual tribute to a star who began at the bottom and worked his way to the top through sheer merit alone.

"TAKE IT FROM ME" is DENNY'S first special and I hope it will meet with the favor to which I am sure it is entitled. There was no limit of time or expense in this production, and in my estimation it is about as near perfection as a screen comedy can be.

William A. Seiter was chosen to direct the picture and this in itself is assurance of excellence. Many of the best pictures in screen history were produced by Mr. Seiter and when I left it in his hands, I felt secure. He has "come through" splendidly.

The story of *"Take It From Me"* is from the famous musical-comedy success by Will B. Johnstone and Will R. Anderson. If you recall that delightful performance, you will know of the treat in store. BLANCHE MEHAFFEY, who has made sure strides as a star, plays opposite DENNY, and the rest of the cast is faultless.

REGINALD DENNY has become one of America's most popular screen favorites, and I bespeak your earnest consideration for his first important special.

KEEP THIS IN YOUR MIND —Forthcoming Universal productions of note: *"The Old Soak"*; *"Poker Faces"*; *"Her Big Night"*; and the spectacular super-melodrama Jules Verne's *"Michael Strogoff."*

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c each for autographed photograph of Reginald Denny and Blanche Mehaffey

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

THE STRUGGLE FOR FUTURE GREATNESS

(Continued from Page 23)

the river first. But, say spokesmen for Arizona, the Santa Fé compact merely transferred the danger from the upper states to Arizona.

Arizona argues that as a closer neighbor she has even more need of protection against California than the upper states, and has at least as much reason for blocking development for California's benefit until her own future needs are taken care of. Like the upper states, her development must be relatively slow, at least as compared with California. Therefore she cannot voluntarily allocate half the water to the upper states for their slow development and let California and Mexico take the other half for their quick development.

Few states have as much empty land that might be needed when population presses upon the soil forty or fifty years from now as Arizona. But she fears that California's present necessity for flood protection and imminent need of water and power will give the larger state a future monopoly of the river. Once taken by others, the water will be gone as far as she is concerned, and dreams of a great and glorious future will have gone also.

Arizona is told to be big-hearted and generous, and not care where development takes place so long as it takes place in the United States. They tell her that state lines ought not to govern in this matter. But the baby state sees no reason why she should stand out as the generous benefactor when other richer states are looking out for themselves.

She is one of the poorest. Only a little more than one-third of the land is subject to taxation, the rest being owned by the Federal Government. The two chief industries—stock breeding and mining—have probably reached their zenith. If she is to have any future it must be predicated upon the great river.

To understand how the people of Arizona feel, it is necessary to glance for a moment at the physical relation of the state to the Colorado River. Of its territory 97 per cent is within the basin of the river and is said to constitute 43 per cent of the entire basin. Only a tiny piece in the extreme southeastern part of the state near Douglas lies outside the basin. Of none of the other states is this true.

The Arizona Viewpoint

Only a small fraction of California lies within the drainage basin, and as a state it contributes hardly more than 2 per cent to that area. Arizona contributes more water to the river than any other state except Colorado—nearly a third of the whole amount.

California contributes none at all. The river flows exclusively through Arizona territory for more than 300 miles, and at no point enters California, although California bounds it on the west for quite a distance. But Arizona bounds it an even greater distance on the east.

All the sites for power dams are on Arizona soil, with the single exception of Boulder Canyon, which lies between Arizona and Nevada. Naturally California has no exclusive dam sites. If the river is ever developed to its full 6,000,000 horse power seven-eighths of this will be generated within the boundaries of Arizona.

Spokesmen for Arizona say that California, having used up its own resources, is now reaching out for those of its neighbor state, which will find itself left in the lurch. Governor Hunt has said that in view of his state's physical position, the most naïve, patronizing and unconsciously humorous remark ever made in connection with the Colorado River was that of a Californian who said that his state would deal not only fairly but generously with Arizona!

Arizona is not reaching out to take away the vast water resources of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers in Northern and Central California. Why then should California try to take Arizona's water? Los Angeles needs water for its future population, but why should not Arizona take its own water for irrigation purposes to feed that population?

Southern California will use Colorado River water for irrigation, thus releasing water now used in that way for domestic purpose. "But what natural or economic law or what mandate from the Almighty," asks Governor Hunt, "makes it imperative that Southern California should grow at the expense of Arizona? We are curious to know what special arrangements with the Deity the California politicians have which gives them information that California is going to continue to grow and that Arizona is going to remain stationary and unable to use her own resources."

California already has vastly more irrigated land than Arizona, and is a richer state by several billions of dollars. Why then should she demand Arizona's water to irrigate more land? "We are not willing to let the sheep of flood protection cover up the wolf of power and water greed," says Thomas Maddock, former state engineer. "We won't allow you—California—to get away with our resources just because you need protection."

Rejected Propositions

Back of the vehemence of Arizona's attitude there is, I suspect, a resentment, largely unconscious, at the somewhat blatant and boastful attitude which a rich and fast-growing community nearly always takes toward its weaker and poorer neighbors.

"The city of Los Angeles is the dominant economic unit within the sphere of influence of the Colorado River project," is the calm and magnificent way in which one official spokesman for that city puts it. "Hence the needs and financial resources of Los Angeles will play the most important part in insuring California the benefits of this project."

"We do not want anything we are not entitled to," said Mayor Evans, of Riverside, in addressing the House Committee on Irrigation and Reclamation. "But you will all be out there—California—some day with us anyway. You are all coming eventually. So that you might just as well prepare to enjoy yourselves when you come."

Even jests of this sort, with their half-serious attempt at proselytizing, do not smooth the feelings of Arizona. The great crowds that rush through states like Utah, Nevada, New Mexico and Arizona on their way to take up residence in California seem for the most part strangely unaware of both the scenic beauties and potential resources of these intermountain states.

To them Arizona is only desert, although California has much larger and more pronounced desert areas. But topography and geology mean nothing in newspaper headlines and general conversation, so that elderly women who are overcome by the heat while on a transcontinental railroad or automobile trip are always affected that way in popular account in the Arizona desert, even though they were traveling at the time west of the border. All the deserts are wished upon Arizona or Nevada as a matter of course.

In the same way, when the California papers write up the scenic marvels of that vast and mysterious region, the Navaho and Hopi country of Northern Arizona, they have a curious habit of referring to the objects described, such as the Rainbow Bridge, as being "near Los Angeles," despite the fact that the distances separating these places range from 600 to 800 miles.

Perhaps the reader will say that this is the merest trifle, but when repeated many times it does not altogether escape the attention of the proud and loyal residents of Arizona, who may not be so numerous as the newly come hordes in Southern California, but are just as sensitive.

Insignificant as such straws are, they help to explain the biting gall in Governor Hunt's remark when, in referring to the expressions of opinion on the Colorado problem made by a California representative, he says:

"Views which seem to be typical of Southern California, which might be defined as 'What is yours belongs to me and what is mine is my own.'"

But it must not be supposed that Arizona's attitude is based wholly or fundamentally upon sentimental considerations. More important by far is the question of the location of the first dam to be built.

Even before the Colorado River Compact was drawn up in 1922 applications had been made to the Federal Power Commission to build dams at various points along the river, and numerous applications have been made since then. The Federal Power Commission consists of the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of Agriculture. As the law now stands, no dam can be built without the consent of this commission.

The chief applicants consisted of several power companies in Southern California, one in Utah, a great municipality in Southern California, and engineers in Arizona, presumably representing the large copper-mining companies which desire cheaper power than they now have. The most ambitious program, however, was that presented by the largest of the power companies in Southern California.

None of these applications has ever been granted by the Federal Power Commission, on the ground that it would be unwise to permit construction until the states settle among themselves their respective water rights.

If the states had agreed among themselves in 1922, or at any time since, and the Federal Power Commission had granted one or more applications, the whole problem of the Colorado would have been several years on its way toward solution by now. One of the power companies has been willing ever since 1921 to build a series of dams which would not only generate power but also would afford adequate flood protection to the Imperial Valley.

Public-Ownership Propaganda

If the power companies had been allowed to go ahead there would have been no delay and the United States Government would not have been called upon to invest a cent. There would be no removal of physical property from state taxation, which may be the case if the Government builds the dam, and there would be no issue of tax-exempt securities.

Spilt milk is a poor thing to cry over, and it should be recognized that in the several years' interval of inaction sentiment in California against private corporations building dams on the Colorado has made itself exceedingly vocal. That some of the principal arguments put forth are more fanatical than logical does not alter the point.

Such extreme statements are made that one begins to doubt whether it is so much the saving of the Imperial Valley that is desired as the injection of public-ownership principles into the job. Perhaps if a person becomes sufficiently enthusiastic in this direction the destruction of a great rich valley may seem a less calamity than the saving of it by a power company.

It is vigorously maintained that a great resource belonging to the people, like the Colorado, should not be given away to private corporations. But power companies do not consume or destroy their own power any more than Mr. Ford rides in all the cars he makes. They sell it to the people just as a municipality does.

(Continued on Page 82)

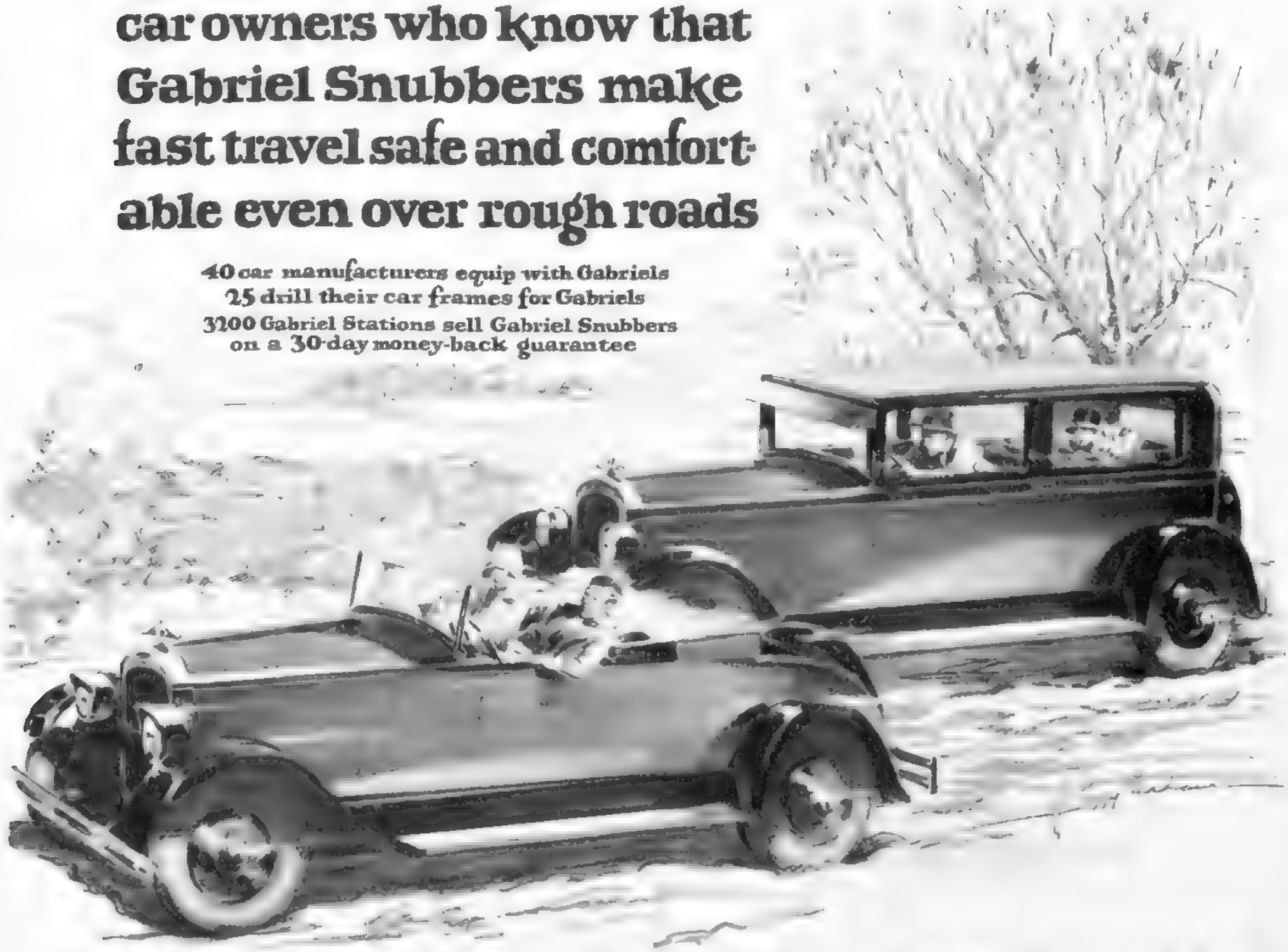
GABRIEL SNUBBERS

The drivers who speed smoothly by, while you lurch and bounce over a rough highway or bumpy detour, may not be as reckless as you think. They are quite likely to be some of the 5,000,000 car owners who know that Gabriel Snubbers make fast travel safe and comfortable even over rough roads

Gabriel Snubbers have been the dominant spring control device for more than 15 years. Today, 5,000,000 car owners use them. 10,000 Snubbers per day are produced to satisfy the demand created by 40 car manufacturers, 20,000 motor car dealers and 3200 Gabriel Sales and Service Stations.

The GABRIEL SNUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.
Cleveland, Ohio Toronto, Canada

40 car manufacturers equip with Gabriels
25 drill their car frames for Gabriels
3200 Gabriel Stations sell Gabriel Snubbers on a 30-day money-back guarantee



Gabriel—and Only Gabriel—Is a Snubber

No need to muzzle that biting pipe

No DOUBT you know some poor suffering pipe-fancier who's spent a fortune on "dawgy" pipes—owns "K9" models galore—and still can't get one that won't "bite" like mad. . . Well, pass these glad tidings along to him:

The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Pipes says "pipe-bite" comes from tobacco that's a bit unripe and guarantees that any man can take the most rambunctious pipe he's got, ream it clean, fill it full of Granger Rough Cut and bid "bite" a fond farewell. . . forever!

For there's not a bit of a bite in a billion bowlfuls of Granger. . . Made solely for pipes by the famous "Wellman Secret," it's as mellow as vintage wine. And cut for pipes, in large slow-burning flakes, it's the coolest, sweetest smoking you ever put a match to. . .

Expensive? No sirree! In the "foil-pouch" package not one cent is spent to put on "dawg". . . no tins, no frills on the outside. . . but *inside*, tobacco worthy of the "dawgiest" pipe in your whole collection.

GRANGER
Rough Cut

The half pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents, the foil-pouch package is ten cents

Made for pipes only!

Granger Rough Cut is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company

(Continued from Page 80)

It is probable that the advocates of public ownership, disappointed in their repeated failures to induce the state to take over the entire power business of California, have turned their efforts to inducing the Government to develop the Colorado. If the Government should handle the Colorado more successfully than it has Muscle Shoals, a demonstration, much needed, would be afforded of government efficiency in business.

But entirely aside from any question of public versus private ownership, the people of Southern California have been more and more stirred and irritated by the long period of inaction and delay into seeking relief through inducing the Federal Government to build the dam itself.

The demand that the Colorado River be tamed and harnessed has become almost a religion in Southern California, and with each additional year of delay it becomes increasingly intense and emotional. Whether blame rests more heavily upon Arizona or upon California is not for the present writer to say. Arizona says that California's propositions in the way of division of water and the benefits therefrom are preposterously inadequate to protect Arizona's future. California retorts that political leaders in Arizona have induced their people to believe that by means of the Colorado the state can be rendered entirely taxless, and that Arizona expects benefits out of all reason. Whichever contention is nearer the truth, the fact remains that all efforts to reach agreement have thus far failed.

Private corporations would build dams quickly enough if given permission. But not only are their applications held up pending agreement among the states; there is, in addition, the objection in the minds of many people that such corporations do not favor a high dam because the interest costs during the long period of construction would prove very expensive for them. They prefer to build a series of low dams, each one bringing in the power as needed. But Southern California wants a dam which will provide domestic water as well as power, and only a high dam will do that.

The Government's Objections

Although it is possible that one or more of the power companies may yet be willing to build a high dam, it is the opinion at present of Doctor Work, Secretary of the Interior, and of Mr. Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, that the best way out of the tangle would be for Congress to empower the Federal Reclamation Bureau to build such a dam.

It is assumed, of course, that the Government itself would not engage in the power business, but would allocate the current to such agencies as are now in the business, either power companies or municipalities, in proportion to their present position in their industry.

"I am not at all in favor of the Federal Government undertaking the construction of public works of this character," says Mr. Hoover; "but we have to bear in mind that this is primarily a water storage, irrigation, domestic-water-supply and flood-control project, all of which are government functions, and power is primarily a by-product."

"I am opposed to government ownership or operation of any public activity that is within the compass of private citizens," says Doctor Work. "For five years I have been directing government services under a mandate to centralize authority and decentralize responsibility. But conflicting, diversified and far-flung interests are involved in the Colorado River development, which compel a closely knit organization to correlate them. No individual or corporate entity licensed for totally different and diversified purposes could be found to guard one interest and equally protect the rights of others.

"The dam, regarded solely for manufacturing and sale of power alone, would be a departure from established government policy, without justification in precedent. Protection against floods, adjudication of rights to the use of waters in international streams, protection of watersheds and navigable streams are recognized functions of the Government. Reclaiming land by irrigation for agriculture and anticipating annually recurring droughts peculiar to arid regions have been accepted as government practice. All of these will be touched or determined by the construction of the proposed Boulder Dam."

Even Secretary Mellon says that while in general he disapproves of Government in business, "in a project which involves a compact between different states and an international agreement, it is apparent that action must be had by the Federal Government if a satisfactory solution is to be obtained. It might be practicable to solve the problem through the Federal Government and still have the project constructed and operated by private enterprise. Congress may, however, feel that full or partial Federal Government ownership would be more convenient, and under the particular circumstances the present case be made an exception to the general rule of sound policy."

Mr. Hoover's Reasoning

Mr. Hoover says that "the largest group of those who have dealt with the problem, both engineers and business folk, have come to the conclusion that there should be a high dam erected somewhere in the vicinity of Black Canyon"—which is substantially the same as Boulder Canyon. Mr. Hoover then summarizes the reasons as follows:

"There are theoretical engineering reasons why storage works should be erected farther up the river and why flood-control works should be erected farther down; and I have not any doubt that given another century of development all these things will be done. The problem that we have to consider, however, is what will serve the next generation in the most economical manner, and we must take capital expenditure and power markets into consideration in determining this.

"I can conceive the development of perhaps fifteen dams on the Colorado River—the securing of 6,000,000 or 7,000,000 horse power; but the only place where there is an economic market for power today, at least of any consequence, is in Southern California, the economical distance for the most of such dams being too remote for that market. No doubt markets will grow in time so as to warrant the construction of dams all up and down the river. We have to consider here the problem of financing; that in the construction of such a dam—or of any works for that matter—we must make such recovery as we can on the cost, and therefore must find an immediate market for power. For that reason logic seems to drive us as near the power market as possible, and it therefore takes us into the lower canyon."

Black and Boulder canyons lie below the Grand Canyon National Park, whereas the other site most often mentioned—Glen Canyon—lies above the Park. One difficulty with the upper site is that so many important tributaries enter the river below it that a dam at that point would not desilt the water sufficiently for domestic use in California.

Although Boulder Dam would create a reservoir thirteen times as large as the Elephant Butte—the largest of the sort now in the United States—it would fill up with silt itself in course of time. But most engineers believe that this will take several hundred years, and by then the demand for power will warrant not only the Glen but many other dams.

It is possible that a lower dam, merely for flood protection, and in no way intended to generate power or provide water for irrigation or domestic use, could be built more cheaply and quickly, still farther down the river, somewhere in the neighborhood of

(Continued on Page 84)

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TEST all your tires, including the spare, at least once a week with a Schrader Tire Gauge.

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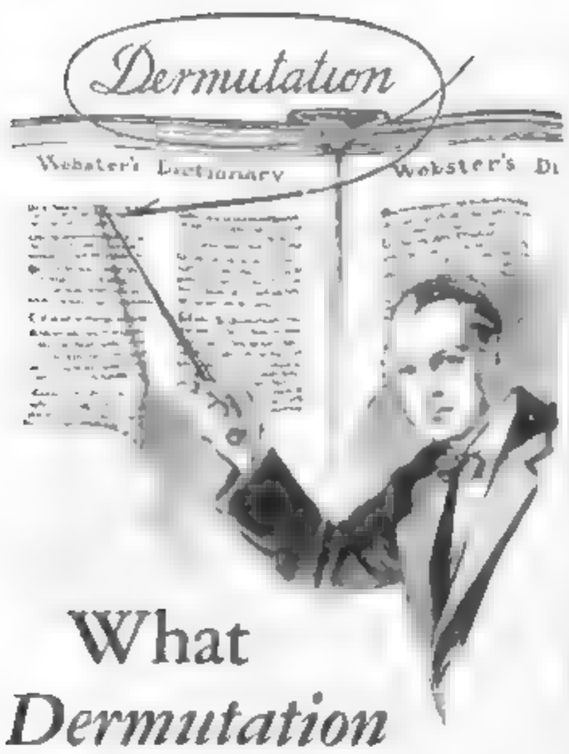

What *Dermutation* Means—

Beard softening in the exclusive Mennen way

I get lots of letters asking me the meaning of *Dermutation*. Millions know that it stands for Mennen beard softening. But some have yet to learn, including Noah Webster's successors.

This Mennen process of absolute beard softening is exclusive with Mennen Shaving Cream. It's made several million regular Mennen stand-bys. So we had to coin a word all our own.

I *could* talk it over with our chemists and come to bat with scientific chatter about the wherefor and why-so of Dermutation. But I'll tell you in my own language what Dermutation will *do* for you.

Wet your face. Hot or cold water, hard or soft—it doesn't matter. Then a dab of Mennen Shaving Cream. Lather it up. Use a rotary motion. Plenty of water makes a whale of a lather. By the time you get your razor on your face, Dermutation has done its good work—it has softened the old beard all over. Shaving seems no more than just removing lather.

No use saying that Mennen makes shaving a pleasure. Shaving's a nuisance at best, but when you use Mennen Shaving Cream the nuisance is reduced to absolute minimum, both of time and annoyance.

Here's the complete Mennen process:

1. Water on face
2. Mennen lather
3. Dermutation
4. Rapid razoring
5. A clean face
6. Smooth as silk

Millions know the value of Dermutation, and use Mennen Shaving Cream every day. If *you* don't, buy a tube today. The *big tube* for 50c. If not satisfied, send me the tube and I'll refund your purchase price plus postage. That's a guarantee.

Demonstration Tube Free

If you want to try Mennen at my expense, send a post card for a Free Demonstration Tube.

* * *

Now about after shaving. There's nothing quite like Mennen Skin Balm. Feel its fine, fresh tingle. Reduces pores. Tones up skin. Makes you look 100%. Price 50c.

Mennen Talcum for Men doesn't show on the face. Absorbs any excess moisture. Tops off the perfect shave. 25c.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM
A great big tube for 50c

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The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec

(Continued from Page 82)

Needles. It is possible also that a dam as high as that proposed for Boulder or Black canyon—the highest in the world—might present engineering difficulties, or at least unusually heavy costs.

On the other hand there is a large body of reputable engineering opinion that holds to the feasibility of such a dam. It is attractive in that it would serve all three purposes of flood protection, power generation and water provision. Besides, there are excellent chances that the power might pay for the entire cost long before the dam and reservoir became obsolete.

But Arizona is practically a unit in opposing a dam at Black or Boulder canyon, while many of its citizens insist that Glen Canyon is the place to build, although it would be hard to find a power site in the country more remote from adequate markets. Arizona's position, however, can be readily explained.

H. S. McCluskey, secretary to Governor Hunt, voiced a general opinion in Arizona when he said that the fact of there being a market for power at Boulder should not be permitted to settle Arizona's destiny forever.

Leaders of the baby state are obliged to admit that there is no market for the vast block of power which could be generated at Glen, but they say Arizona and Utah, which is close to Glen Canyon, will grow. They believe that new mines will be developed and that perhaps the Santa Fe and Union Pacific railroads might use the power to electrify their mountain divisions.

No Place for a Peanut Stand

Boulder will not prevent Glen from being built in after years; in fact, the erection of the one dam will stimulate and hasten the building of the other, for reasons which it is not necessary to go into here. But that is taking a long view—a generation or more—and Arizona does not want to wait that long for its destiny.

Arizona's opposition to Boulder is more specific than this however. A dam at Boulder would mean the reclamation of not more than 275,000 additional acres of land in Arizona. The river is so deep at Boulder, and the banks so high, that water cannot be taken out by gravity to irrigate more than that amount of land in Arizona. But it is said that from Glen, which is much farther up the river, and at a higher altitude, enough water could be taken out to irrigate more than 3,000,000 acres lying between Yuma and Tucson.

The school of opinion in Arizona which favors and believes in this project is not unanimous.

Those who argue for it are known as "high liners." F. E. Weymouth, former chief engineer of the Reclamation Service, has placed the cost at $700,000,000. A 70-mile tunnel and at least a 500-mile canal would be required to get the water through the rough mountain country to where it can be used.

It is true that the land which it is proposed to irrigate has a twelve months' growing season, like the Imperial Valley, and is not so subject to floods or so easy for an invading army to reach.

It can grow long-staple cotton and possibly rubber. Despite the apparently prohibitive cost, no man can say that such a project may not be needed in the distant future. But the dam for such a purpose cannot be paid for now.

Mr. McCluskey, who has represented Governor Hunt in most of the Colorado River negotiations, has said that though Arizona cannot finance anything so expensive as the high-line project in this or the next generation, it has the right to enough water for such a project fifty years or more from now, especially as the upper-basin states demand protection for the same length of time and for projects as far off.

This is cogent reasoning and not easy to answer. Senator Shortridge, of California, who had been listening to a somewhat similar argument from another Arizonan—Fred T. Colter, cattleman—remarked, "Of course we should think of posterity, but we should also have concern as to the present."

"Exactly so, senator," replied Mr. Colter. "That is just the reason why we keep up this fight. I wouldn't want to own a peanut stand in this state if that compact had gone through and our opportunity to develop this river to its maximum capacity had been destroyed, because the only thing that gives present value is the future. When people come to California or Arizona they say, 'What is your future?' And they see there is a bunch of men here who are trying to save this river for the state."

It is to be suspected, however, that Arizona has a much more immediate and far more direct objection to a dam at Boulder than any high-line project. Only half a dam at Boulder would be in Arizona territory, the other half resting in Nevada.

As Nevada has no conceivable interest in any dam except at either Boulder or Black canyon, it is clear that if the Federal Government builds the dam and has litigation or other trouble with Arizona, it would place the power house entirely on the Nevada side, and also the necessary new railroad and highway, as well as the construction camps, all to the keen delight of that none too wealthy and populous state.

Arizona demands and insists that the dam be built on all Arizona territory. Fear that it may be placed elsewhere leads even one of the most conservative newspapers to say: "Los Angeles claims that California wants Boulder Dam. The truth of the matter is that Los Angeles wants it so that it may strangle any striving industries which might locate outside her boundaries."

Governor Hunt has said that California's effort to get the Federal Government to spend its money through the Reclamation Service in building a dam at Boulder is merely an endeavor to use the Government to despoil Arizona. "Arizona may be ravaged, but, like Germany's experience, the profits from the looting which may accrue to California may not be so profitable as she hopes."

Who Owns the River Bed?

It is believed in Arizona that California's efforts to get the dam built directly by the Government is for the purpose of avoiding the necessity of reaching an agreement with the neighboring state. Arizona's reply, at least through her present representatives, is to threaten suit, the moment the Government starts to build, to see who owns the bed of the stream.

Here indeed is a nice question. Despite the fact that Arizona is so closely connected physically with the river, there are lawyers even in Arizona itself who hold that the Federal Government has supreme control. Nearly all the land on both sides is Government land—public domain, Indian reservations and national park. Certainly the Government could prevent Arizona itself from building dams, because, owning the land, it could prevent the erection of power houses.

There is the question also whether the river is navigable, and the additional question whether the Government did not reserve important rights to the Colorado when Arizona was granted statehood. It is by no means certain that the river belongs

(Continued on Page 86)

Temporary Closure of the Break in the West Bank of the Colorado River From the Lower Side, Looking Toward the Site of the Destroyed Rockwood Gates, After the Flood of 1905-06

The Pride of a Custom Brougham

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THIS Studebaker Big Six Custom Brougham is a piece of flawless mechanism jeweled with the details of a custom setting!—hugging the road with the long, lithe lines of a low-swung custom body—gleaming with the lacquered loveliness of a duotone finish—luxuriously upholstered with fine Chase mohair and decorative broadlace trim—set on disc wheels with four-wheel brake control and equipped with a ventilating windshield (exclusively Studebaker) which insures fresh air without drafts or moisture.

But Studebaker never sells looks alone—underneath the custom luxury of this superb Custom Brougham is the famed longevity of the unit-built Studebaker chassis.

It is powered with the quiet Studebaker L-head motor which recently smashed all previous transcontinental records by crossing from New York to San Francisco, under extremely adverse weather conditions, in 86 hours and 20 minutes—a motor long noted for a smooth vibrationless flow of power which can be insured only by Studebaker's big crankshaft, fully machined and dynamically balanced. And poised above its radiator is the silvered figure of Atalanta, symbolizing the futility of pursuit.

Equipment No-draft ventilating windshield, exclusively Studebaker, bumpers, front and rear; engine thermometer and gasoline gauge on the dash; coincidental lock; oil filter and air purifier; automatic windshield cleaner; rear vision mirror, traffic signal light 4-wheel brakes, full-size balloon tires, Gabriel snubbers, and two-beam acorn headlights, controlled from steering wheel.

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Ever-Ready is the finest razor that ever tackled a beard. It makes your shave quicker and your day brighter. Our 10 year guarantee means that we'll replace any Ever-Ready Razor that isn't top notch in every respect. Send it to the

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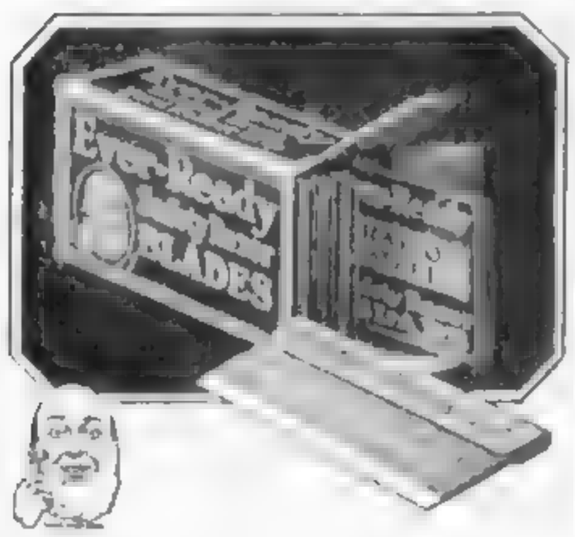

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to Arizona to anything like the extent that many of its people believe to be the case.

But it is also a question whether mere fairness does not require that California pay Arizona some sort of royalty in case the Boulder Dam is built. If the Government builds the dam Arizona will lose a great possible tax ratable. The dam will control floods and furnish Southern California with water, thus adding hundreds of millions of property value to California. Should it not compensate Arizona in some way?

Arizona's only fuel is oil from California or coal from New Mexico. The lands from which these are taken pay taxes in their own states. If California takes water from Arizona should she not pay in the same way?

But other sections of the country might look with dismay on the precedent that would be set if Arizona charged a royalty on water power. Reclamation projects and dams have been built all over the country by the Government, and other states have always been glad to get them, without even suggesting a royalty.

Besides, if Arizona charges a royalty why should not the upper states, which furnish most of the water, demand a rake-off too? If a dam were built at Glen Canyon instead of Boulder the reservoir would be in Utah, in part at least, and Utah might demand a royalty on that.

What is to prevent this royalty idea, once established, from spreading in all directions and proving a regular embargo on industrial development?

It must not be supposed that California is wholly silent in face of Arizona's taunts. It may be true that the ignorant mass of newcomers in the southern part of the coast state do not appreciate the mountain states. But this is not true of the real leaders, who thoroughly understand that Southern California and Arizona are part of the same economic unit. They are economically closer than Southern and Northern California.

Friendly Neighbors

Arizonans in large numbers seek the beaches of California in the summer months, while Californians are learning in increasing numbers to visit the Grand Canyon and other marvels of Northern Arizona in the same season. Not all those who stop off for a day at Grand Canyon yet know whether it is in Colorado or Arizona, but the growing business relationships between the two states insure a better understanding.

Though Arizona buys goods in California, its sale of raw materials to the coast state increases even more rapidly. As population around Los Angeles grows, fewer cattle go east from Arizona and more go west. Perhaps in time mineral products also will move west instead of east.

Los Angeles bankers were the ones who came to the rescue of Arizona's financial institutions a few years ago when depression in farming and in the cattle industry threatened the state with bankruptcy.

Will not Arizona benefit in the long run from the growth of California? Its markets will be increased by the added wealth that Boulder Dam creates. It will secure between 200,000 and 300,000 acres of new irrigation from Boulder Dam, in addition to flood protection for a number of existing projects within its own boundaries.

Portions of Arizona will secure cheaper power from the dam. Perhaps the state will enter into prosperity and growth sooner by cooperating with California's growth than by opposing it. The two states are immediate neighbors; can one prosper without there being a reflection in the other?

Wealth and population are small in Arizona as compared with California. But the percentage of growth has been very remarkable indeed. The state has been settled by white men and free from Indian disturbances a short time, comparatively speaking. All things considered it is doubtful if any other state has such just cause for pride. Great mining industries, large farming areas, unequaled scenic attractions, good roads, excellent schools, a large state university, flourishing cities, famous health resorts—all these have been established or rendered accessible in an amazingly short period of time.

It may be mere coincidence that this development has come pace by pace with that of Southern California, which borders Arizona on the west. Or is there a closer and deeper connection here than mere chance?

In conclusion it may be said that the Middle West and East have nothing to fear from a controlled and developed Colorado River. The climatic conditions are such that agricultural products are not seriously in competition with those of other parts of the United States. A large part of the products are not to be grown elsewhere, and particularly not at the time of year when raised in the Southwest. This region produces winter fruits and vegetables greatly needed in the large centers of the East.

It has taken twenty-five years to irrigate from the Colorado 781,000 acres of the best and most available lands—those easiest to irrigate. Even the land in Mexico has not come into cultivation suddenly. As Mr. Hoover has said:

"It will require approximately ten years to complete the engineering work, and another ten years before a complete use can be made of the available water to these valleys, and therefore, before production becomes very substantial, there will be a period of fifteen to twenty years. In that time the population of the United States will have increased 20,000,000 to 30,000,000, and that production will be very badly needed. I would be the last to wave the magic wand which would bring it on at the present moment."

It is not generally understood that the demand for Eastern products from the Pacific Southwest increases more rapidly than the growth of that area itself. As Southern California piles up population it buys proportionately more and more in Eastern markets, for that is the only place where varied and miscellaneous manufactured products can be bought, since it is the only place except Europe where they are made in large quantities.

E. F. Scattergood, manager of the Bureau of Power and Light of the city of Los Angeles, estimates that when the Boulder Dam is finished the Southwestern region will be able to contribute $100,000,000 increased annual revenues to the Federal Government under the existing tariff, income-tax and corporation-tax laws, thus aiding to that increased extent in paying off the war debt.

Profits in Cooperation

However these figures may be arrived at, it is certain that with flood protection, with great additional blocks of power, with essential domestic water and the assurance of reliability of the existing irrigation water, the wealth of this region and its tax-paying ability will have vastly increased. The effect, however, should come even before the event. Confidence is what starts things, and business would begin to expand before the work would be completed.

No tragedy would be more inexcusable and unwarranted than the failure of California and Arizona to reach an agreement that will make all this possible. If California, by means of its superior population, wealth and presumed political influence, drives through legislation which is sincerely opposed by constructive and intelligent leaders of Arizona thought, the action will leave a protracted legacy of hate and litigation. Despite opposition from outside, it may be advisable for California directly to compensate Arizona, if some legal and constitutional method can be found.

But Arizona must remember that self-preservation is the first law of Nature, and that great urban populations will in the long run take water for domestic use through a law of necessity than which none is higher or more primary. It is a serious question also whether Arizona's future greatness will not come more surely from cooperating with California than from defying her. The stimulus, the inevitable overflow of a neighboring growth, may prove more real than any vast unearned increment which may be only the child of fancy.

Wise, farsighted and disinterested leadership, free from personal or political bias, is the only human force that can lead these states out of a morass of misunderstanding into the rich fruitage of a great future.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood.

TITLE SNIPERS

(Continued from Page 49)

The caller was a swart, beady-eyed person about fifty, a man with a jowl empurpled by a closely shaven beard. He was Schwartzheimer. The Jensens had never heard of title snipers, and when this man introduced himself as a lawyer they accepted him as just that. Then he told them whom he represented; but, of course, they did not realize that when he spoke of his client, Mr. Littlejohns, he really was referring to a blatherskite partner of himself.

"Your house," began Mr. Schwartzheimer sternly, when he confronted Mr. Jensen just under the wire basket of ferns suspended from the ceiling of the sun parlor, "is encroaching on my client's property."

"You're crazy," growled Jensen. "I got a deed for this house and everything is regular."

"Mister," emphasized the caller, "this solarium that we're standing in is built on land that belongs to my client. There's no use for me and you to fight, is there? Let's talk this over like gentlemen. I can show you."

A cold fear had settled into the pit of Jensen's stomach quite as if he had dined on ice instead of pot roast and noodles with paprika. Mrs. Jensen was merely interested. She was waiting in the background for that moment, which she was confident would arrive, when her Jensen would expel the invader by the scruff of his neck and the slack of his trousers. But Jensen disappointed her. His anger never reached that pitch. Instead, he listened three times to a careful explanation, which slighted certain details, as to how the Jensen house was encroaching on property that belonged to this mysterious Mr. Littlejohns.

"You see," explained Mr. Schwartzheimer, "this here development was the Jacob Verlein farm. Adjoining the Verlein farm—next to it, I mean—was the Hobson farm. Now your house, through no fault of yours, Mr. Jensen, is partially built on what was the old Hobson farm.

"Old Jake Verlein hired a surveyor to lay out his farm in building lots, but they didn't sell so well. Then the fellow you bought from acquired the farm. In the meantime the street was run through here and it didn't follow the dividing line of the two farms. See here" He unfolded a block map of the region and indicated a green line that was drawn across it, a belt that passed through the front of the space occupied by the Jensens.

"That green line was the old dividing line of the farms, as I say," resumed the placative Mr. Schwartzheimer. "The street, instead of following the farm line,

(Continued on Page 90)

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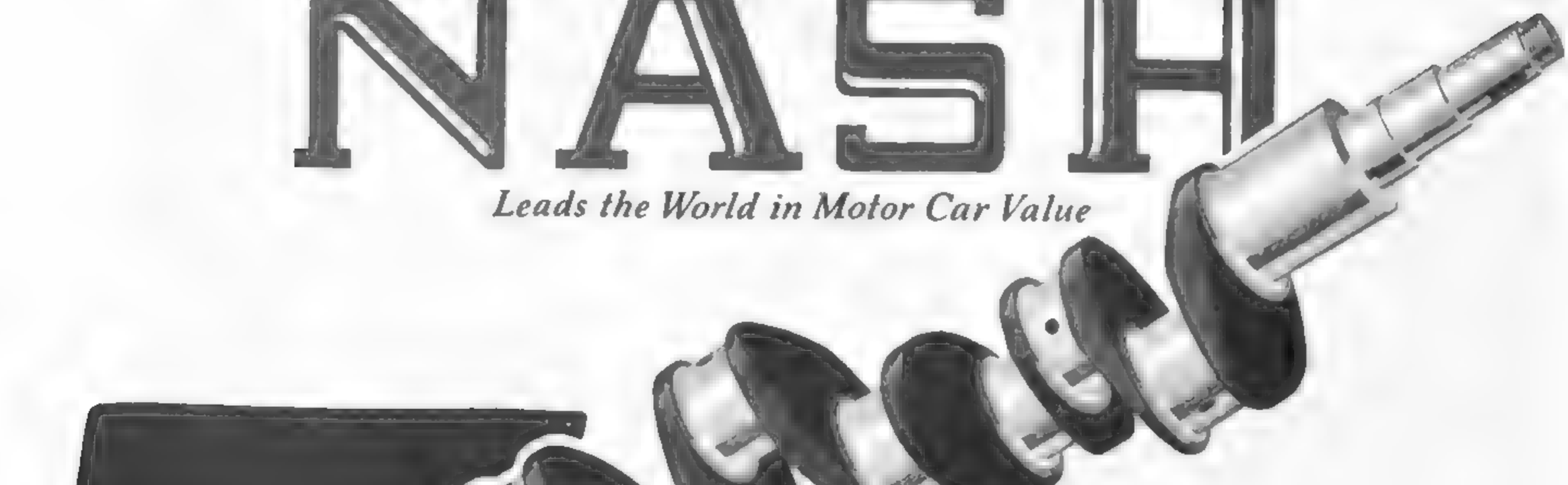

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Fisher Bodies · Delco and Remy Electrical Equipment · Harrison Radiators · Jacox Steering Gears AC Spark Plugs · AC Speedometers · New Departure Ball Bearings Jaxon Rims · Brown-Lipe-Chapin Differentials and Bevel Drive Gears Hyatt Roller Bearings · Inland Steering Wheels · Klaxon Horns.

General Motors passenger cars, Delco-Light electric plants and Frigidaire electric refrigerators may be purchased on the GMAC Time Payment Plan.

THE lamps, the windshield and the top were "extra" when the first cars were sold. Nobody thought of driving except on sunny days.

But Fisher Bodies conquered storm and cold—just as Delco had conquered the night and made starting easy—and the car became a universal servant.

It was in 1910 that Cadillac placed the first big order with Fisher for closed bodies, 150 of them, an overwhelming contract for that time.

Today Fisher is building 1,000,000 closed bodies a year, utilizing all the resources of volume production to enhance quality and lower costs, and keeping alive throughout its whole organization an active striving for constant improvement.

Fisher Body is a member of the General Motors family. A Fisher plant is an integral part of every General Motors car division. This means utmost economy. It enables General Motors to make quality closed cars for every purse and purpose, *all* with Fisher Bodies.

© G.M.C. 1926

MOTORS

There's a Hole *unseen*--but amounting to four square inches of exposure--in practically every window!

YOU can't see window cracks. But you can see the dust they admit, hear them rattle and feel the dangerous drafts. Now you can stop drafty windows with an all metal weather strip. Seals completely, and permanently. Costs far less than ordinary metal weather strip, and you can apply it yourself easily and quickly. Saves its cost in coal bills.

Anyone Can Install Economy All Metal Weather Strip

Scissors and hammer. That's all you need to apply this new weather strip. Unnecessary to remove doors or windows. No woodwork marred. No tacking in "hard-to-get-at places." The whole job is done from inside of house . . . in 20 to 30 minutes!

No Measuring

Complete in a package with bronze nails. One package strips a window or door. You can cut the thin bronze strip with ordinary scissors as easily as cloth. Simple instructions—absolutely foolproof—in every package.

Costs Less Than the Coal It Saves

Just think of weather-stripping your windows for about two dollars each. Any other metal weather strip would cost you from two to three times as much and will not give you more satisfactory protection.

All the better hardware stores sell Bosley's Economy All Metal Weather Strip. Buy it and apply it yourself today.

The D. W. BOSLEY COMPANY
Chicago

BOSLEY'S
ECONOMY
ANYONE CAN INSTALL
The All Metal
WEATHERSTRIP

(Continued from Page 86

was moved over eighty feet and four inches onto the Hobson farm. The street is seventy feet wide and that leaves a strip of the old Hobson land ten feet four inches wide on this side of the street. See how it is?"

Jensen was quite sure he did not see, but that extra four inches had a connotation of deadly accuracy that left him no powers for argument. He shook his head dumbly.

"Then," continued Mr. Schwartzheimer, "the contractor that put up these houses just assumed that the lots reached right up to the street and built them accordingly."

"What are my neighbors going to do about it?" asked the bewildered Jensen.

"Well, you see, they are buying their houses on a monthly payment plan and the contracts they signed called for title-insurance policies."

"But if the titles aren't good, why would a title company insure them?" inquired Jensen hopefully.

"Mister," said the cynical Mr. Schwartzheimer, "tell me this: How many kinds of eggs are there? For every kind of an egg I can show you a title company to match it. The good ones rarely insure bad titles."

Jensen went to see a lawyer the next day. It cost him fifty dollars to get the one he selected to listen to him, but it proved to be money well spent.

A couple of weeks later the lawyer sent for him and made the sorry business a little more clear to him.

"This fellow Schwartzheimer and his partner Littlejohns found out about this error in locating your street or in locating your houses. They found out about it because they are always on the watch for such things. Then they located the heirs of old man Hobson who used to own that farm. One is an old maid who lives in the city. The other is a son, a veterinary out in a town in Pennsylvania. They wrote to them and explained that in order to perfect title to some property they wished to acquire quitclaim deeds from the owner of the Hobson farm."

Well-Known to Lincoln

"Both the son and the daughter of the late Mr. Hobson wrote that their father had sold off his farm in lots and had no property left. The spinster added that she thought he had got a good price for it too. Then other letters were sent to them, explaining that only a technicality was involved, but just to be on the safe side they would like to give Miss Hobson and her brother, Doctor Hobson, each a check for fifty dollars in return for an assignment of all rights in that farm. For the Hobsons it seemed like finding money and they executed conveyances transferring rights they were quite sure were as soap bubbles. When they had those quitclaim deeds in their possession, these two trouble makers had a valid finger in that little pie you call your home, as well as in the homes of your neighbors.

"What they are after is a profit. I have discussed the matter with him and with Littlejohns. They don't want to go to court. But then, neither do you. The thing to do is to compromise."

"You mean pay 'em some money?" Jensen paled. "How much?"

"Well, Mr. Jensen, the least they would listen to when I began to talk with them was $2000, but I got them into a frame of mind now to take $500. For that much they will surrender all claims against you. I'd advise you to accept the proposition."

Jensen did, and called himself lucky. Land values in his neighborhood had advanced. A housing shortage had increased the value of his dwelling. That for which he had paid $6500, because of these subtle changes in values and because of his own improving efforts, was easily worth $7500; and so Jensen's wife went again to the savings bank, and with $500 they bought off the invaders to go and leave them in peace.

Abraham Lincoln had been dead for some years when Schwartzheimer and Littlejohns were born into the world, but nevertheless Lincoln knew them, or men quite on a level with them, because one time Lincoln asked:

"Who can be more nearly a fiend than he who habitually overhauls the register of deeds in search of defects in titles, whereupon to stir up strife and put money in his pocket? A moral tone ought to be enforced in the profession which would drive such men out of it."

There are numerous title defects which cannot be discovered by any amount of legal skill, treacherous flaws in property rights which it is extraordinarily difficult to guard against; as, for example, unexpected widows and their dower rights, heirs born after the making of a will that disposes of real estate, unpaid taxes not revealed by title searches, forged satisfaction pieces executed by owners to conceal the existence of an unpaid mortgage, errors in description, dishonest conveyancers who sell one piece of property half a dozen times, and many others. All contain the seeds of melodrama, but these seeds ordinarily do not germinate until a title sniper goes prospecting for them.

Baiting Unsuspecting Heirs

Sometimes, as the twitching tail of a house cat discloses its presence in tall grass where it stalks song birds, the stalking of the title sniper is betrayed to knowing ones by advertisements in the classified-advertising sections of newspapers. These baits are sandwiched in with quite legitimate inquiries of estate administrators. They read something like this:

"If the heirs of the late Timothy J. Bagman will communicate with the undersigned they will learn something to their advantage.

JOHN DOE,
"Attorney at law."

The heirs of the late Timothy J. Bagman, hoping perhaps that an unsuspected safety-deposit cache of their lamented parent has come to light, or that some rich inventor he may have grubstaked in poverty wishes to reward his progeny, hasten to write. Then they discover that the lawyer, Doe, wants nothing more from them than a quitclaim deed to land they very well know their papa sold years and years ago. Fifty dollars, or even ten dollars, of Mr. Doe's money makes them happy; but sooner or later, in a frightfully disproportionate ratio, some landowner is made very unhappy.

Every county register or recorder of deeds learns to recognize title snipers instinctively.

A recent visitor at the Hall of Records in Brooklyn was shown a slip of yellow paper by James A. McQuade, the register.

"This inquiry, I'll bet money," said Mr. McQuade, "comes from a species of title sniper that we call gore hunters. There are no more of them in Brooklyn, per capita, than anywhere else in the United States, but we have installed a system here designed to make it easy for anyone to find out who owns any particular piece of property in Kings County. We charge a fee of twenty-five cents and the information is produced by clerks quite readily, except in those cases where the last purchaser has not filed his deed. When title snipers seek information here their purpose is rather more transparent than if they muddled through the records themselves as in the old days.

"This yellow paper is the form we supply to inquirers seeking information about the ownership of land. They write in the block number, and every block in the county has its legal number, and indicate, by giving the number of feet from the corner, the location of the particular lot in which they are interested. But this inquiry, you will notice, concerns a triangular piece of ground of insignificant size.

"These small pieces of ground we call gores. A gore is often a small tract which by error in description of boundaries, or in their location in surveying, fails to be included in two or more tracts which would otherwise be adjacent. Here in Brooklyn many of them were produced by the diagonal crossing of streets.

"This inquirer, as it happens, is a person who takes an unaccountable interest in irregularly shaped bits of land. That is, his interest is unaccountable unless he is a gore hunter. Sometimes the gore hunter seeks to profit by establishing himself on a bit of no man's land. More often, I think, he gets quitclaim deeds from heirs who are not interested in such transactions and then waits like a spider for some unsuspecting person to erect an apartment house that encroaches on his gore. 'Gore' is the right word then, for what they go after is a pound of flesh.

"How they hunt is no mystery. They know all the land in the county in which they work. They will go through a street which is growing for the first time a crop of apartment houses instead of corn. It takes them only about two hours to discover whether the title to the property which has aroused their interest is sound. If it is not sound, then they behave pretty much like those regular claimants for damages who show presence of mind in mild railroad wrecks by hitting themselves in the nose. These fellows make of themselves injured parties by buying up the rights of persons who did not regard themselves as being injured and then exploiting those rights."

Title snipers frequently engage in other kinds of real-estate transactions. In fact, title sniping is with many of them just a mean sport. A man who lives in Scranton, Pennsylvania, got a letter from a stranger one day about two years ago. His correspondent offered him $300 for a lot which the Scranton man had bought in Florida during a boom in that state nearly a quarter of a century ago.

The Scranton man did not even bother to dictate a letter of reply. Instead he scrawled across the offer this sentence:

"I paid $300 for this lot and I've paid more in taxes. Nothing doing."

Three days later he got another letter from the town in Florida where his lot was. This second correspondent offered him $250 for his property. He did not reply to that letter, but a few days later still another letter arrived, offering him $350.

"Well," he decided, "I've got three bids from three different sources and none of them very much. I guess that lot hasn't increased in value any to boast about. All these offers seem to have come from real-estate agents."

Advantages in Competition

While he was in that frame of mind he received a fourth letter which purported to come from a manufacturer who needed the Scranton man's lot in order to extend his factory. This writer offered him $600 and said he preferred not to deal through a broker. The Scranton man telegraphed an acceptance to this offer. He was convinced that the earlier offers had come from brokers who were planning to make a profit by selling his lot to this individual.

When the Florida boom was well under way he went down there to look around, and out of curiosity went to see the lot he had owned for twenty-five years. He discovered that the street in which it was situated had become one of the most flourishing in the town. He also learned that the last purchaser had paid $4000 for it.

It was the secretary of the local chamber of commerce who made it clear to him that he had not realized the profit he had been entitled to because he had failed to penetrate the scheme behind those four letters he had received, which had seemed to fix the valuation of his property. All the letters had been sent at the instigation of the same man.

There would be vastly less trouble with land titles if it could be arranged for every child to be born into the world with a will already signed and sealed.

As primitive people object to having their photographs taken or their pictures

(Continued on Page 92)

Rewarded in Energy and Ambition

"TERRIBLE INDIGESTION BESIEGED ME after every meal. I used up all the home remedies, tried patent medicines, even starved myself. But in vain Then I began to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. Except for one slight touch of indigestion fifteen days later I have not had a repetition of my trouble since. I am now a walking testimonial of what Fleischmann's Yeast can do."

C. H. Wortz, Jr., Fort Smith, Ark

They banished clogged intestines, stomach and skin disorders—regained lost health and vigor—
thanks to one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

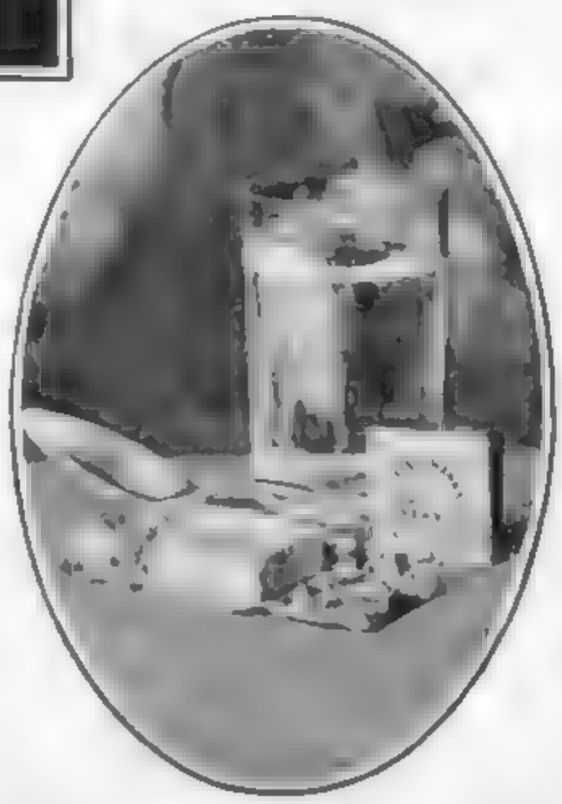
And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-21, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York

"A YEAR AGO I WAS RUN DOWN. Since I am a fancy dancer and need all the strength possible, I started to eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day. My flesh has become more solid and my appetite good. I am now in the best of health so I heartily recommend Fleischmann's Yeast to people who are in a run down condition. To all who want really to enjoy life and what is in it, I say 'Eat three cakes a day and keep the doctor away.'"

ESTELLE (Mikaya) DOYEN
Chicago, Ill.

"I SUFFERED TERRIBLY WITH SKIN ERUPTIONS. Finally a friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. I took three cakes a day and I am happy to say I have never had any skin trouble since. There is fresh Yeast in our ice box all the time and I take it now just to keep fit. My appearance is better, and I feel great It is no longer an effort to be pleasant and courteous."

THEODORE EDWIN MARR, Baltimore, Md



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation

LEFT

"I WAS A VICTIM OF TERRIBLE CONSTIPATION, accompanied by a breaking out on my face and back. I had tried many medicines, but without success. Then I read about Fleischmann's Yeast. I never had tried it as a food but I found it delicious, and ever since then I have taken it at every meal. The results have been astonishing. My constipation and my skin trouble—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast—have entirely disappeared."

JESSIE KRIEG, Rochester, N. Y

Breaking Men *of the* High Price Habit

MEN who used to pay high prices have discovered that Trufab Bi-Spun hose satisfy the demands of the most careful grooming; and, in addition to smart styles and colorings, give far longer service than old-type socks because of

Bi-Spinning

-the amazing new process that invisibly reinforces the entire sock-adding months of extra wear

Bi-Spinning is exclusive with Trufab. It permits an unconditional guarantee: Either they satisfy you, or you get your money back. This new discovery brings more attractive colors, helps keep Trufab socks trim-fitting through many launderings.

The type you prefer to wear is available in good shops, and prices range from *35c to $1.00*

Tru-fab
Bi-Spun HOSIERY FOR MEN

CLIMAX HOSIERY MILLS
Founded 1902 ATHENS, GEORGIA
New York Office: 366 Broadway

Typical Trufab Bi-Spun hose, of pure Virgin Australian Wool, with smart French clock-stripe effects in Rayon, retailing everywhere for only $1.

(Continued from Page 90)

painted for fear their submission will somehow through sympathetic magic shorten their lives, so do we moderns avoid making a will because it seems too much like taking a long stride toward the grave. So, many times, it is postponed and postponed until the distasteful happening has occurred and it is too late.

There are still many detached houses up in that beehive of apartments known as the Bronx, and one day the owner of such a house, a trim Colonial home with a smart hedge, a garage and a police-dog kennel, went to one of the big New York title companies to borrow a bit of cash by giving a mortgage on his home. His wife's health, it seemed, was causing him some worry. A doctor had prescribed several months at an expensive sanatorium.

The title-company executive who dealt with him agreed to accept a mortgage and set a date for closing the transaction, allowing time enough to investigate the title. On the appointed day the man did not appear. For several days the executive kept the papers on his desk; then he wrote to the home owner.

A few days later a frail woman veiled in mourning came in and introduced herself as the widow of the Bronx man. He had died quite unexpectedly, and there was an even more pressing need of cash than when he was alive.

"I'd like to complete the arrangement my husband was making with you," she said.

"Yes, yes," temporized the title man. "Your husband had made a will?"

"No," said the woman, in a tone that revealed how little importance she attached to such documents. "No; he thought it was useless, since there were just the two of us. We have no children."

"Had he any blood relatives?" inquired the company officer.

"Just a sister in Philadelphia," said the widow. "I saw her only once and that was years ago on our wedding trip. She didn't come to the funeral, although I sent her a telegram. Instead of that she sent me a letter of sympathy, and it's only a two-hour trip from Philadelphia. A fine sister, I say." She was quite indignant as she rehearsed the story of this neglect.

The Widow's Mite

The title-company man was distressed, but he felt obliged to break the bad news to the woman, and there was no way to break it gently. What he then said stunned the woman as completely as if he had struck her with a baseball bat.

"You see," he said, "the law now, as in the dim past, provides that in the absence of a will, real estate passes only to those of a man's own blood. This does not include a wife, naturally. Your portion of that home is what is called a dower right."

The widow searched her mind for a word while her eyes brimmed with tears, but her search was futile. The best she could muster was an exhalation that sounded to the title-company man like an emphatic "Well!"

But assume that the widow, instead of being a rather helpless, pathetic creature, had been endowed with cunning as well as her dower right. Assume that she had concealed her husband's death not only from his sister but had also concealed the sister's existence from persons who accepted her invitation to buy the property after she had succeeded in having probated a forged will. In the absence of any other heirs, such a document might not be subjected to a very severe scrutiny. Assume further that she succeeded in selling the house.

Even the best of title searchers might fail to discover the falsity of the will. It is for such situations that title insurance was designed. In this case the Philadelphia sister would be classified as a missing heir; but when she turned up, when she ceased to be a missing heir and began to demand her rights, that is where the title-insurance policy would cover the new owners of that hypothetical home in the Bronx like an umbrella

The Start of Title Insurance

The first title company was organized in Philadelphia in 1876. It occurred to some Philadelphians that time could be saved in title searches if all papers bearing on land titles were indexed according to locality. Some of the tediousness that stood between them and this goal is suggested by the fact that it took one of the first companies formed in New York City more than ten years to make such an index. But when it was completed, the name indexes were discarded in title searches involving deeds that contained actual descriptions of the property.

In 1885 the New York Legislature provided for the organization of title guaranty companies "for the purpose of examining titles to real estate; procuring and furnishing information in relation thereto and of guaranteeing and insuring bonds and mortgages and the owners of real estate and others interested in the property against loss by reason of defective titles and other encumbrances that might be found to exist."

Now, in this comparatively new field, there are in Philadelphia alone sixty or more title companies. Newark, a city of some 500,000, supports half a dozen companies.

According to Clarence H. Kelsey, the chairman of the board of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company of New York, the experience of well-managed title-guaranty companies shows losses of only 2 per cent of the gross charges made by these companies for insuring titles. What percentage of those losses is caused by the tricks and devices of title snipers it is not possible to say with accuracy, but the proportion must be considerable. Losses in this case mean sums expended to indemnify policyholders or else in direct settlement with those who come forward with defensible claims against the property of these policyholders.

Sometimes extraordinary precautions are taken by the title companies to checkmate title snipers. As an instance of this there was the purchase not so long ago by one of the title companies of the East of a mass of old town records of one of the earliest Dutch settlements in America.

For twenty years persons owning property in that town were disturbed many times by recurring rumors of disclosures that might be made some day if access were had to the ancient records of the town. It is not possible to say how those rumors started, but they grew with the persistence and virility of thistles.

A local historian had found these records stacked up in the cellar of the town library. He had these mutilated records patched up, and when his history writing was ended by death the papers became a part of his estate. As antiquities they possessed no great value, and yet agents of one of the large title companies operating in that community, a company which had committed itself through insurance policies to the guaranty of the soundness of land titles there, hastened to arrange for the purchase of these age-yellowed documents. They bought them sight unseen, to use an expression of country traders, paying for them a sum in excess of $10,000.

Once they had them in their possession, the officials of this company arranged for a minute study of the old papers; but when they had been carefully searched, it was found that they had practically no real-estate value. Even so, the title-company executives were well satisfied with their purchase.

An influence which tended to disquiet titles to a fabulously valuable area of city property had been scotched. When they were persuaded once and for all that the long-missing records contained nothing that would compromise titles in that region, they presented the records to the public library.

If there were any title snipers in the throng that gazed at these records in the glass cases in which they were exposed for some days after the presentation, they must have been disgusted by the triviality of some of the facts recorded in these supposedly important records. As an instance, the colonial Dutchman who had been in charge of this town diary on July 15, 1675, on that date had made this entry:

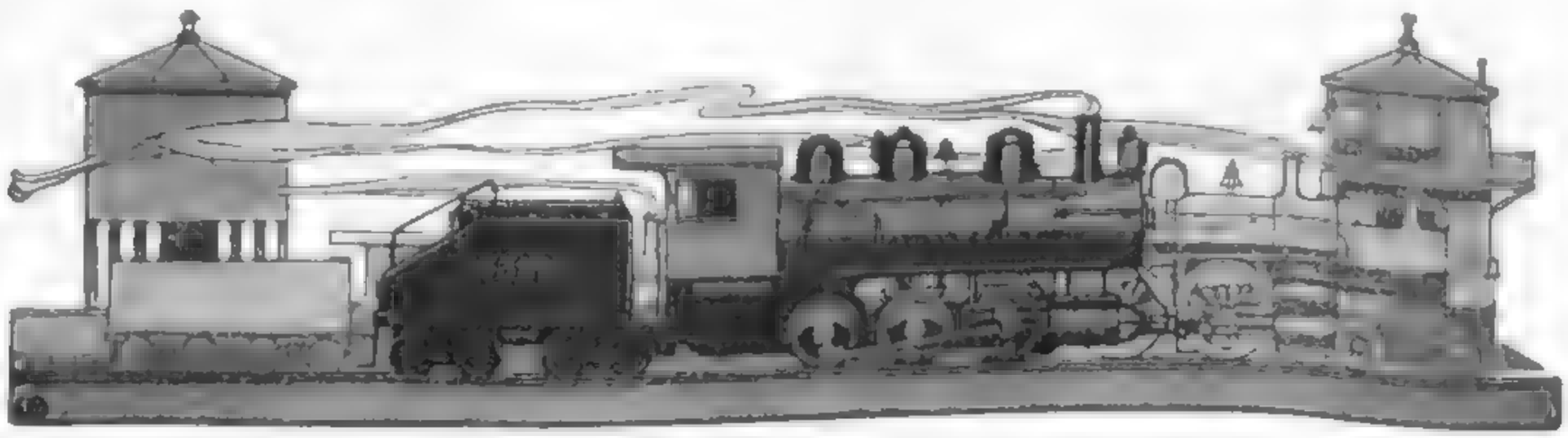
"Set hen to brood."

A Chance for Big Business

A pretty question of ethics is suggested by this affair. Suppose the town records had contained something of real-estate value. Suppose they had contained facts which, if made public, would have served to set up a group of claimants to millions of dollars' worth of land through chains of inheritance that could be established only by earnest digging and searching in still other records. Suppose that this would have tended to compromise the value of the equity of the present holders of that land. What then should have been the course of the title-company officials?

Should they have burned the troublesome papers secretly in their furnaces? Or should they have inserted advertisements in a number of newspapers, promising that the descendants of the late Hans Brinker and the late Brom Bones, who in the year 1675 resided in the town of So-and-So, would learn something to their advantage by communicating with the This-and-That Title Guaranty Company?

If you hold to the view that the destruction of such papers would be a great wrong, perhaps you also feel that something ought to be done about locating the heirs of those Indians who in the year 1626 sold Manhattan Island to Governor Peter Minuit for twenty-four dollars. If you do feel that those redskin heirs ought to be looked up and further compensated, you may be sure that there are title snipers who are in complete accord with your view—and they are not Indians either.



Something New in Transportation

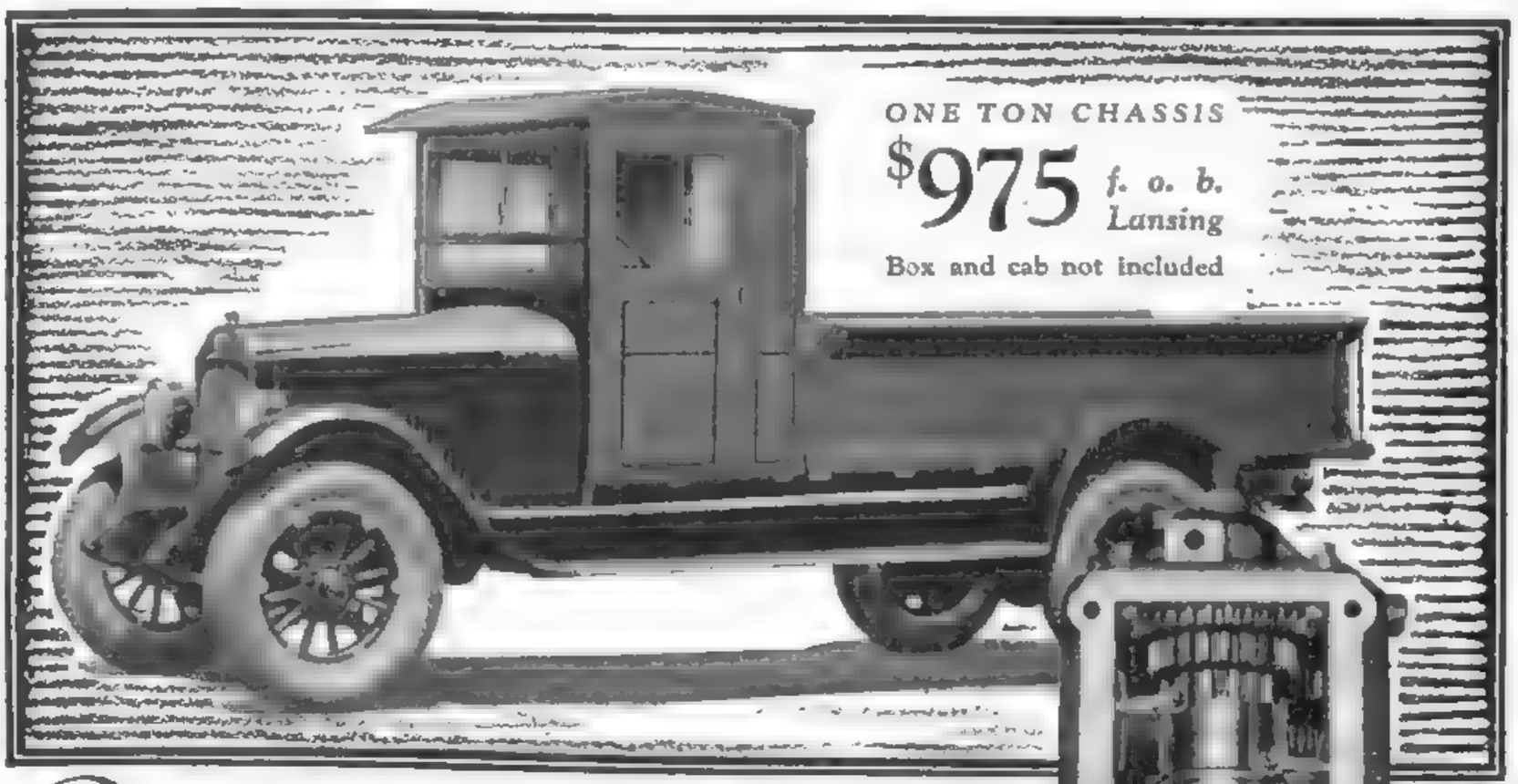
STAR SIX

COMPOUND FLEETRUCK

40 BRAKE HORSE POWER

4 FORWARD SPEEDS

37% to 72% MORE EFFICIENCY BY TEST



ONE TON CAPACITY

ONE TON CHASSIS

$975 *f. o. b. Lansing*

Box and cab not included

128" WHEELBASE

SPEED, POWER AND ECONOMY

Ask the nearest Star Car dealer to show you this New Truck Transmission and demonstrate its operation.

Because of this

The greatest single step forward in a quarter century of Motor Transportation. A new type of transmission with the *economy shift*—a 4th forward gear that increases motor efficiency, gasoline mileage, speed and power range. Easy to operate—a forward push on gear lever instantly changes from 3rd to 4th, reducing fuel cost 20%.

Here is a new one ton six-cylinder truck chassis that is built for present day demands in business. The COMPOUND FLEETRUCK is not an adaptation of a standard chassis — It is new throughout and built for

MORE POWER — MORE SPEED — MORE ECONOMY

Star Car Dealers throughout the country are prepared to demonstrate the COMPOUND FLEETRUCK and explain this new economy shift with the overdrive principle.

STAR CAR PRICES

Improved Star Four

Com. Chassis	$470
Convertible Roadster	550
Touring	550
Coupe	675
Coach	695
Sedan	795

The New Star Six

Chassis	$650
Touring	725
Coupe	820
Coach	880
De Luxe Sport Roadster	910
Sedan	975
Sport Coupe	995
Landau	995

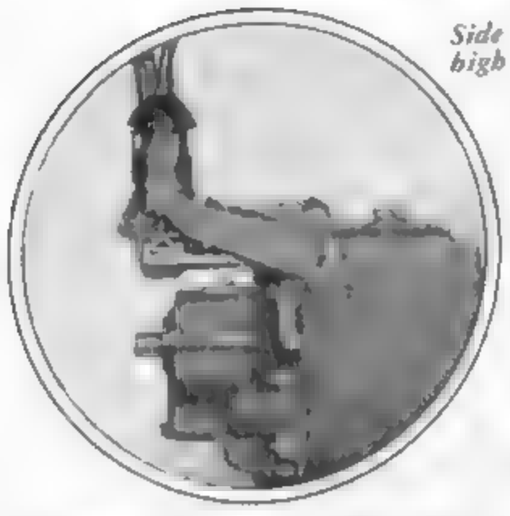
HAYES-HUNT BODIES

COMPOUND FLEETRUCK

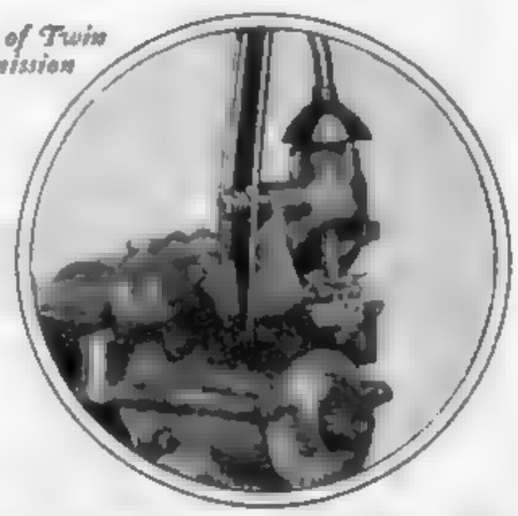
Ton Chassis . . $975

Prices f. o. b. Lansing

Side view of Twin high transmission



Front view of Twin high transmission



Low-cost Transportation

Star Cars

DURANT MOTORS, INC., 250 West 57th Street, New York City. *General Sales Department:* 1819 Broadway, New York City

Plants: *Elizabeth, N. J.* *Lansing, Mich.* *Oakland, Cal.* *Toronto, Ont.* *Dealers and Service Stations throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico*

"... a polish that made my car 10,000 miles younger!"

"Gentlemen:

"The other day I got so ashamed of my car that I smuggled my wife's favorite furniture polish—Woodtone—out to the garage and went at the old boiler. Instead of the heart-breaking job I have always had the two or three times I ever tried polishing the car, this Woodtone went over it like a breeze. A few passes with a soft cheese cloth made it look like a *new* car.

"Today (a week after I polished it) an acquaintance walked up to the car and looked at the speedometer.

"'Gee! but that finish is in fine shape after 4,000 miles.'

"'Brother,' I said, 'you missed a one when you looked in there. It has done over 14,000 miles.'

"That's why I'm writing you to let you know that you've made a polish that made my car 10,000 miles younger! I found that your Woodtone does not catch dust or show finger marks. It's greaseless. That's why my wife always uses it on our furniture."

(Name on request)

Woodtone
TRADE MARK

A new greaseless polish for furniture and automobiles

Just Try It!

Even if you've never answered an ad in your life, here's one you'll be glad you saw, when you find out how Woodtone actually *feeds* and polishes either Duco or varnished finishes that are dull. No grease to collect dust. Send in your 30c today. If you don't think it's the finest, fastest working polish you ever used, just say so and we'll return your money.

GIRARD & CO., INC., Dept. S4
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

☐ Enclosed find 30c for a 4-oz. bottle of Woodtone

☐ Enclosed find 6c for a trial bottle of Woodtone

Name .....

Address

IT WAS A GREAT IDEA

Continued from Page 44

"'All right,' says he. 'I'll bring one out in a jiffy.'

"Well, in a few minutes he led a great big, sleepy-looking nag up to where I was standing an' told me his name was Dexter.

"'Glad to meetcha,' says I. 'Does he bite?'

"'That's a good one,' laughs the feller. 'He ain't had no teeth in ten years. We feeds him bran mash.'

"'Take him back an' bring me one of his grandsons,' says I. 'I love 'em young an' peppy.'

"'You'd better take your first lesson on Dexter,' says the teacher. 'His back is broad an' he can stand a lotta bumping without losing his temper.'

"'Whatcha mean—bumping?' asts I. 'Ain't he smooth riding?'

"'Sure he is,' says he. 'Get on him an' see.'

"'All right,' replies I. 'Where's the ladder?'

"'Put your left foot in the stirrup an' the other in my hand,' says he. 'There we are.'

"'Hey,' yells I as soon as I gets in the saddle an' looks down. 'Ain't you got no lower berths? I never did like uppers.'

"'He ain't high,' says the teacher. 'Steady now, I'm gonna start him.'

"Well, dearie, of course I was a little nervous at first, but after circling the track three or four times I seen right away there wasn't nothing to it. I mustta had horsemanship blood in my veins somewhere an' didn't know it. Two more times around an' I begin trying to remember which of my ancestors was a cowboy, when the riding teacher did something to the horse an' ruined it all.

"'I'm gonna make Dexter trot a little now,' says he. 'Rise an' fall with him, using your knees as hinges. Giddap!'

"'W-h-o-a,' yells I, after we'd trotted about twenty steps. 'This horse's rhythm is bad; he ain't keeping time with me at all.'

"'Rise an' fall, rise an' fall,' yells the teacher.

"'I'm rising, ain't I?' stammers I. 'The trouble is this horse is outta step. He goes up every time just as I'm coming down. Ouch. There goes my bridge work. Whoa!'

"'We'll walk a spell now,' says the teacher.

"'I don't think I can,' says I, starting to get off. 'My back is broke.'

"'Stay on,' yells he. 'You got ten minutes more.'

"'All right,' says I. 'But don't let's go after no more records. When Dexter speeds up I don't hafta look in no furniture catalogues to know he ain't descended from the rocking-chair family.'

"'You'll catch on in a few lessons,' says the teacher.

"'Not on this horse, I won't,' replies I. 'Dexter is too old-fashioned for my style of riding. He polkas and I Charleston. Tomorrow you better give me a young college horse what knows all the latest struts. Is my time up yet?'

"'About,' says he.

"'Give me credit for the balance,' says I, an' I scrambles off with the help of three stable boys an' a water bucket."

"Was you sore that night?" asked Dot.

"Sore? Why, dearie, I was infurnated. Every time I tried to stand up or sit down, lay on my back or turn over, some unimportant little muscle what hadn't never been introduced to me previously would stick about a million pins in me an' make me groan with pain. I ached in so many different places I couldn't tell which hurt the worst. Honest, my suffering that night was so intense if I hadn't of had a lotta will power I never would of got on a horse's back again. But I had given my word to go through with the stunt an' I never breaks my word, at least not with no thousand-dollar guaranties up, to say nothing of the cost of my outfit. I was glad I tried it again though, 'cause the teacher was right, an' the second day I kinda caught on to that rise-an'-fall business; also they give me a better horse. Before the lesson was over I was riding with one hand an' everything, an' some of the soreness had wore off.

"Well, about the fourth day, the teacher took me over to Central Park an', dearie, it was grand. The grass was all green an' there was so many birds singing in the trees you would of forgot you was in the heart of New York if it hadn't been for the gasoline smell. The horse I was riding on was named Dixie, an' he sure thought well of himself, he held his head so high. Me an' Mister Walton, the teacher, mustta rode ten or fifteen miles, I guess, before my hour was up an' I had to go back.

"'I'm gonna try it alone tomorrow,' says I as I dismounted.

"'Don't you like my company?' asts he.

"'Sure I do,' answers I, 'but I grew up wild an' I ain't used to chaperons, especially at no two dollars an hour.'

"'I'm afraid you'll be nervous alone,' says he.

"'Why should I be?' says I. 'Me an' this horse has known each other three days now an' I married a feller once I hadn't been acquainted with that long. You deliver me to the park tomorrow an' I'll be all right.'

"'Dixie is a very valuable animal,' says Walton.

"'Oh, is he?' exclaims I. 'Well, you don't need to worry about your old horse, I ain't gonna elope with him or nothing. If he behaves himself I'll give him a lump of sugar, an' if he don't, I'll call a mounted police an' have him arrested.'

"'You won't never have any trouble with Dixie,' says he. 'Talk to him an' treat him kindly an' he'll be as gentle as a lamb, but never yank on the bridle. He don't like it an' might take a notion to run.'

"'I'm glad you told me that,' says I. 'It's a good thing to know. Feed him well today an' let him get a good night's rest, 'cause maybe me an' him will hunt buffaloes or something tomorrow. You never can tell.'

"That afternoon I phoned down an' told Pete O'Conner everything was progressing wonderful, an' he could begin feeding the newspapers personals any time he wanted to. He said he was glad I liked riding an' for me to make myself as conspicuous as possible, which was a waste of words on his part, 'cause nobody couldn't help but notice me in that outfit an' on such a swell horse too.

"Well, the next morning, after I'd been delivered to the park, an' was rising an' falling with Dixie up one path an' down the other, I passed a feller two or three times an' it looked to me like he was doing it deliberate. As his clothes was up to the minute an' he had the appearance of ready money, I didn't make no faces at him or nothing to scare him away. After passing me a few more times an' not getting no call downs, he pulled up beside me an' told me he didn't mean no offense but hadn't he seen me somewhere before.

"'That's a awful old approach for a young, up-to-date feller like you to pull,' says I. 'Anyway, I don't feel insulted or nothing, 'cause both of us is interested in horseback riding an' fresh-air sports, so that gives us something what's in common between us, as they say.'

"'Horse lovers are always informal,' says he. 'My name is Bob Stuyvesant.'

"'Glad to meetcha,' says I. 'My name is Madeline Vancastle, an' as for that "where have I seen you" remark of yours, if you've been in any first-class vaudeville houses lately you couldn't miss me.'

"'Do you ride often, Miss Vancastle?' asts he.

"'Every morning,' says I. 'An' how about you?'

"'I canter around a bit each day also,' says he. 'It keeps me fit an' helps to pass away the time.'

"'That's a awful swell animal you're on,' says I. 'Where did you rent him?'

"'I own him,' answers he.

"'Gee whiz,' exclaims I, 'you own your own horse an' rides only to pass away the time? What are you anyway, a bootlegger or something?'

"'I am an idler, a drone an' a good-for-nothing,' says he. 'But let's talk about something else. Are you doing this on doctor's orders or just because you like it?'

"'I'm carrying out instructions from a specialist,' says I, 'but that don't keep me from getting a kick outta it, especially when I meets such nice people. Ain't it glorious, being out here in the woods with trees an' shrubbery an' stone walls an' everything? I didn't know there was so much nature in New York till I begun riding.'

"Well, that nature remark got him started an' he told me all about his camp in Maine, an' hunting big game in Africa an' other experiences like that. He certainly had done a lotta things for a chap that called himself a idler. Anyway, me an' him got to be such good friends before my hour was up we made a date for the next morning at the same time.

"As soon as I reached my two an' bath I rung Pete O'Conner an' ast him had he placed any personals. He told me he had sent 'em to all the papers an' he guessed a few of 'em would appear that afternoon.

"'Oh, by the way,' says I, 'have you ever heard of a feller named Bob Stuyvesant what owns his own horse in the summer and shoots rabbits an' other big game in Maine during the winter?'

"'I've never met him personally, but I know all about him,' answers Pete.

"'What does he do for a living?' asts I.

"'Clips coupons,' says Pete.

"'The sample tastes good,' exclaims I. 'Pass me the balance of the platter. Is this Stuyvesant feller a millionaire, an' if so, how many?'

"'The one I'm talking about is worth between thirty an' forty millions,' says Pete. 'He is the son of the late Richard Stuyvesant, president of The Bankers Investment Company.'

"'An' I came mighty near giving up horseback riding the first day on account of being a little sore,' says I. 'Thanks, Pete, for the dope.'

"'Why do you want to know about him?' asts O'Conner.

"'I can't collect no retaining fees in advance like you,' says I, 'so the next best thing is to find out if a feller's got anything. Your recommendation is more than satisfactory. Good-by.'

"'Wait a minute,' yells Pete. 'Do you know Bob Stuyvesant?'

"'Know him?' says I. 'Why, me an' him has discussed everything but love, an' that never comes in the first act.'

"'Where did you meet him?' asts Pete.

"'On the bridle path near the Seventy-second Street entrance,' says I, 'an' he'll be in the same place tomorrow morning.'

"'If it's the real Bob Stuyvesant,' says O'Conner, 'it might make a change in my plans.'

"'I'm a mile ahead of you already,' says I. 'I never let no grass grow under my feet, not even in Central Park.' An' with that little nifty I hung up.

"Well, Bob was waiting for me all right when me an' Dixie came prancing in the following A.M. at about eleven o'clock. He had on a different riding suit from the day before, an' also a different horse.

"'How big a stable have you got, using another color horse every morning?' says I, as we started off together.

"'Only two an' a few polo ponies,' says he, just like that.

"'Don't they eat a lot?' asts I.

"'I really don't know,' answers he, 'My secretary pays the feed bills.' An' then I knew he was genuine.

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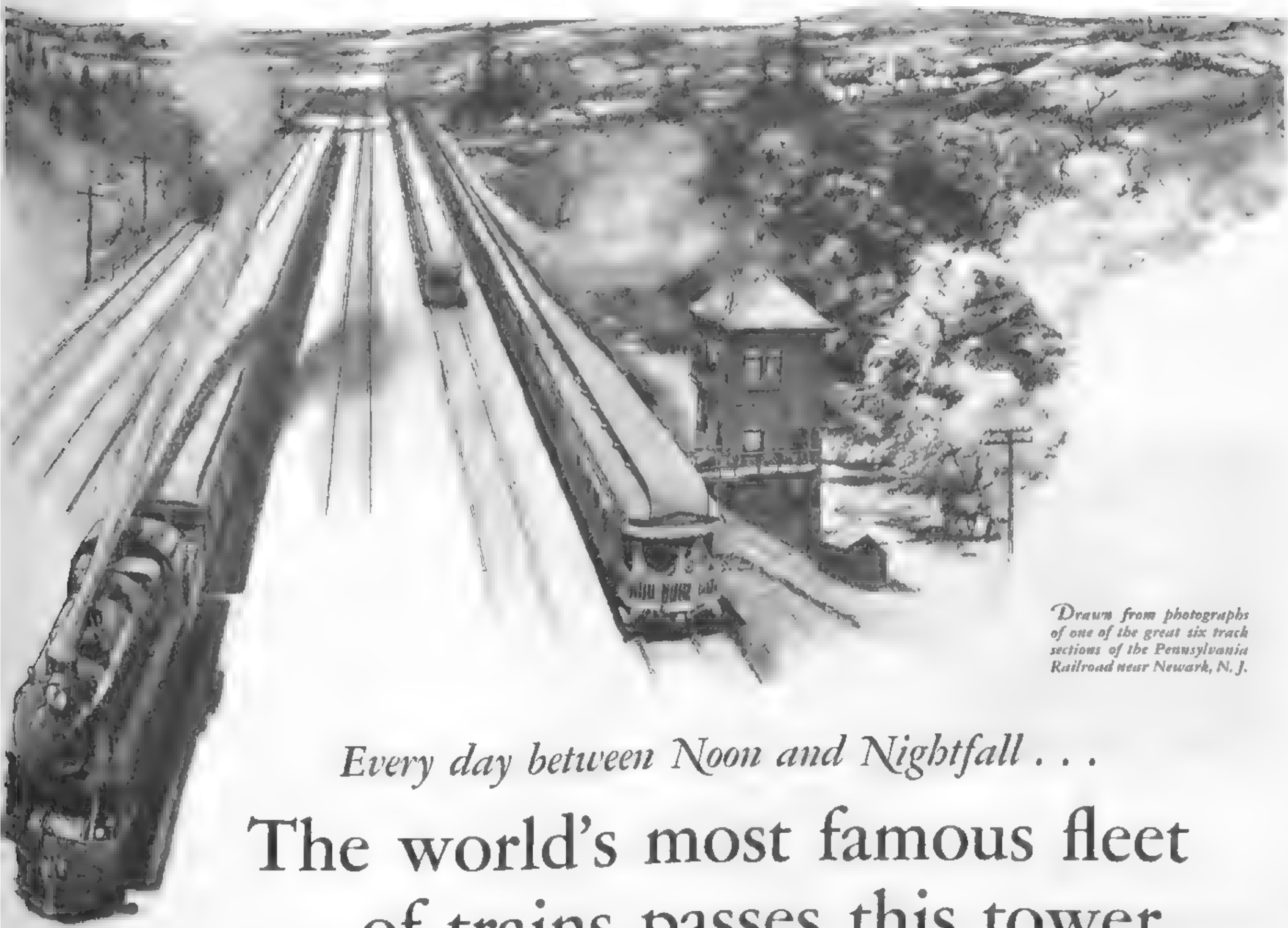

Drawn from photographs of one of the great six track sections of the Pennsylvania Railroad near Newark, N. J.

Every day between Noon and Nightfall . . .

The world's most famous fleet of trains passes this tower

ONE AFTER ANOTHER in a steady procession that is unbroken from year's end to year's end, these famous passenger trains set forth from the Pennsylvania Station in New York—a fleet which for size and luxury and efficiency is unequalled.

Famous Trains that connect the Nation's Great Centers

THEY are off to a hundred different cities By this luxurious fleet alone you can travel in through car service to almost all important centers east of the Mississippi And at the railroad's terminal cities convenient connections carry you on to all cities beyond.

The leader of this procession is the Broadway Limited—twenty hours to Chicago which with its new equipment sets high standards of travel luxury Then the St Louisan and The American roll by on their rapid runs to St. Louis—the premier trains to the gateway of the Southwest.

Then comes the great fleet for the South, headed by the Congressional Limited, carrying the citizens of the nation to Washington Next, the many luxurious limited trains of the three southern railroads the Florida Limited, and the Havana Special, the Crescent Limited for New Orleans, and more than a dozen others

Sixty-seven hundred trains each day over the Pennsylvania Railroad

The forty Pennsylvania trains which speed away during these hours, together with the corresponding trains which constantly roll by on their return trips, make up a fleet which plays a vital part in the business life of the nation

Nearly half the population of the United States is concentrated in the area which is served by the Pennsylvania, requiring an average of over 3800 passenger trains each day over its lines. Out of every 100 persons transported by rail anywhere in the United States, 1 rode carried by the Pennsylvania

Over two-thirds of the wealth of the country is invested there, much of it in great industries which use the Pennsylvania as part of their necessary machinery This requires from 2,500 to 3,000 freight trains each day, hauling over a quarter billion tons of freight a year

The whole nation uses the Pennsylvania. In addition to its tremendous operations within its own boundaries, it is the central exchange system which connects almost every other important area of the country.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

CARRIES MORE PASSENGERS—HAULS MORE FREIGHT THAN ANY OTHER RAILROAD IN AMERICA

"If I Had a Hundred Dollars I'd Buy"—

HOW many times have you said to yourself that you would surely buy a certain article, if you had the price? There's Byron West of Michigan, for example: Byron wanted a slide trombone that cost $105. It looked like a lot of money—until he saw an offer just like the one we're going to make you in the next paragraph:

Byron West knows one sure way to earn $100.00

How to Get the Hundred:

BYRON WEST asked for appointment as our local subscription representative. Right near his home were two small towns, one of which boasted 29 families, the other 17 families. Just as soon as Byron received authority to go ahead, he called at each home in the two hamlets—and (counting magazines ordered as gifts) sold 53 subscriptions.

"One day," said Byron, "I just made up my mind I was going to get 10 Post subscriptions before going home. I got them in about 3 hours—which brought me $7.50 nearer to my trombone."

Not many of us want a trombone. But most of us want something that $100 will buy. If you're one of these just send the coupon below—and let us tell you how the hundred may be yours.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
611 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I don't want anyone to call, but I would like you to mail me all the details of your offer.

Name

Street

City

State

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"Honest, Dot, I've met a lotta men in my checkered career, but this Robert Stuyvesant was the prince of 'em all. He had been everywhere an' knew everyone worth while an' could talk about any subject you brought up, just like a traveling salesman or somebody like that. Naturally, his being the sole guardinn of about forty million dollars didn't subtract nothing from him in my eyes neither. But it wasn't the money what made me like him, dearie, it was his soft way of talking an' always treating me like a lady an' everything. You know how most men are. The minute they meet an actress they begin to get fresh right away. Well, this Stuyvesant feller wasn't like that. In fact, I wouldn't of minded it if he had warmed up a little, but he didn't. Of course I could see by the look in his eyes that he liked me a lot, so I knew all I had to do was be careful of my grammer an' let nature take its course.

"'Look a-here, Bob,' says I one morning as we was jogging along side by side. 'Don't you think you're awful selfish living your life an' spending all your money without any help? Why don't you pick out a nice girl what would appreciate a good husband an' marry her?'

"'I'm not the type of man women like,' says he.

"'What casting director pulled that old gag on you?' asts I. 'Any girl what couldn't care for you hasn't never thought of a comfortable old age. Knowing women as I do, I betcha you wouldn't hafta ast one of 'em twice—at least not if you told 'em about your bank roll first.'

"'Money means nothing to some girls,' said he sadly.

"'Don't you believe everything you see in the movies,' says I. 'Scenario writers pull a lotta that stuff, but it don't go in everyday life.'

"'Oh, yes, it does,' said he. 'I was in love once, but the girl turned me down.'

"'Is it all over now—busted up an' everything?' asts I.

"'Yes,' said he, 'absolutely.' An' I breathed a sigh of relief.

"'Tell me about her,' says I. 'I've always been interested in curiosities.'

"'There isn't much to tell,' says he. 'Mary Hammond and myself grew up together. We were sweethearts at school and corresponded regularly while we were away at college. Our parents were friends and though there was no definite understanding between us everyone expected us to be married as soon as we graduated. Then my father died and left me all that money. It was well invested and the income from it was so large I couldn't begin to spend it. I waited a reasonable length of time after dad's death and then asked Mary to marry me. She refused. Mary said we were too young in the first place, an' in the second, she wouldn't trust her future to any man who had not shown some ability to make money in case it was needed.

"'I explained to her that I had more than we could ever spend and there was little chance of the wolf knocking at our door. She replied that other men had lost fortunes, and as money was endowed with wings, mine might fly away too. She settled the argument by saying she wouldn't consider any man who had not shown his mettle, and if I wanted her I'd have to do something to prove I was made of the right kind of stuff. I thought my chance had come when the war broke out, so I enlisted, but got only as far as the intelligence department. They said I would be of more service to my country using my brains than I would with a gun, and refused to send me to the front. After the war I came home an' took a flyer or two in business. It is no trick to make money with money, so I'm still where I was before—unproved. I've repeated my proposal several times in the past few years, but Mary's answer has always been the same. "Show me you have courage, nerve an' grit; then, maybe, I'll say yes."'

"'She must be crazy,' says I when he finished. 'Where is she, in a lunatic asylum or some place like that?'

"'She is in New York,' answers he. 'In fact she rides in the park several times a week. Do you remember the stunning girl we passed day before yesterday in a dark-brown habit and mounted on a spirited sorrel?'

"'The one what bowed to you kinda cold-like?' asts I.

"'That was Mary,' answers he. 'Don't you think she's extremely attractive?'

"'Very,' says I, having too much sense to knock. 'I bet she's sorry she didn't take you but has too much pride to let you know it. Some girls is like that. Well, my hour is up, an' I guess I better take Dixie back to his hay. Will I see you in the morning?'

"'As usual,' says he.

"'Right-o,' says I. 'An' don't you grieve about no Marys. There's still a lotta fish in the aquarium.'

"The minute I got home I phoned to O'Conner an' made a date with him for three o'clock.

"'Well, Mr. Press Agent,' says I, 'the psychological moment has arrived an' tomorrow's the big day. Are you ready?'

"'I am,' says he. 'But why the sudden decision?'

"'Well, I'll tell you,' says I. 'I got more than one string to my uke, an' Number Two is Bob Stuyvesant.'

"'What do you mean?' asts O'Conner.

"'Oh, nothing much,' says I. 'Only I don't think we're gonna need your mounted officer.'

"'Who will rescue you?' asts Pete.

"'The aforementioned coupon clipper,' says I. 'Only he don't know it yet.'

"'Are you sure he'll do it?' asts Pete.

"'Absolutely,' says I. 'For years he's been waiting for a chance to be a hero an' none never presented itself. Tomorrow morning luck is gonna be with him, an' when I get through clinging to his manly bosom an' calling him my brave courageous life-saver, he's gonna offer me his name an' a half interest in that forty million dollars or I don't know nothing about human nature.'

"'Go to it,' says Pete. 'If you can kill two birds on one horseback ride it won't make me mad. An', besides, it will be a much bigger story with Stuyvesant rescuing you than it would be with the cop.'

"'You said it, Pete,' exclaims I. 'An', now, since all the preliminaries is over, let's get down to cases. Where will that reporter and the photographer be, an' at what time?'

"'Anywhere you say,' replies he.

"'Have 'em on the sidewalk near Eighty-sixth Street an' Central Park West at about eleven-thirty. That will give me time to limber up a little before the great race. I'll start Dixie to running somewhere in the late seventies an' if everything goes the way I expect it to, the boys won't have to move outta their tracks to see all the excitement.'

"'You seem to have it pretty well planned out,' says O'Conner.

"'I ought to have,' replies I. 'It's been on my mind enough. Are you gonna be busy somewhere else, or will I see you when I come outta my faint?'

"'I'll be there,' says Pete. 'I wouldn't miss it for five hundred dollars.'

"'Two thousand, you mean,' says I. 'Besides, you won't be wasting your time, 'cause this stunt is gonna be the making of you.'

"Well, dearie, I got up early the next morning so I could take plenty of time with my make-up, that being the day I sure wanted to look my best. I got Dixie outta the stable a little before eleven an' walked him all the way over to the park entrance, 'ca use I didn't wantta waste his breath or nothing before the big scene. Bob was waiting for me all right, as per engagement, an' we jogged along easy for a while just like we'd been doing every day. I kept glancing at my wrist watch now an' then, an' when I seen it was eleven-thirty I told Bob I was gonna let Dixie out an' for him to try an' catch me if he could. He give me a little good-by wave an' told me to get a good start, as his horse had a track record. Nothing could of suited me better, so I handed Dixie a kick in the ribs an' he started to trot. There wasn't much speed in that kinda gait so I give him another kick an' begin yanking on the bridle. That opened the throttle all right. About the third yank Dixie give a jump, laid his ears back an' begin covering ground like a special-fare train what is two hours late. Then I got scared sure enough an' flung my arms around that horse's neck an' hollered for help with all the realism there was in my make-up. In a minute I heard a thundering of hoofs back of me an' I knew the rescue was near at hand. In order that there couldn't be no misunderstanding or nothing I screamed for more help, higher an' louder.

"Closer an' closer came the pounding hoofs back of me, so I leaned over to one side a little, thinking that would help Bob get a good grip on me an' save him from missing any holds in the excitement. Suddenly a horse passed me, rearing an' bucking, an' going forward at the same time like crazy—an' right behind him was another horse.

"I looked up an' seen that the last animal was a big sorrel an' on his back was a girl in a brown riding habit. The second horse what passed me was Bob's, an' right then my heart came up in my throat.

"Well, he caught up with her an' lifted her to safety offa that maddened brute in the nick of time to keep her from being dashed to death against an electric light pole. A mounted cop got me. He caught Dixie's bridle an' managed to bring him to a halt at the exact spot where a very touching scene was taking place. A girl came outta a faint an' called Bob Stuyvesant her brave, courageous hero, only the girl was Mary Hammond instead of me. Then we was all photographed together an' went home.

"The next morning all the papers had big headlines, like Rescue Renews Romance, an' told how two childhood sweethearts had been reunited by the heroism of Robert Stuyvesant, young multimillionaire. The papers said they was gonna be married at once an' spend their honeymoon on the Riviera. My picture was pretty good.

"Well; fate is fate, so me an' Pete O'Conner had to dig up another stunt an' go to all that trouble over again. An' you say I ain't never suffered no pains an' disappointments."

Complete. . . . TIRE SATISFACTION

Your tire satisfaction depends on two factors—the quality of the tire and the reliability of the man from whom you buy it . . . Federal quality has been demonstrated through many years.

Federal agents are selected—they are among the real tire merchants of this country and they know how to render the kind of service that completes one's satisfaction in connection with any good product.

The Federal line includes:

Federal Double Blue Pennant in balloon and high pressure types.

Federal Double Blue Pennant Truck tires, known among truck owners as "extra endurance tires".

Also Defender, a low priced tire of remarkable value and carrying the standard warranty.

FEDERAL TIRES

—straight talk

You might wonder why you get so much added value in a Jacobs Oregon City suit or overcoat. Briefly, I will give some outstanding reasons

Our geographical location is an important factor. We are in the very heart of the wool country. Sixty per cent of the wool grown in the United States is produced in the West and Northwest. We are close to the source of supply.

Our buyers are continually in the market—right on the ground. They are in position to take advantage of all possible price fluctuations. This means close buying. Then, of course, we have economical transportation to the mills—no long freight hauls

Further, we weave our own woolens. When you slip on a Jacobs Oregon City overcoat or suit, you are wearing pure virgin wool garments—the fabric woven in our mills designed, tailored and completely turned out in our own model tailor shops

This means economy in production, with a substantial saving to the merchant, and, consequently, greater value dollar-for-dollar to you

A word about style. We don't go in for extremes. But the clothing manufacturer who fails to keep abreast of current style trends can't last long in this country!

I have scoured the country for designers, cutters and tailors of wide experience in leading style centers. All I ask is that you compare Jacobs Oregon City suits and overcoats with other leading makes. I stand or fall on your own good judgment

A. R. Jacobs

P. S. If you're fond of fishing, I shall be glad to send you a free booklet telling about those 2- and 4-pound Royal Chinook salmon we and you take below the falls—not 100 yards from the mills. Address me personally, A. R. Jacobs, President

OREGON CITY WOOLEN MILLS
Founded in 1864 by I. C. R. Jacobs
Oregon City, Oregon

Jacobs Oregon City Woolens

THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

(Continued from Page 35)

nourishment for a plum tree to make its pits and seeds as it does for it to spread new leaf or root growth or to develop its blossoms. Therefore the plum had less strength to give to fruit, and the result was a tree with a small acid fruit and a large, very strong pit about the seed.

Perhaps it has not occurred to you that the building of railroads and the erection of drying plants and canneries marked a new era in the race history of plants, but it is true. What we speak of as orchards, especially in large fruit-growing sections, are new developments that were brought into being by modern invention—the improvement of methods of transportation and the working out of plans for extensive drying and canning operations. Originally all fruits were wild; there was a long, dark era in their race histories when they grew merely for the purpose of perpetuating themselves through blossoms to attract birds and insects to help in the process of pollinization, through fruits to tempt birds and animals to disseminate them widely, and through the protective pit and the fertile seed or kernel.

The pulp, or flesh, of the fruit, originally designed only as advertising to attract customers who would help scatter the seed, fulfilled its purpose, and did it in a very perfect and complete way; for eventually men began to value the fruits so much that they not only transported the seeds but planted them, tenderly cared for the young seedlings, pruned and cultivated the mature trees, and introduced a new era into the race history of fruits—the age of gardens.

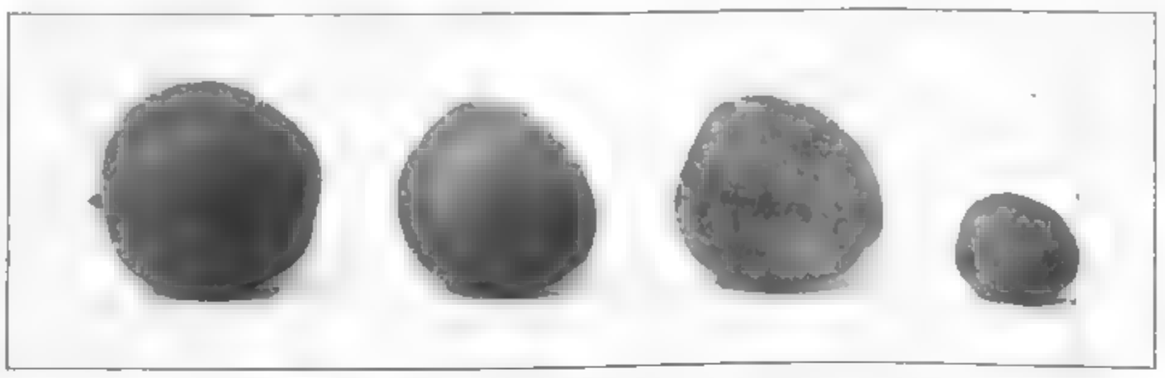
For a long, long time, considered from the viewpoint of human beings, fruit trees were made a part of every garden, so that the owner had fruit for himself and his family. It wasn't long, of course, before the word would go around the neighborhood that Ak or Boris or Amos had a new treat in his garden, and he found plenty of local customers to help him eat his plums or pomegranates or figs. But even if he went into business he could not reach a market very far from home because, in the first place, he had no means of rapid transportation and, in the second, the fruit would not stand handling or last long before it had to be eaten. The era of the fruit garden where the consumption was purely home consumption was the second in the race history of the fruit.

Fruits for Travel

It was discovered that certain fruits, notably figs and dates, could be dried and in that condition carried over long distances and kept for months in good shape, and a certain amount of business was done in the dried-fruit industry. But nothing to speak of, considered in a broad way, until, within my own time, the steam engine and the steel mill made possible the railroad. The third era in the history of the race of fruit trees of the world is the era of transportation and modern packing methods.

It was in my time, too—it was not more than a few decades since—that consumers showed that they would pay high prices for fresh fruit, preferring it to canned goods or dried fruits. I saw that this would be true, but I was one of the first—in fact, for a time, I was the only man devoting study and experiment to the end that fruits might be developed that would stand transportation and arrive in the hands of distant consumers in attractive condition. It was here that I began my work with plums.

I must recall to your minds what I have said previously about the two new ideas that went into my life work: The idea that a man could use Nature's own processes in a wholesale and definitely planned way, and the idea that he could considerably speed up her processes. There is no clearer illustration of this than to compare the fashion by which Nature worked before man entered into the field at all, and the methods he used and the results he got, even in the most slipshod and indefinite style, after he began to raise fruit. It took the wild plum uncounted thousands of years to develop into the small, sour, undesirable fruit we find in our own woods and canyons today; in two or three short centuries, with nothing more than the most casual knowledge or care, man made the plum edible, fairly sweet and measurably juicy by untrained selection and by cultivation. But he did not work by wholesale and he did not work with any definite purpose or any single-minded enthusiasm. I brought both to the task.



Four Varieties of Plum From One Cross, Showing Wide Variation

At the time I came to California there were three varieties of plums grown here, one of which was of very little use at all, and neither of the other two of which would stand shipping. About 1880 I was beginning to turn my thoughts more and more toward experiments wholly; the nursery business was growing and profitable, but it seemed to me most anybody could conduct a nursery, and it wasn't everybody who would—even if he could—carry on the extensive experiments in plant development that I was itching to get at. Of course I would have to make my experiments pay somehow, or I would soon be up a tree; the nursery business had shown me that fruits were going to be in great demand in California, and casting about for one that needed attention and showed inherent possibilities, I lighted on the plum.

Some Japanese Immigrants

At about this same time, with my mind alert to pick up any vibrations that keyed in with my slowly formulating plans, I was browsing in the Mechanics Library in San Francisco when I came across a book written by an American sailor about his wanderings in Japan, and in it there was a description of a blood-red plum found in the province of Satsuma. That sailorman was not a skilled writer, but he certainly must have been a good trencherman, because he described that plum so that it made your mouth water to read about it. As far as I was concerned the red-fleshed plum of Satsuma was sold and the first payment made down. I was going to have it for California.

Mr. Burbank's Form of Chart for Recording Fruit Experiments. The Double Cross Was His Invariable Sign of Excellence. Note That This Sheet Bears Eight of the Signs, an Unusually Favorable Verdict From Him

Of course, I had neither time nor money to go to Japan, but I knew of a bulb dealer—Isaac Bunting, an Englishman, in Yokohama and when I was in shape to start the plum experiments I sent to him and asked him to send me a dozen seedlings of Japanese plums. The first shipment arrived in the fall of 1884, but they were all dead. So, continuing some simple experiments I was performing with local plums, I wrote to Mr. Bunting again, and on December 20, 1885, I received what was probably the most important single importation of fruit trees ever delivered in America twelve sturdy, healthy Japanese plum seedlings, among them one of the variety my sailorman had described.

The Japanese, an island people, closely hemmed in by their environment, you might say, and strongly impressed by it, impress on all their products their own tastes and likes. On the plum, as they raised it, were impressed bright color, succulence, prolific bearing, and a tree habit of sturdiness combined with that crude, irregular form which so appeals to the Japanese. Behind their plums was all the wild-tree heredity running back through thousands of years, no doubt, and on that had been superimposed the other hereditary traits that had come to their plums through environment and their own selection.

(Continued on Page 101)

DANDRUFF?

Here's good news for you—

IT'S a fact: Listerine, the safe antiseptic, and dandruff simply do not get along together. Many were incredulous when we first announced this. But the word is fast going around from the lips of those who have found how wonderfully it works.

As you probably know, dandruff is a germ disease and that annoying white shower on dark clothes is a warning of more serious scalp trouble—falling hair, possibly baldness.

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The use of Listerine for dandruff is not complicated. You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. The effect is wonderfully refreshing. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, does the trick.

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Many of the better barber shops are now prepared to give you this treatment. Try Listerine for dandruff. You'll be delighted with the results.

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LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together

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(Continued from Page 98)

I do not think that, in the sense in which I judge plant improvement, the Japanese went deliberately about this work of making the plum characteristically Japanese. They had the seedlings, and when a good one came along, they passed it around among the neighbors and so it got a foothold. Repetition, repetition, repetition put into the plum the habits and characteristics the people preferred, so that it mirrors them, in a way, and is marked with their trade-mark, for me, as clearly as though it were stamped: Made in Japan.

And two points are interesting here. The individuals in the Caucasian race are made up of such a number of world races that we get a greater variety of tastes among them. Some like a sweet fruit, some a sour, some a soft, mellow texture, some a crisp, firm one, and so on. Orientals have less mixture, therefore they have tastes in food and fruits more in common. The second point is that wherever you find cultivated leisure classes you will find a varied and complex diet, whereas a race largely made up of the peasant or lower class, with few nobles or higher-class people to know about and study and imitate, will have generally a coarse, simple fare, and fruits, for instance, located inside a narrow range of flavors, textures, and so on. The Japanese are, though, an æsthetic people, and this crops out in their fruit, because all their fruits and their flowers are remarkable for beauty.

The twelve seedlings Mr. Bunting had sent me went right to work, and from them I added considerably to my store of knowledge of the secrets of Nature as regards variation in plants. I was fairly familiar with the tree habits of the Japanese plum from reading and from pictures. It amazed me to see how my seedlings took hold and how quickly they showed that they were going to surpass anything ever known in the hereditary lines behind them. For form, sturdiness, rapidity of growth, bearing power, foliage and general characteristics, they were astonishing. Here was something to be accounted for.

Well, I accounted for it, and later experiments I made, and many made by eminent laboratory scientists along the same general line afterward, confirmed my findings. The facts were: First, that the enforced rest given the plants, as a result of being uprooted, carefully packed and moved halfway around the globe had enabled them to store up unusual strength; and second, that the change of climate had so benefited the seedlings that they improved as a child might that had been sent to California for its health. The plums caught right on and became Californiacs in a few weeks; you couldn't find anywhere a better advertisement for rest and a change of climate, not even in the chamber-of-commerce booklets.

Latent Possibilities in Plants

Here, then, is one of the processes by which variations in plants are started and by repetition, repetition, repetition become fixed in those plants until they separate them, in habits, powers and characteristics, so widely from their parents and brother and sister plants that they are practically a different species. It is the process of giving the individual plant a new and more favorable environment. For not only does this frequently suit the plant better and enable it to carry its ordinary known powers to a higher level, but it brings to light and expresses in the individual latent or dormant hereditary possibilities that otherwise would have remained submerged and in the end entirely lost.

It is an example of the law of use and disuse. The home environment does not call forth this latent characteristic, such as the big and rapid growth of the plum seedlings; but the new environment does, and the characteristic springs up from the tiny germ tendency and use strengthens it and repetition, repetition, repetition fixes it in the plant; and it increases in power generation after generation because it is used and called on and put to work, and is not lying dormant and threatening, as it probably would in the end, to die out in the heredity from disuse.

Those twelve plum seedlings from Japan were the foundation stones on which I built my plum experiments. Two of them came out so well and were so great an improvement, not only on our home plums and on European varieties, but on the Japanese plums that were related to them, that I put them on the market in 1889, four years after they had landed.

One of them, described in my yearbook as "very large, conical, heart-shaped, red with white bloom; very good," was named the Burbank by Prof. H. E. Van Dieman, pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture. The second was a plum with red flesh, very juicy, firm, delicious in flavor and delightful in aroma It was the very fruit, greatly improved in its new environment, and having developed in it all the possibilities latent in its ancestry, so long dormant there in Japan, which my sailorman had described in the book I had read almost ten years before. It was a dream come true, and in honor of the province whence it was derived I called it the Satsuma.

An Excursion Into Botany

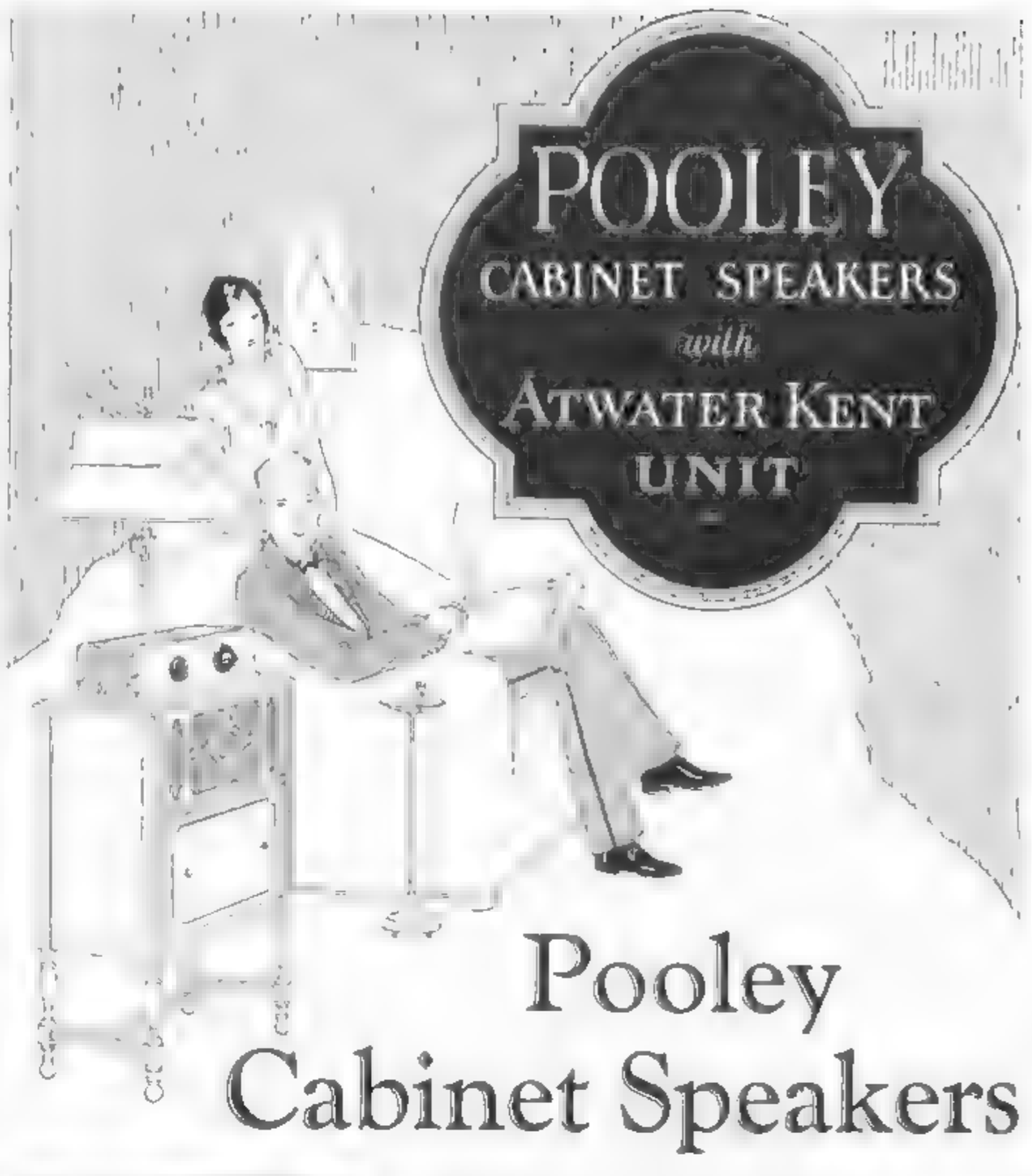
Meantime I had been accumulating more plum stocks and experimenting extensively with them. The ten left from my Japanese importation proved valuable as a basis for work. By selection for qualities that seemed to me desirable, I got plums that were better than anything that had gone before them; after that I went at the work in blossom time and began crossbreeding.

If the reader is sufficiently interested to read the next few paragraphs, he will open for himself, perhaps for the first time, a door to one of the most absorbing studies in all Nature; if he is not, he can safely skip to the following column. But I promise him that the little excursion into botany will repay him with a greater appreciation of plant life, a new curiosity about flowers that grow everywhere about him, and a higher respect for and understanding of the marvelous workings of Nature. I won't be looking over his shoulder, so he can skip and say he didn't with perfect impunity.

If you have not studied the subject do you not wonder how plants perfect the egg that is within the seed and make it the storehouse for the life that is to come in a succeeding generation? Well, that is what I want to tell you about. For convenience we call the process breeding, and in many ways it is amazingly like the same process in animals. But the plant is fixed in one place, its reproducing organs are the hairlike or wirelike filaments that are to be found in the heart of every blossom, and largely their breeding must be accomplished with the assistance of outsiders. In later papers I propose to mention some of the miraculous and incredible means Nature has for bringing about this essential result in her scheme of things; now I am only going to explain, briefly and simply, the fundamentals of the process.

Every blossom has a number of pollen-bearing filaments that we call stamens and one we call the pistil. In the anther at the end of each stamen are produced the pollen grains, each containing a fertilizing sperm, or male life germ. At the base of the pistil, on the other hand, in the ovulary, rest the ovules, or eggs. The pollen grains, so minute that it takes a fine microscope to see them, burst from the anthers in due time, and by chance, by action of wind or insect, or by way of the bills of birds, some of them are transferred to the sticky stigma on the end of the pistil. From that stigma the sperms work through a thin tissue and start throwing out a tube for themselves that eventually finds its way into the ovule, and there the sperms unite with the female life germ awaiting them in this egg, and fertilization is complete and the beginning of a seed accomplished.

Fertilization is the whole process of uniting the sperm with the egg. In Nature the



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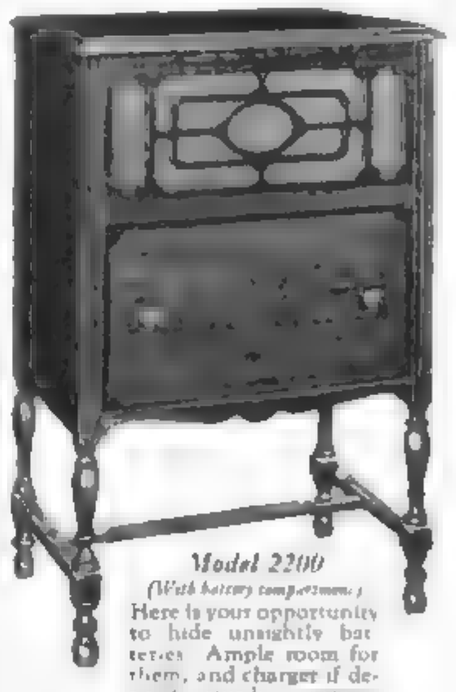

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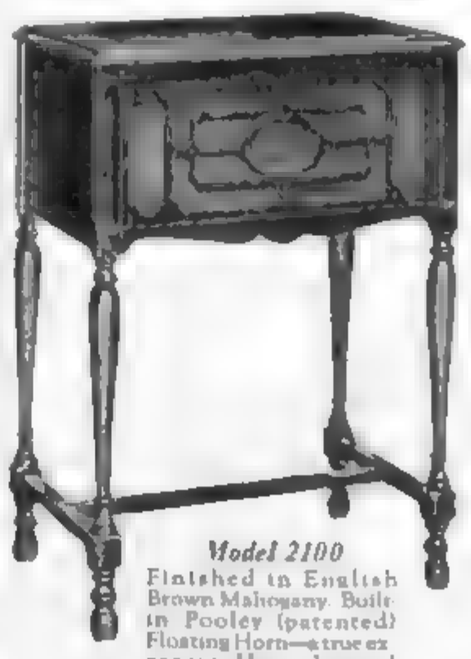

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process may be completed in one individual flower or the pollen may be carried from the anthers of one flower to the stigma of another. Bees have a strange habit of sticking pretty closely to one variety, so that they are perhaps the most useful members of insect society in crossing flowers in the same family, which accounts largely for diversified colors in the poppies, for example. But other insects are not so particular, and they will go from a honeysuckle to a pansy, from a rose to a fruit blossom—incidentally doing a lot of work that is lost, because they carry pollen where it isn't wanted and can't accomplish result.

When man takes a hand he knows what he is about—or he thinks that he does—and he employs cross-fertilization or, better, cross-pollination, removing the pollen cells from the anthers of one flower and carefully placing them on the stigma of another, perhaps of the same variety, perhaps of a different variety, and even, as I have done often, of a different species. The insects do some cross-pollination, but it is at random, and only when the heredities of the two plants thus crossed run nearlyenough parallel does the cross-pollination bring about actual fertilization—that is, results.

There are many exceptions to the general rules I have mentioned, and an almost infinite number of possibilities and factors I have not touched on here. For instance, I have not entered on any discussion of the number of flowers—as, for instance, the rose—that are completely or almost completely sterile and lack either the pistil or the stamens. They have lost the necessity to bear seed—for example, because they have been raised from cuttings or from shoots, or by some such subnatural method for so long, and therefore they have lost the necessary seed-making and seed-fertilizing machinery. I could go on through a number of volumes on this theme, but I should certainly lose all my audience then; so let me hurry along and pick up the folks who left the train when we began our botany class and proceed with the plum story.

As I said, the time came when I was ready to begin my attack on the fixed natures of the plums through working with their blossoms, and I took my forceps and glass pollen trays and went into the grounds when the air was heavy with the rich odors and the trees flaming with the beauty of their spring flowers. I began to cross-pollinate.

A Palette of Fruits

I do not know anything in the work of the plant developer that offers him more pleasure and satisfaction than this process. Fellow to the bee, the humming bird, the ant and the butterfly, he goes from blossom to blossom, not attracted, as they are, by the flamboyant colors with which the trees advertise their wares, but by the rich possibilities inherent in the work; guided not by fragrances, as they are, but by his own records of the characteristics of the fruit, noted the previous year. In my pocket I carry a packet of sheets, on which are noted the working name of the individual fruit, its size, shape, bearing quality, flavor, color, size of pit, texture of flesh, and so on; on each tree I have a marker that identifies the individual and refers me to its record. Like a painter choosing the colors for his palette, I choose the qualities that I desire to combine in the fruit.

Here, the record shows, is a thin, spindling, unpromising tree that bears a firm, luscious, beautiful plum; beyond, a sturdy and well-formed tree that gives a sour, unlovely or small fruit. The pollen from the one goes on to the sensitive, sticky stigma of the pistil of the other, after this second one has been thoroughly cleaned of its own pollen. Next I come to a plum of gorgeous dress that has no aroma or flavor; I know a tree that bears a rich and juicy plum that is drab and unattractive. The two are united in this field marriage ceremony of mine.

This seedling offered me last fall a firm, well-textured fruit that would be admirable for very late harvesting, if I could only make it ripen late. That one yonder is late, but has no other particularly valuable quality. A nice problem, here, very often, because the earlier fruit blossoms earlier, the late one sometimes almost too late for my marriage to be made possible. What do I do then? Well, I find one of the last blossoms possible to the early tree; I hurry to the late one and, to my delight, I find one ambitious little bud rubbing its eyes and waking up to see what sort of a world it is coming into. The poky late blossom and the ambitious little early one are my field. And some people think that plant breeding must be tedious and drab sort of work!

The crossing is finished, spring passes, the fruit begins to form, sun, wind, air and earth do their appointed work, and the fruit slowly takes on color and final form. I watch as eagerly as a child going every morning to see whether or not the cocoon he has found and put in a box filled with leaves has been opened by the butterfly. Is the tree going to bear well? Are the fruits well distributed on the limbs? Does the green fruit hang well, resisting wind and the shaking of the tree? What resistance does it offer pests and disease?

The Breeder's Catechism

These are only a few of the questions I must ask and that the fruit must answer favorably, or it is doomed. Then the day comes when the first few fruits are ripe. There is a big minute for the plant developer, as well as for the human being. Perhaps he has something that will add to the wealth of the orchards of the world—something that will present to mankind a new flavor, aroma, color of flesh, quality, succulence and delicious taste, or perhaps a step has been made toward one or all of these desirable ends. The first fruit is picked; it is tasted. What is the verdict?

But this is not all. As I have said once before in these papers, the mere appearance, taste, texture, sweetness, smell and flavor of the fruit do not form a complete criterion of its value. Will it ripen without falling from the tree untimely? Will it pick well? Will it keep? Will it cook up? Will it make good jelly? And even if it cooks well in the kitchen, will it satisfy canners? Or, to put it more fairly, has it special characteristics that make it a possible canning fruit, because in fruit that the big canners will take the growers of the world have a steady and strong and usually dependable market. On the other hand, if it is not for canners, is it a shipping fruit or one primarily desirable for the home garden or orchard?

Test after test, trial after trial, experiment after experiment—acceptance, approval, partial satisfaction, a question, rejection—the fruit stands or falls according to its ability to measure up, not to one standard or two, but to a dozen—fifty—a hundred! And it must not be assumed that all this is accomplished in one year or two. I have worked for twelve years now on a nectarine that I am hoping this year will prove itself worthy of release to the growers of home orchards. I suppose that nectarine has cost me $6600 in time and in actual expenses. If I get $6000 out of it I shall be luckier than I have been with many of my varieties and new creations.

In speaking of the costs of my experiments, I must refer to the enormous number of plants, branches, grafts and trees that prove utterly valueless, or of a value that seems doubtful to me, considering the high standards I set, and that must be destroyed. My method of speeding up Nature's processes cost me hard work and untiring study and thought; the wholesaling of my experiments—the second half of my method—cost me hard cash. Because Nature requires compensation in all life; what one gains in time or field for experiment in the plant world he must pay for in some other coin.

I put my mind to cross-pollination and planned the work with infinite patience, care and research, where the insects and birds and animals were used while they were about their own businesses, and their efforts were undirected, random and wasteful.

In the second case, I wanted the largest number of variations to choose from, and Nature's laws made it possible for me to get them. But the penalty I had to pay was the expense of growing the tens of thousands that did not measure up, in order to have the material from which to select the twenty or five or one plant or tree that was what I wanted, or, more likely, leaned that way a little farther than its brothers.

Well, from perhaps 25,000 separate and distinct experiments with plums I got at least thirty or forty that had merit and about a score that were a real gift to man. Of these a dozen are now to be found widely used in the orchards and home gardens of this country and some foreign countries; a few have not yet come into their own, and one or two may never be generally enough approved to be well-known. This is because tastes and demands differ widely. I do not hesitate to say that every single one of my approved plums is meritorious and a valuable addition to the list of accepted varieties; but I am much in the position of a silk manufacturer who, from thousands of designs offered him, chooses twenty to manufacture into dress goods. He may be a man of taste, discernment and experience, but it is morally certain that he will be outguessed in certain directions by the women and the dressmakers, and that one or two of the designs he got out at so much expense, good though they may be by any proper standard of taste or judgment, will be left on his hands at the end of the season, or bought sparingly and finally marked down with a red tag and sold for what they will bring.

I have never had the experience of having to hold a remnant sale myself, or to cut prices to get trade, but I have a few of my creations that are still unrecognized, and perhaps always will be. I smile at this thought, for I am like a mother with ten children. Nine of them may become bank presidents and college professors and noted surgeons, or marry such, but something in human nature will make her prefer the runt of the brood and she will die believing that he was, after all, the prize child, and just somehow missed having the chance the others did, or the luck. I'm that way. Probably all of us are.

The Pleasure of Retailing

Once a new variety is ready for distribution, I am confronted with the necessity of making all this work and planning, and this final achievement, of practical use to myself and the world, and there are three methods by which this is done. I have referred to the plan of filling an order, as in the Empson pea. Not long ago I delivered a very important order to a silk grower in Japan. It was a mulberry tree that, with about the same growing conditions and fertilization as the older varieties, would produce nearly twice as much foliage for the feeding of silkworms. When I had completed the long and complex experiments that ended in success, I forwarded the grafts to Japan, and thus the order was fulfilled.

The second method is to sell a new variety outright to a nurseryman or seedsman. By this method I am completely out of the transaction and the buyer can distribute as he thinks best. Very few of the varieties I have sold in this fashion have been given a name suggestive of me and my work, though most of the buyers naturally used my name in the beginning as a help—which I am proud to say it was—in introducing the novelty. In time, though, the connection has been lost sight of, and that is why I cannot, without looking into my records pretty exhaustively, say just how many new creations and improved varieties now in general use and in high favor in the orchards and gardens of the world came first from my experiment farms.

The third method was one I should have preferred if it had not been made impossible by the work involved and the time required. That is the method of selling direct to the final buyer—the home gardener, the orchardist or the plant lover; and the reason I should have preferred it above all others, and the reason I have as far as I could pursued it, is that it brought me into immediate and direct contact with the people I have found uniformly the highest type in the world, the people who grow things and take a pride in them and want the best of them and understand the work involved in producing them.

People such as these have made my best friends and my most interesting correspondents.

It was impossible for me to indulge my desires to deal with them personally to any great extent but I confess that I have sometimes played hooky from the work to put up a fifty-cent order from some isolated farm in Nebraska, from some garden lover in New York, or from some enthusiastic and flowery correspondent in Brazil or China or New Zealand, so excited about plants and trees and flowers that he was fairly unintelligible—and in Chinese or Spanish, at that!

For the Good of the Race

Do you wonder that I urge young people to give consideration to the possibilities that lie before them today in this field I chose so long ago? And, with my experiences and with the demonstrations Nature has given me in the selection and breeding of plants, will you be surprised if I expand the subject a little and comment here, as restrainedly as is possible to one of my temperament, on the appalling folly, waste and disaster that result in our almost utter ignoring of these same laws when it comes to the rearing of the children of the human race?

We breed animals and plants with ever-increasing care, jealous of their heredities, thoughtful of their environments, cultivating them, preventing bad crosses, eliminating the unfit, and, under Nature's incomparable ordinances, slowly but steadily working toward the millennium of beauty, utility, strength and productivity that we can see in the far distance for them all.

And yet the most precious and the most important children on the planet we breed by chance, from parents thrown together by a process as haphazard as a badly conducted lottery, with dubious backgrounds, into wretched and unfit environments, and we raise them blunderingly, with little thought or care as to their susceptibility on the one hand and the powerful influences of their surroundings on the other; and then we wonder—when we stop, occasionally, frightened by some outbreak of war or crime or disease—what is to be done about the race!

Do you think that those laws which Nature made, and which operate to the improvement of the dog, the horse, the pig, the hen, the pansy, the dahlia, the plum, are laws special to the vegetable world and the world of so-called dumb beasts? Do you think, egotist, vaunter, proud man, that, in the perpetuation and betterment of your own species you can throw all those laws overboard and follow none?

Fools! Fools! Nature is not mocked. Her laws are as changeless as the universe which they rule; her judgments are as impersonal and impartial as they are just, clear, exact and incredible. What she requires of us is simple, reasonable and righteous—that enlightened love, as it must rule our states, dominate our international relations and fit us for brotherhood with all mankind, must be the governing rule in human mating and the underlying principle in the training of the children that spring from those matings. And it is only enlightened and unselfish love that will lead us to marriages that are not only holy and happy but that conform to the laws of Nature and make beneficent natural selection operative.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr Burbank and Mr Hall. The next will appear in an early issue

"A feather in the wind!"

So wrote Walter Pater, master of the English style, about the winging thought that rises on the pinions of the mind.

Quick! Imprison it in word and picture —make some record of its value—ere that gleaming flight is past!

Put it on Paper!

* * *

Success waits on the man who keeps in line with his thinking that first friend of an active brain,

EVERSHARP

the name is on the pencil

Three fine pencils from the complete Eversharp line. The slender gold-filled model is in Grecian design; so is the red rubber. The mottled rubber style may be had with either clip or ring on cap

Your Eversharp with never ... join ... of ... the ... come ... Red Top ...

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TICK-A-LOCK; IRON BARS

(Continued from Page 17)

protract itself to all eternity. He began to think that he would rather go plump to the bottom than come face to face with Mrs. Mockabee with that paper in his pocket. But already the high cliff on which the light stood was darkening over him; the gulls were wheeling and mewing against its black-vaulted surfaces, touched with gleams of ice; and the houses below looked gray under the gray sky. Only Hal Thorstad's cottage on its crag had recently been painted, and that was because Hal was thinking that at last he had Essie in the toils.

The house of the Thorstads was built on a mound which must be a block tumbled from the cliff itself. The walls of the house were guyed with wire heaved down tight to iron dogs which had been let into the stone itself. There's no assurance if you build your house on a rock that it will budge not. Even the misshapen apple trees at the back were guyed like the house at all cardinal points. Nothing could take root deep enough on that bare rock to hold against the force of the elements. Even the people here, a good part of them, were bow-legged, as if from trying to hold on.

A black north sea was running along the face of the island; and as the water shoaled up, Ben Shurtleff's boat began to plunge and slobber in the heavy swell. The wheel jumped in his hands as if against some obstacle; he had to force it a little. He didn't for the moment consider that fact in all its bearings, because just ahead of him he saw Chris Thorstad, Hal's father, pulling traps. The big man's yellow hat pitched and whirled; Ben came close aboard, close enough to see the back of Thorstad's neck, which looked as if the diamonded imprint of one of his own mackerel seines had been left there.

But Thorstad didn't turn, and didn't answer his shout. The deputy immediately afterward had the spindle at the harbor entrance on his beam. A tarred barrel balanced on a long iron shank, topped with a sea hawk's nest. Looking past this to the shore of the island itself, Ben had a glimpse of the Morihan brothers standing ominously there.

He could almost see the expressions of their swarthy faces, and he had a quick thought that he had been a fool to come alone on such an errand.

Yet to have asked for a posse to go get a girl would have made a laughingstock of him. He looked again, and just in back of the Morihans, and on higher ground, he saw the figure of old Sarah Twilley, wild in the wind. She was housekeeper for the Thorstads; and it was she, these last years, who had held the island together in its resistance to the main. She was sixty if a day, and her hair, jet black still, was part of it in a hank over her shoulders, the rest blowing in her fierce uncompromising eyes. It was Sarah Twilley who had put into Julius Shawne's brain the notion of forcing Ben Shurtleff's father to swallow his own warrant. Squatting on the rock beside her was her idiot son, hatless and coatless, his big arms hanging limp, his china-blue eyes looking as if there wasn't a particle of sight in them.

Suddenly the action of the wheel was lumpier than ever; it was not winding smoothly on the drum; the turns were overlapping; and the wheel itself seemed all at once dangerously loose on its mount. Since the sea was setting him now rapidly in against the spindle rock, he tried to force it once more.

Everything happened in a second. The steering rope broke somewhere under the deck astern, evidently short up against the rudder post; a sea sent the boat foaming toward the rock, and Ben, leaping for the stern, stepped unluckily on the dead body of a little fish. The sea juggled with his falling body at the very instant that the boat itself came down against the spindle rock.

Ben Shurtleff was in a bedroom with sloping walls, and in a bed covered with a red blanket and a heavy quilt. The windows were thick with snow; the mirror on the bureau was misted over; and he saw his outer clothes lying over the back of a chair at his elbow. This wasn't his first return to consciousness. He remembered that when he had come to he was lying here, and that somebody—a woman bending over him had coaxed a spoonful of some disgusting fluid between his teeth. Evidently that had sent him off to sleep in good earnest.

He sat up. The mirror showed him a bandage round his head with a brilliant splotch of blood on it. He recalled now that the whole island had dropped on him, had leaped out of nowhere and smacked him behind the ear for his pains.

It was daylight at least. He could hear the wind outside, going past the house in heavy flaws. Flakes of April snow were lighting like cat's feet on the window panes of the one window with its crumbling sashes. A red burlap curtain on a cotton string that filled a doorway leading under the eaves moved back and forth in a draft.

Ben Shurtleff got out of bed. Finding that he went pretty well on his legs, although a bit shaky, he crossed the room and brushed this curtain aside. A line of limp girl's dresses, black and yellow, stretched there. He turned back, mystified. The lamp, filled carelessly with kerosene and slopped, had been set down wet on a book on the bureau to save making a ring on the bureau varnish. He slipped the book out, opened it, and saw from the writing on the flyleaf that it was Essie Shawne's schoolgirl Ovid.

He was in the room—he had been lying in the very bed of the woman he had come to arrest. He stood stock-still, muted. But he was still able to note that the shuddering of the house wasn't due entirely to the blows of the wind against it. There was a heavy coming and going downstairs; and even while he was thinking that he must get a new grip on himself if he was to think his way out of this predicament, he heard the whispering of this heavy tread coming up the stairs. He got back into bed and closed his eyes, staring from under the lashes. Ede Shawne opened the door and stared at him under her straight black bang with an unfathomable stare. He opened his eyes. "Hello, Ede."

"Feeling better, ain't you?" the girl cried, with a noisy giggle, and in a tone of false cheer. She added, "You certainly looked like something the cat brought in. You were next door to a drowned rat when she fished you out."

"When who fished me out?"

Ede raised her fat arms over her head in a yawn. They were the color of rich milk, he was able to see, since the sleeves of her loose house dress fell back to the shoulder with the movement. Her black hair looked as if it had been hacked off with a dull ax right round her head.

"There I go letting the cat out of the bag," she said. "She'll murder me for telling. She don't know herself why she did it. On impulse as much as anything, I guess, like the impulse to jump off a high place. Essie always acts on impulse."

"Essie—it was Essie?"

"There ought to be some kind of a medal forthcoming, I tell her. You wouldn't have had a burglar's chance without her, I know that—not a burglar's chance."

That was the phrase of a young man Ede happened to be going with on the main. She added that Thorstad and others hadn't fluttered a lash all the while.

"Where's the boat?"

"On the bottom."

"Where's my gun?"

"On the bottom, too, I guess, Rip Van Winkle," Ede answered, with a short laugh. "You lay still and don't think about it, and see if you can get recruited up a little."

He had already slept the clock around, she informed him. That was thanks to the sleeping potion her father had brought home from one of his Italian voyages and left on the premises. It hadn't been used. None of the Shawnes had need of any sleeping powders to make them sleep. What they needed was powder to wake them up.

"You lay still now and don't you move, and I'll bring you up a little beef tea. I'll see if I can't stop those young ones caterwauling in the kitchen. Your head must be splitting."

"Head's clear enough. Is Essie on the premises?" he bethought himself to say before she was quite out of hearing. She put her head back craftily through the door with that empty laugh of hers.

"Where you think she'd be—out handlining in the snow?"

"Apparently I've got her room. I can fix myself up on that sofa in the parlor."

"Aren't we considerate of others' feelings all of a sudden?" Ede sneered. She leaned well over the bed's footboard and said under her breath, "It strikes me you ought not to be too delicate about that, when you mean to take her to a worse place the minute you are able to."

"How do you know that?"

"How do I know anything? I wouldn't have to be a Sherlock Holmes. I was the one that pressed these pants and dried what articles there was in them. I didn't tell Essie, though. You've still got that job ahead of you, and it's going to upset her." She leaned still nearer. "No matter what she may say," she whispered, "she hasn't forgotten the old days when you and she were keeping company. I can tell that the way she acts every time your name comes up in conversation."

He could think of nothing to say to this cunning thrust of Ede's. He shut his eyes against her. She giggled from the head of the staircase and went down giggling. Almost at once she was back with the beef tea, and Ben, sitting up to take it, asked, "How did those two women come to have their spat, anyway? How could they work it up to such a pitch in that short time?"

The lamp was streaming; and Ede, retracting the wick, said under her breath, "Search me. There's no accounting for Essie." From the door again, the empty cup in her hand, she said huskily, "You can trust me to keep mum, if for any reason you decide not to ——"

It was impossible for him to stay any longer on that bed. Ede's heavy footfalls were no sooner lost in the general uproar below than he was up and thrusting into his clothes. He felt stronger, and he had need of this strength. The crackle of the dried warrant in his pocket gave him pause. Had Ede all this time been telling him the truth, he wondered. Or was it all a cock-and-bull story, her saying that Essie knew nothing of the reason for his coming here?

Either way, it was going to be desperately hard even to approach the subject. The question of force came back to him in a thousand subtle guises. He repeated to himself idiotically that the amount of force an officer might lawfully use in making an arrest was that force exactly which would be necessary to accomplish the object, neither more nor less. He would be himself criminally liable for excess in either direction. It was like walking up a ladder of swords.

When, going softly downstairs, he opened the kitchen door, he saw that chaos reigned. The floor was just a flood of children's faces. Mrs. Shawne, with one arm, was dipping clothes into a wash boiler with a fuzzy-ended stick. She was a little bent twig of a woman with parboiled finger ends, and looked generally as if she had been dragged through hell. Ede, just beyond her, had the weight of her big quivery arm and upper body pressed down on the ironing board, where she was ironing out some of the children's things; and back to back with her, the in-between sister, Narcissa, was washing dishes at the sink. They washed dishes just before a meal.

Essie herself was driving nails into a shoe tap. She was in a blue blouse and corduroys—her father's corduroys with her yellow sou'wester hind side before, slanted away from her black brows. In contrast with this rough male gear, the beauty of her face was touching, well-nigh perfect. The slightest change in line or coloring would be a change for the worse, he reflected, amazed. A friend of Ben's had argued that there was nothing necessary in our lives; a man could be madly in love with any one of twenty thousand women, or fifty thousand, and lead a deliriously happy life in any one of fifty thousand ways. Yes, but not after seeing Essie Mockabee.

Her shoe was fitted on upside down over a forged iron shoe shape fixed by a rod to a piece of tree stump half a foot thick and with the bark still on. Her cheeks were like moons, but that was because her mouth was full of sparrow-bill nails. When she saw Ben standing in the door, she let them out into her cupped hand, tossed them into their proper compartment in the stump and jumped up.

"Another county heard from!" she cried. She shook hands. Mrs. Shawne, her eyes twin fears, wiped a trembling wet hand on her apron and held it out. Ben felt her quake in every joint when he had for a second her lank fingers folded into his.

"I don't know where you'll find a place to put your feet in this kitchen, I'm sure," she said faintly.

"A lot of babies is a sign of war," Ede contributed, staring over her shoulder at the unlucky deputy, who could not decide how he was to take her.

"I'll take him into the other room," Essie said cheerfully. "The fire's built in there. All I've got to do is touch a match to it."

She went ahead of him through the hall into the parlor. The bracket lamp over the piano was already lighted, and Essie dropped a lighted ball of newspaper into the air-tight stove.

"I suppose you must be wondering how you came to be here," she said. "I guess it's just that we happened to be the first house they came to after they fished you out. It was beginning to snow then. My, you were as bloody as a beef! You must have lost quarts, but you don't show it in the face."

She wouldn't look at him, and he grew more and more certain that Ede had told the truth. He had it on his tongue to whisper, "I am sorry to say that you are under arrest," but the words died in his throat.

To make a true arrest, he must touch her, he must take hold of her hand or elbow; and something held him back from doing that. Yet certainly there must be a taking. And then it might easily come to catch-as-catch-can between them. Saying it did, what would be the outcome? Essie, with her slim compactness and robustness, might strike as smart a blow as a man if she set herself for it. She might pack a wallop in those ten brown fingers that would knock him off his pins completely. In one sense, he was floored already.

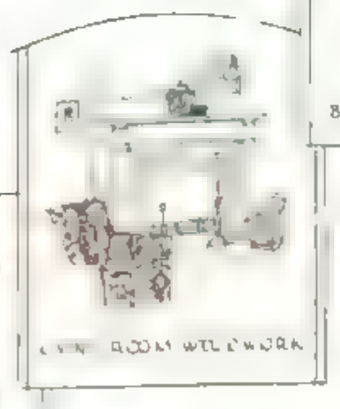
"It comes of bucketing around in a hired boat when you don't know whether you can trust the gear or not," he said. "That swell off the spindle brought just a little too much strain."

"It's worse now. This is my night for taking Ede ashore to see her man; but she was a little afraid of that north sea, heaped up as steep as it is. She isn't the sailor in the family."

"We've got to expect just so much of this in April," Ben said hoarsely. He was growing uncomfortably hot all over. The air-tight stove was getting baleful and

(Continued on Page 109)

BRIGHTEN THE KITCHEN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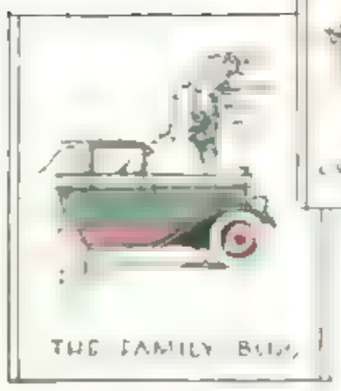
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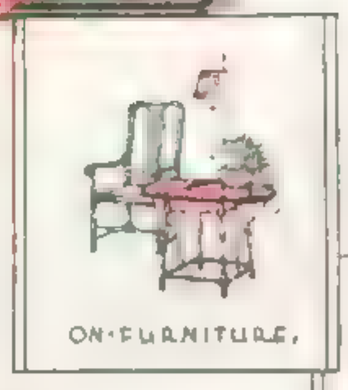
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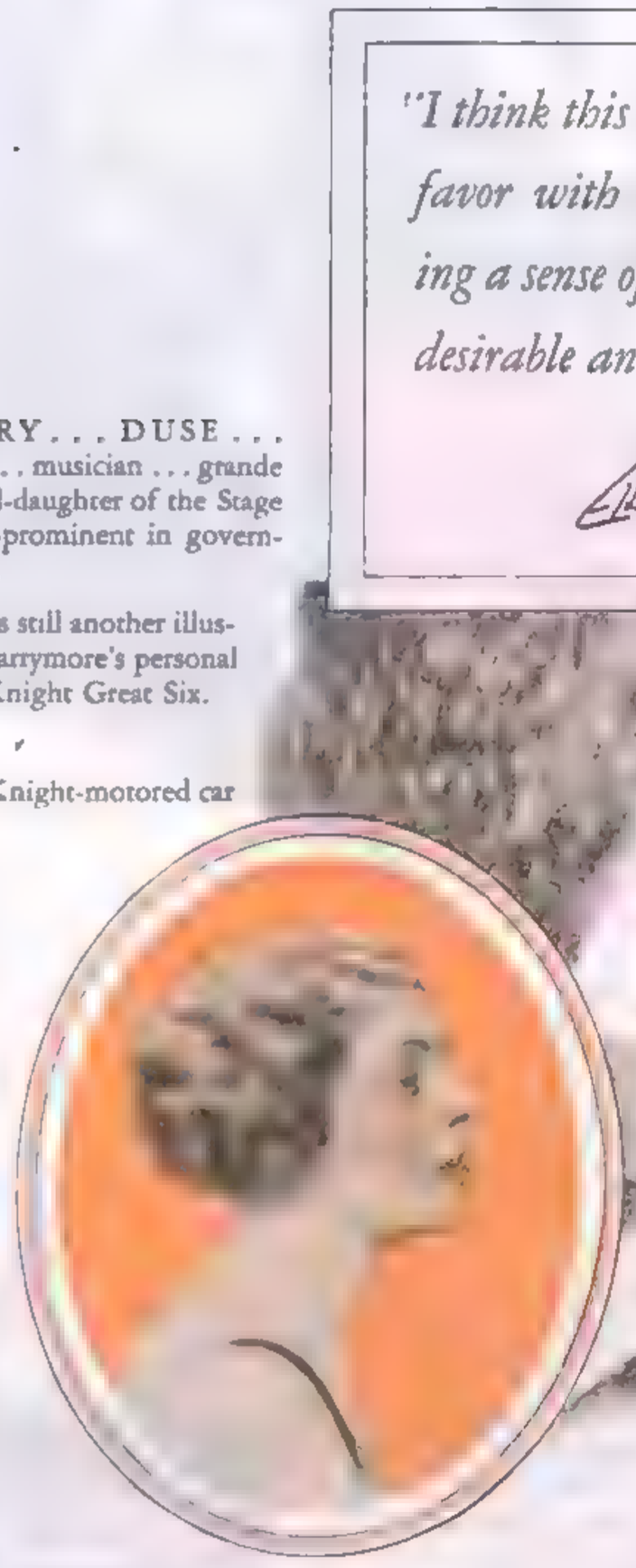

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(Continued from Page 104)

threatening to burn their very skins. He backed gingerly away from it. After a lot of importuning by the women, Julius Shawne had put in a hardwood floor here; it was maple and perilously waxed, and footsteps were loud and clumping on it, except when they fell on the one or two small braided rugs.

That devil of an Ede. Had she been telling him the truth? Instead of coming out fair and square into the open—how could he do that with a woman who had saved his life, a woman whose slave he was willing to profess himself at just the quiver of her lashes?—he made his business infinitely harder by muttering, "I see you still have Ovid on the premises, upstairs."

"Ovid? He's just a name now," Essie answered very low, with a wary glance toward the kitchen. "It's like so many other things that seem as if they must have happened in another life, as you get older. I suppose you must have succeeded in living Ovid down yourself."

"I haven't thought of him for years."

"You don't have so good a time in your twenties as you do in your teens, do you think? More is expected of you, and you expect more of yourself somehow. Nothing could surpass the teens."

Was she simply making talk? His eye dwelt on her in a misery of longing as she bent over the piano stool, spun it up with a twist of her fingers and sat down on it. He was standing directly back of her, feeling more insecure than ever on that waxed flooring. Looking up at him, she made a gesture of sweeping the hair from her face, and then for a second left her hands pressed there with the fingers spread.

Nothing could have been more startling to Ben. When they were little they had played a game, a little game with neither rime nor reason in it, but it had always stuck in his memory. The game was for Ben to chase her, in that big field back of Julius Shawne's sister's house—the sister that married on the main and who took Essie to live with her through the school years—and then when Essie felt that she was close to being caught, she flung up her arms with the fingers spread and stared through them and cried, "Tick-a-lock; iron bars!"

That was magic protection. That was daring him as far as might be and then putting the iron bars of make-believe invincibility between them. Derelict in his duty as he was, he began to think now that she had whispered into the palms of her hands the words of that potent charm.

"Say what you will," Essie whispered, "it is strange, our being here together, you and I, like this, after such a lapse of time. We did have good times once."

"There's no discount about that."

"Do you remember that time when I maintained that I could kick higher than anybody, and you went holding that paper pie plate higher and higher, and I kept kicking at it regardless? I got too ambitious, if I remember rightly, and came down on the flat of my back."

"I picked you up the way I would a bird I had shot," Ben was seduced into saying. "I had to slap you on the back to get the breath into your body again. Did ever you feel any ill effects from that fall?"

"Do I look as if I did?"

"You look rugged. You're more of an armful than you were then."

"I wouldn't say you could set up to be a judge of that precisely," Essie murmured with more than a trace of archness.

Whatever in the world he could possibly say now, the deputy couldn't for the life of him decide. Completely off his guard, he surprised himself much more than Mrs. Mockabee by saying playfully, "Why not tickle the ivories a little?"

"Shall I? This piano is hopelessly out of tune; I suppose the salt air plays havoc with it. My fingers are stiff as so many boards, too, from dipping shingles in that fish oil; but here goes."

She began a skipping, crashing march. She had always played with a trifle too much vigor; and now, before half a dozen bars were played with that superb strength, one of the photographs standing right-angled on the top of the piano, and curled together with the heat, tumbled down between them. In their haste to pick it up, they knocked their heads together; but the deputy was beforehand with her. It was the picture he had given her of himself on graduation.

"You hold your baby looks," Essie murmured, looking back and forth.

Ben was looking past her, across a huddle of Mrs. Shawne's soap-order furniture at a crayon picture of Essie as a child. Her hair was loose and filleted, her head in the angelic pose which the itinerant artist had decreed to his sitter. The artist had been also an atheist, Ben remembered, who would sell you a crayon portrait of yourself, and give you, free, while he worked, an argument against God. But his best argument was the picture he produced.

"Wouldn't you think, to look at me there, that butter wouldn't melt in my mouth?" Essie laughed. "You remember that Mr. Carter who did it, don't you? Wasn't he funny? I've thought ever so many times he must have succeeded in making an infidel out of me. I can't get away from just the feeling that people are two-faced. They say one thing and think another. Anybody has to look out for herself in this world."

He breathed deep and the dried warrant in his pocket crackled ominously. He had a duty to perform, but Mrs. Mockabee's spell was cast already. Without that laying on of hands necessary to an arrest, his soul was a close prisoner already. He felt with new force the bitter irony of his position. After all, his instinct hadn't played him false. There had been a chance for him with Essie Mockabee. He was certain of it now, without Ede's telling him. And, fool that he was, he had first committed himself to Anita Starrett, and then as good as flung Anita at Essie's head. He ought to have put his foot down on the girl's coming to this island. He could have. If Essie Mockabee was threatened now with jail walls, that was nobody's fault so much as his; and still there was a duty on him to arrest her.

At the queer look that came over him, Essie whispered, "What's the matter? Do you feel that window on you? It's open just a crack at the bottom on the side away from the wind."

A current of air had touched him, it was true, but not from the window. Rather from the door into the hall, which was now standing a foot or so ajar. His feeling was that somebody was lurking in the hall; it might be Ede. Certainly he wouldn't put it past her. He went to the door and laid it deliberately flat back against the wall.

It was not Ede but Hal Thorstad who was standing there, practically on the sill, and breathing like a horse. Snow was melting on his heavy brows and lashes and in the folds of that corduroy hunting cap heaped up on his bullet head.

"Got the prisoner working overtime entertaining you, ain't you, sheriff?" Thorstad muttered. "Where's that warrant for her—in your pocket still?"

The deputy saw that Mrs. Mockabee's manner toward him had changed. It was full of scorn; she averted her eyes. He was instantly mad enough to kill. So they had been toying with him, and Essie was a party to the cruel fun. This would account for all those mystifying horselaughs of her sister Ede. All these touches of sad reminiscence Essie had heaped up to humiliate him. She meant to show him that a Shawne could still bring a Shurtleff to his knees.

"Maybe I have shilly-shallied long enough," he cried bitterly. He brought the warrant out of his pocket. "Please consider yourself under arrest, Mrs. Mockabee, on a charge of attempted manslaughter."

He pushed the warrant into Essie's hand and gripped her elbow. So it was not so hard, once the ice was broken. She was his prisoner. But she shrugged clear of him. Everything about her had changed. Her chin had lost its softness; she looked all at once hard all over, with a man's hardness: her eyes had hot fires in them. She sent the warrant scaling across the room to Thorstad's feet.

Hal picked it up. He had a pistol in one hand, Ben Shurtleff saw. He looked at the paper in swift glimpses and motioned the deputy back against the wall. Tearing Essie's name out of it, he rolled that bit of paper into a ball and threw the ball down at Shurtleff's feet.

"That ought to be Shurtleff diet, just the same as hay for a horse," he cried. "Let me see you make history repeat itself. Chew it up and swallow it down."

"Maybe you had better pull the trigger," the deputy said harshly. Mad with vexation at his own stupidity in playing into Essie's hands, he ground the bit of paper under his heel.

"All right, there'll be a strange face in hell for breakfast then!" Thorstad called out with equal rage.

"Cram it down my throat, why don't you?" Shurtleff muttered. "Drop your gun and muckle onto me, man to man. Maybe you're afraid. It always did take the whole turnout here to get a Shurtleff."

The taunted Thorstad, under Essie's eye, did, after a second's hesitation, put the pistol down. The two men came together hard on the icelike surface of the hardwood floor. That was the one thing in which Mrs. Shawne could take an interest, and it proved the undoing of the island. Thorstad, straining against his foe, stepped on one of the braided rugs; it slipped from under him, he fell sidelong heavily, knocked his head against a corner of the hot stove and lay still. Ben got his arms back of him and slipped handcuffs on the thick wrists.

"Bring me a piece of clothesline, one of you," he said. "He isn't dead."

Ede and Narcissa had crowded into the doorway and there stuck fast. Narcissa, with her braids drawn tight over her thin shoulders, gave a lurid scream at what she saw.

"Don't anybody get it for him!" Ede cried noisily. "Essie Mockabee, don't you dare!"

Essie said in choked accents, "One of 'em's got to be tied or there'll be murder done here, and then I guess at last I wouldn't have a leg to stand on."

She threw a coil of clothesline at Ben's feet. Ede shouted "Traitor!" and making a menacing step or two, slapped her sister's face unexpectedly, and hard enough to bring tears and leave a red mark.

Essie, who might so easily have got the better of Ede, merely bowed her head slowly, sinking it into her two hands, while Ben was telling Ede sternly that if she untied the man after he, Ben Shurtleff, was out of the house, it would go hard with her.

"Yes, and if I don't untie him he'll half murder me the minute someone else unties him, speaking about not having a leg to stand on," Ede shouted back with a defiant heave of her bosom.

The deputy had picked up Thorstad's pistol from its chair and was studying it. It was, he saw, the weapon that Arthur Brice had given Hal the summer before. No doubt there would be bullets to fit it in the Brice cabin; and he meant to go there straightway with his prisoner. It was by all odds the best place on the island to stand a siege.

"Get your sweater on," he said to Essie. She looked at him insolently, without moving. He pushed roughly past Ede, who tried with her fat arms to stop him; and finding a sweater in the hall, he came back and hauled it down over Essie's head and shoulders with one savage pull. Her head emerged, the hair dragged across her face, the eyes veiled and burning on him.

"She must always have had it in for me," he thought grimly. This was one time, though, she wouldn't skip out of his hands after tempting him too far. Only let her try to interpose those imaginary bars of hers. He had arrested her, and he meant now by hook or crook to get her to the

(Continued on Page 111)

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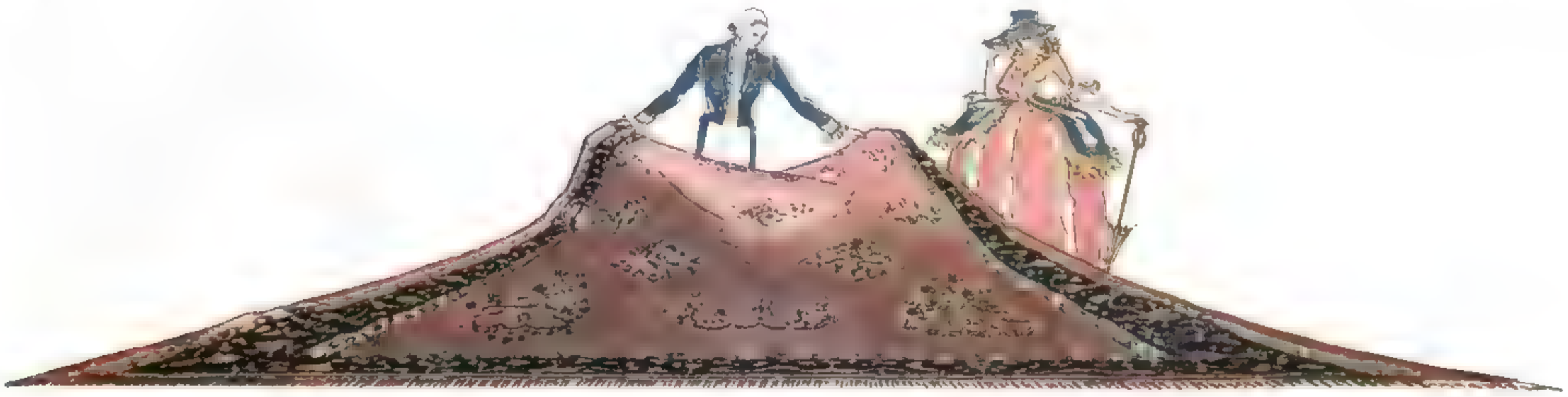

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RUGS & CARPETS

(Continued from Page 109)

main. He lifted her arms one after the other and put them into the sleeves of the sweater. She didn't interfere with that. It was like dressing the body of a doll stuffed with sawdust. But her eyes were alive, and she breathed as fast as he did—faster if anything. He jammed her sou'wester vigorously down about her ears and tied it too tight under her chin.

Then, putting his arms completely round Essie's lax body, he forced her through the outer door, hauling it shut after them with his foot. It bounded open again, but the faint sound of Narcissa's renewed screaming was lost in all the other noises. The wind, he thought, had never blown harder. Snow filled the air gasping full, flying spray mixed with it; there was the hoarse plunging snuffle from below of the tide ramping into a water hole or spouting cavern there. From a sad distance came the asthmatic a-a-a-a-hump, a-a-a-a-hump, of the foghorn opposite the spindle. What little shipping there was lying at anchor in that wild roadstead wasn't visible.

Essie evidently was bent on being just a little fool, and making the whole business hard for both of them. She began to struggle in his arms again, as a fish, beached, will flop after a quiet spell. With one of her elusive twists, she succeeded in pitching the two of them forward on their faces in the snow. His mouth was open with amazement at her success and the snow plugged it.

They were down in the lee of a dory, overturned there in the midst of a scattering of lobster traps of the parlor-and-bedroom type. The dory had a huge bowlder perched on its bottom boards, as if to prevent the wind from blowing it away. The deputy struggled to his elbows, still feeling Essie as one vicious long entanglement, all legs and arms, and dimly saw that somebody was coming toward the house. He found Essie's mouth and clamped down hard on it with the palm of his hand, while she kept vainly fighting for her head. He found it hard to realize that he and Essie Mockabee had actually come to grips at last. But since that little scene of her engineering in the Shawne parlor, his blood was up; he meant to show her which of them had greater skill in putting iron bars between them. There were bars and bars.

Old Thorstad, his head down to windward, passed within six feet of them and went into the house. Ben still had his grip of Essie, but he gave her her head again.

"If I was only a man!" she raged, shivering her whole length.

"That might simplify everything," he agreed. "It did for young Thorstad."

"If he hadn't slipped, there might be a different story."

"Come," he muttered. He took her arm.

"Come where? Into the Atlantic Ocean?"

"No; to Arthur Brice's cabin."

"Let me see you get there with me," Essie said, not moving.

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Because the whole island's up in arms against you. Do you think it's only Hal Thorstad that wants to have you chew up that warrant? The others are posted all about. The Morihans are on one side and Chris Thorstad, you bet, has got his end guarded. There's people on the wharves too. We went into all that while you were upstairs sleeping."

"In your bed. That was kind of you," he muttered. "I believe I have to thank you for saving my life."

"A bad job I made of it, from my angle, I guess," the girl said bitterly. "That's a queer kind of a fish to pull out of the water—a sheriff with a warrant in his pocket for you."

"Are you innocent of the charge?"

"Isn't anything I say now liable to be used against me?" she inquired.

"All right, I don't insist. You've got to come with me, though."

"There'll be nothing go with you of me but the pieces. You'd better just light out yourself. They'll fill you full of holes, I tell you."

"There's one way you hadn't thought of. We can go up over the rocks. We did once before."

"We didn't make it that time," Essie reminded him. But that was because, as children, they had got frightened halfway up, and Julius Shawne had had to climb after them and bring them down. It wasn't that the cliff was unscalable.

"Come," he said again. There was no time to lose. Chris would have his son out of that clothesline before they knew it.

"If I go, it'll be because you lug me, the whole bigness of me," Essie declared.

"Don't you think I can't then," he replied.

He had picked up off the ground under the dory a coil of lead line ending in a light sounding lead. He tied this around Essie's waist, then with a sudden movement brought himself back to back to her and lashed her to him, passing the coil around their two bodies four or five times, finally bringing it across her throat and down across his right shoulder. He could use all necessary force, he remembered; and there was the honor of the Shurtleffs to be thought of. The island had once got the laugh on his father.

Essie thrashed and squirmed; once she screamed, but the wind made a sound practically identical with that. The house door hadn't opened as yet. Ben began to walk away with her, crouched over, her legs dragging in the snow. Staggered by the fierce gusts of the wind, he sank to his hands and knees. He was in a remnant of the road leading to the abandoned quarry, he knew. Essie's head knocked against his. She cried in his ear that rather than submit longer to this personal indignity, she would go with him willingly, if only he would take the rope away.

This capitulation was only just in time. The deputy had forgotten how cold these April winds could be. His fingers were numb; and with Essie's added weight crushing him down against the points of the rock, he couldn't seem to take purchase with his knees and toes. He took the turns from her body, but he kept the hitch about her waist. They began to climb. Essie went ahead; he gave her twelve or fifteen feet scope and followed after. The rock grew steeper, the ledges more perilous; but they were helped out by trees which grew miraculously out of cracks in the stone. The snow in places masked the cliff. The run of the ledges began to look unfamiliar. There should be hereabouts, he thought, a kind of natural stone staircase; but instead, for some twenty feet the rock wall against which they were huddled was as smooth as a tombstone. It was dribbled with ice from the soggy meadows above, at the foot of the light. The very ledge on which they were standing, not more than two feet wide, was icy and had a downward tilt.

"There's no going on up from here," Essie said.

"There'll be no going back down while I'm here," Ben said. There was a tossing of lights below, outside the Shawne house. The Thorstads were picking up the tracks; and even if they didn't attempt the cliff, they would be certain to send men round the long way. Time was precious.

He stared up. The wheeling shaft of the island light struck out over their heads twice a minute, like the whisking of a ghostly fox's tail. Against this, twenty feet above where they were standing, appeared the sorry shape of a pine tree full of snow.

"So near and yet so far," Essie taunted him. "Above that pine, it's all broken down and easy climbing—I recognize it now—but let me see you reach the pine."

"I wish everything in life was just as easy," he muttered. "Here, can you get a hold of something here?" His arm went groping past her shoulders. "Here, here's a root of some kind. Get your elbow round that."

He untied the line holding them together. He drew her free arm round him, and then deliberately let her strength hold him in position on the ledge.

"There's a lead on this line. I can swing it up into that tree, with luck," he shouted. "You see to it I don't slip and fall."

"What reason have I got not to let you drop?" Essie cried back.

"No reason. Drop me if it's any satisfaction to you."

"I will! I will drop you! I swear I will!"

"That's your privilege."

He was busy with the lead. He had untied the line and taken it in coils; and now, measuring the distance with his eye and beginning to swing the lead back and forth, he wondered vaguely whether she would drop him, as she said she would. It seemed unlikely. He had a malicious satisfaction in the way her arm, close against his floating ribs, grew more and more rigid.

And nevertheless the picture of Ike Mockabee dying in her arms from natural causes, and when he was actually married to her, was grotesquely present to him. It might be that the constitution of her fate forbade any man's having her in his possession for more than just the instant of a hope that wasn't to be realized.

He trusted entirely to her strength, and leaning out over a howling black-and-white void, swung the lead in a free circle. It fell fairly across the trunk of the tree over their heads; and with a little sawing at the line, he got the lead down into his hands again.

In another minute or two they found themselves over the cliff, in the high meadow where the lighthouse stood. Ben hadn't thrown away the rope. He felt very weak, and it occurred to him that Essie could easily enough give him the slip. He roped her to him again, crouching in the lee of a stone wall, his hand at her neck, forcing her to her knees beside him.

"I take notice you didn't drop me," he muttered in her ear. It was not the thing to say, but devils had him in their grip. He was afraid of growing sentimental; the impulse was in his very bones to let her slip out of his hands; but he had his oath, his obligation, to consider.

"It must be I'm anxious to see the inside of a jail," Mrs. Mockabee replied bitterly. The sound of the words falling from her own lips produced a change of mood in her. She said falteringly, before they had gone half a dozen steps, "I suppose they wear gray dresses—all of them?"

He was hideously ashamed of himself. Gray dresses. If he didn't answer her, it was because he feared his voice would falter more than hers. He half turned his ankle in a frozen rut deep under the soft snow. His legs were ready to fold under him. He put out a hand to Essie's shoulder, ostensibly to assert his authority, in fact to keep himself from pitching sidewise. He leaned there heavily and helped himself along.

"If she knew the truth about me," he reflected, "she could knock me over like a dummy."

He blinked and stared. A lantern was hanging in the road ahead, a foot or so off the ground. The Thorstads couldn't have got round here so soon. In fact the lantern was hanging from the hand of the Twilley idiot. The poor devil, Essie murmured, was always fond of roaming round in any weather. He was about opposite the graveyard now, Ben estimated.

That place was built up out of field stone heavily cemented, and was roughly circular in shape, like an enormous flowerpot well filled with earth. Indeed, only in this way could a grave depth be obtained. It was as hard for the dead as for the living to maintain themselves on such an island. In the high wall was a slit, very narrow, to accommodate the stone stairs, with a black wrought-iron gate at the bottom.

"I hope you are not afraid of an idiot!" Essie cried, seeing that Ben had stopped in his tracks. The deputy began to walk forward again, and the girl, trembling against him, murmured, "Idiots are happiest in this world. Whatever happens or doesn't happen, they're always just the same. Nothing affects them."

They walked straight up to poor Twilley. He had a black stocking cap drawn down nearly to his blank eyes. He barely knew

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enough to help himself, Essie said pityingly. His eyesight was wrong; he could see only in roving patches not much bigger than dollar spots.

He was being used, this once, as a decoy. They were addressed sharply by Sarah Twilley, who put out the barrel of a shotgun from the darkness of the graveyard stairs and cried sternly, "I've got this gun pointed at you, Mr. Shurtleff. I guess you know I wouldn't hesitate to use it. Is it you with him, Essie?"

"It's me, Aunt Sarah—yes," Essie said in a pitiful small voice. "I'm—I'm taken prisoner."

Sarah Twilley, on snowshoes and with a white woolly wrap round her head, came to within a dozen feet of them, holding the shotgun well out in her corded hands.

"I'd like to see the man that could have taken me prisoner," she snorted contemptuously. "I was at the lighthouse, and when I saw you come over the rocks roped together I knew how it was with you. Here, cut yourself clear of him."

She tossed a fish knife and Essie caught it deftly by the handle. Tick-a-lock —— In a second the line was cut, the bond snapped, the charm whispered. Mrs. Mockabee was free as air again. Ben Shurtleff saw her going toward Sarah Twilley as if to fall on the old woman's neck for sheer joy. She had got out of the line of Twilley's vision, and the poor idiot moved his head with a queer oscillation to bring her back into his eye.

She had escaped them both. The deputy heaved a sigh. He was freed at least from that iron obligation hanging round his neck. He had done his best, and his best had not been good enough. Essie's invincibility was proof against him still.

Suddenly he saw the two women clutched together; the gun barrel was knocked sharply up and next Essie had wrested the gun itself out of Sarah Twilley's hands. In falling, it made a long gun-shaped slit in the snow. Sarah herself, her features twisted with agony, reeled slowly back, Essie's arm banded about her throat.

The girl came and put the snowy gun into Ben's hands. "Ede was right," she said, not looking at him. "I'm a traitor to my people. After this night, there's no likelihood of their trying to rescue a Shawne again. Here I could have knocked you cold any one of half a dozen times and still I didn't do it. I could have dropped you off that rock, and I hung onto you like grim death. Or, I could have hit you with the handle of that pistol when you were on your knees with Hal, and instead I was like one of these women in the movies that just stand and moon and watch two strong men fight it out when God knows what will happen to them if the wrong man wins."

"You could have? Why didn't you?"

"Maybe I know too well what the penalty is for resisting an officer," Mrs. Mockabee said, looking back of her, in the direction from which the Thorstads might now be expected to arrive.

"Resisting an officer?"

"Yes. Maybe for old friendship's sake, you won't have to mention that I did resist you—when we get to the main, I mean."

"Essie, I can't take you to the main."

"There's no place for me on this island now, remember."

"I can't take you."

"You're under oath. You have taken me. You've said it and you can't unsay it. Why, I don't know what might happen to me if you leave me here," Essie whispered, at sight of Sarah Twilley's gaunt frame only just struggling up out of the snow. "Just Sarah there would be capable of strangling me in her own hair while I slept, after what I've done to her."

"How came you to do it, for that matter?" the deputy asked.

"Say it was impulse. Must I be accountable for all my acts? Come, take me to the—the place where I belong."

"There's no getting off the island tonight," he remonstrated. "You tell me yourself they're watching all the wharves."

"On the south shore—yes. But there's my father's smack lying just below here a dozen yards off the old dogfish wharf. She's all gasolined. A head sea or any kind of slop ahead will knock down that little coffee mill of hers, I know that. Maybe we couldn't head exactly for the main, but if we let her go south by west, with a following sea, we ought to make the Oil Spot without trouble before morning."

"The Oil Spot?" Ben repeated. "Sure enough. Why, Essie, if we can run that far we'll be out of my jurisdiction altogether. That's the solution! We'll be clean out of the jurisdiction, and my power over you will be just nothing."

"Will it so? What do you think your power over me is based on, I just wonder. Just that wretched warrant that you wouldn't swallow? Ben, I wasn't a party to that, I swear, however else I was implicated. I wasn't. Well, and if you did —— Ben, if we did get clean away out of the jurisdiction, so you couldn't lift a hand against me, wouldn't it still be your bounden duty to stay with me day and night and shadow me, all my uprisings and downsittings, so if—if at any time I should think fit to—or just by accident should happen to wander back into the jurisdiction again, you could be on hand to ——"

"Essie!" By the light of the lantern which still twirled at the end of the idiot's thick arm, grim Sarah Twilley saw them melt into one double shape, half lost in a new flurry of snow and wind.

"There's no time for shilly-shallying," Mrs. Mockabee was saying, thrusting away from him with both her arms.

"There's time for you to answer me this one question," the deputy asserted. "What possessed you in the first place to heave that young woman overboard?"

"You'll think it crazy-headed, and I can't help it if you do," Essie returned, holding him up with all her strength and helping him down over the rocks toward another of those bowlder-weighted dories. "It's just that she told Hal Thorstad in a fit of spleen that in spite of everything that had passed, and all that the Shurtleffs had done to the Shawnes, with my father wandering an exile on the face of the earth, and the whole wrangle of the Shawnes scratching dirt for a living—she said that—all you, personally, had to do was beckon or crook your little finger in my direction and I would come crawling on my knees. . . . Oh, Ben, why is it that the truth sometimes upsets us so?"

The north wind, practicing to blow them clean away out of the jurisdiction, kept the useless answer from his lips.

TOO MUCH CLASS

(Continued from Page 25)

but you got to get the right man to put up a front for you. Without him it is nothing, no good.' And then I see at my elbow your husband—young, smart, good-looking, good dancer, nice with the ladies, good sport with the men—and I think, 'There he is.' But he is married. I think to myself, 'The kind of wife he has got will make a difference, because he is the kind of a young man that a wife does make a difference.' Then I see you."

The thick lids almost closed over the liquid dark eyes. Camilla thought she had never known a man in the least like this one. He was outside all the labels they had taught her. She liked him.

"Now, Mrs. Burnet, this is my proposition: I want to start a dance restaurant, a supper club, here in Miami. Not like these little hidden places that spring up and die every year. I have seen just the building I want. Outside the city, on a main road from the races, where everyone can reach it, yet hidden a little, for those who like to hold their breaths. I shall call it by some name that will sound rich and smart to them—Maxim's, maybe. It shall be large, but not too large. Decorated good, a little showy, so that the cover charge is forgotten. The food shall be good, but not too good—only solid American food that they can understand. And the drinks—of course there will have to be drinks—will be expensive, but not poisonous. There will be the best dance orchestra in the country and some loud-shouting chorus girls on a stage with a runway—nice-looking, well-built girls, dressed expensive, but not much. But there must be a man to call everybody by their first names and dance and sing silly songs to the best tables—a man like the sparkle of champagne. I decide all this by watching the people who come here to play and spend money, and the people who make money here and must spend it to show they have it. They want class and they will pay for it. But not too much class. They do not understand that. It makes no noise in the world for them. So I say to myself, 'If the young wife of this young man is the right kind, he is what I want.' And I see you." The lids almost closed over the dark, intelligent eyes. "But now I think I must ask you to forgive me for wanting your husband to dance for me in this not-too-disreputable supper club."

Camilla's sapphire eyes widened and her heart was beating high. "But why should I forgive you, Mr. Diamantopolous? You are most kind, most thoughtful. It must be as Bunch wants. But I think he wants to very much."

"I'll tell the cockeyed world," Bunch said, squeezing her hand and grinning. "Lead me to it, that's all I ask. We'll make 'em sit up and take notice."

"Good, then. I shall pay you one hundred dollars a week from now until we open, and then maybe more and a percentage. Now go and dance, you children."

It was always a delight to Camilla to dance with Bunch. He made one play the drum with one's heels, made one a liquid flowing to music; but tonight he was holding her too tightly for technic, chuckling and exclaiming down into her eager ear. She clung to him, dizzy with a sense of rescue.

"Isn't he a bird? Isn't he a prince? Isn't he the gamest old Greek you ever saw? You made some hit with him, babe, some hit. If you hadn't he'd never have given me the job. He's long on the influence of women. Isn't it the most stunning luck? Watch your old man from now on, babe. He's on his way. Say, wasn't it a wow the way he thought he had to apologize? He must have thought you were kind of high hat."

Then, vibrantly, ecstatically, they forgot even Mr. Diamantopolous and remembered only that they were young and in love and dancing together. When they came back to the table Mr. Diamantopolous made a gesture of rising.

"You dance good," he said across the table to Camilla as Bunch was pushing in her chair.

Bunch thought he had been speaking to him. "Thanks," he said carelessly. "That's nothing. Just you wait until we get that place of ours opened up. Then I'll show you some real dancing. What about my dance partner?"

As the men talked, Camilla breathed deeply, repressing a little shudder of fear at the unknown thing they had so narrowly escaped.

Mr. Diamantopolous spoke to her again presently. "But you, Mrs. Burnet, you have danced also, and much, I think."

She flushed a little. "Oh—I? Hardly at all. At least, not popular dancing. My school had a summer school of dancing, where I spent my vacations. We used to put on three layers of silk and dance barefooted under the apple trees every morning, with the dew in the thick grass. It was lovely."

"Ah," he said. "You liked that."

"I loved it," she said softly. "But it was almost too beautiful—I mean, after all, life is quite different from that, isn't it? One mustn't expect always to dance in the summer wind."

"No," he said. "But you can remember that you have." She felt a sudden little glow at his glance; the glow that comes from being understood and approved.

When he took her hand at their door, later, he tucked a bill into it. "That is to remind your husband that he is to work for me," he said, and she smiled up at him starrily, with Bunch grinning behind her. Everything, she felt now, was going to be all right.

But she would not leave the Avocado Apartments and Seventh Street, no matter how much Bunch protested. "We will take the third-story apartment in the rear that Mrs. Thompson tells me will soon be vacant, so that you can get your sleep in the mornings away from the noise of the trucks, and you can have the extra room for practicing. And you can find a cheap car. But I want to stay here, oh, for a long time. Until we are absolutely sure of ourselves. You can't tell what might happen. It is clean here and friendly and we can save money. Bunch, darling, listen to me very hard. We must never, never lose our last fifty dollars again. It is too frightening. And besides, it is not intelligent."

Therefore, Bunch, because she was so lovely when she was flushed with intelligence, hugged her and gave in. Besides, he was really too preoccupied with the opening of Maxim's, getting new elegant evening clothes and working on dance numbers and trying out dance partners and buying a third-hand yellow sport car and conferring with Mr. Diamantopolous, to bother about it. Camilla bought herself a little white-chiffon dress and had her hair clipped and brushed until, with its faint crinkle, it was a tight little helmet of close-spun silver, watered with gilt. Mr. Diamantopolous had asked her if she really cared to come to the opening, and when she had replied with astonishment that of course she was coming, he sent her a pair of the most adorable silver slippers, fragile as frost, on high glistening heels.

"I want to see you dance in them," he said, "thinking about moonlight and apple blossoms and the wind in the grass." And she had thanked him, flushing, for seeming to understand how she secretly adored dancing, adored making lovely, subtle movements all alone, humming a little, thinking of just such things. It was as if they had a pleasant, hidden understanding.

The opening of Maxim's was a huge success. Camilla sat at an obscure table with Mr. Diamantopolous after a very special dinner, her face deliciously colored with excitement, her dark-blue eyes wide and filled with little dancing lights, her small, lovely mouth smiling.

"Then you like it?" Mr. Diamantopolous asked her, with that direct dark gaze. "Considering that it is to get money away from people who must be amused noisily, in crowds, you think it is not too foolish?"

Camilla glanced around her at the wide room, which contrived still to seem intimate, at the dull shimmering gold of the walls, touched with blue and black and vermilion, which looked lavish and expensive and yet not vulgar. There were just enough tables with intimate lights and palms deftly crowded together. The floor was glass, lighted softly and rosily from beneath, so that the light glowed romantically about the feet of the dancers and the orchestra moaned and thumped with lovely exciting overtones. At the end of the room

(Continued on Page 117)

BASEBALL is a game of spurts and dashes more than a game of continued action. The pressure on the nervous system is frequently heavy. It is for this reason that smart ball players relax at every chance. They have discovered that no one can remain geared up for six months without breaking down before the finish. And so in any game where the opportunity comes, whether resting on base or on the bench, they keep relaxed before the next vital effort is demanded. Through these moments of relaxation they retain their keenness from April to October.

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Isotta Fraschini
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Such pre-eminent cars are standard equipped to give you relaxed motoring.

"SPURTS and dashes . . . . pressure on the nervous system . . . . strain begins to tell . . . . relax at every chance."

What Grantland Rice says of ball players, he might well say of all the rest of us. We spurt and dash from one business or social engagement to another, almost always under pressure. So, like Mr. Rice's smart ball player, those of us who are wise make the most of every opportunity to relax.

All those innumerable hours you spend in your car—are they refreshing interludes between activities? Not if you must ride tensed against the expectation of a sudden comfort-destroying thrust or throw. But in a Stabilated car, you *can* relax, and you do!

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2-TON CHASSIS . . . . *(Dual Rear Tires with Disc Wheels Optional)*	$1445
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You will find him at every Fry-equipped gasoline service station in the world. And you will find that he chose the Fry Visible Pump because he knows he can depend on its dependability.

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Guarantee Liquid Measure Company
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Made in five and ten gallon capacities—both labeled by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

(Continued from Page 112)

the little stage was backed with a curtain of crumpled, glittering gold, and the chorus which had just danced off, had been exactly what Mr. Diamantopolous had wanted—loud, beautiful and expensive-looking. There was a not-too-noisy, elaborately dressed, stimulated crowd at the tables, about which the waiters slid and dived like sleek seals in an aquarium.

"You see," said Mr. Diamantopolous dispassionately, as if it were of no particular importance to him, "already it is taking on the smell and the taste and the feeling of success. That is what these people worship. There are three celebrities from Palm Beach, a moving-picture actress and the rumor of a political character from Washington. There is a musical-comedy producer and a moving-picture director of much reputation. Over there is the president of a racing club and two owners of big racing stables. That tall woman with the pearls is the cousin of one of the richest men in New York. Coming in the door—the tall woman with the white hair and the hawk eyes, see—that is Mrs. Harrison Bolden. That proves it. The place is a success. She has her party with her—she likes young men and insolent, pretty girls—and where she goes the sheep follow. All successful people, you see. It will do very well. Look, now. Here comes our young man."

Bunch whirled down the cleared dance floor to the conquering brasses of the orchestra; a cyclone in black and white, a personality vivid as a rocket, flaunting a flamboyantly pretty brunette in flame chiffon boneless as a banner. They danced as Camilla thought only Bunch could dance, feeling the murmur and response of an excited audience about him. His brown eyes were blazing black, his boyish face portentous and exalted. This was what he loved. The girl danced lithely, but less so than Bunch. For all her long curve of body and legs, the flare and flash of her dress, he was more fluid, more daring, more electric. The drums were under his heels. Eyes followed him, and tongues, and, when they had finished in a melting pin wheel of leaps and loopings, a roaring surf of applause which beat up into his exulting face as he bowed and grinned and bowed, trailing the flushed victory of his glance across the faces of applauding women.

"He will do," Mr. Diamantopolous said, quite unmoved, to Camilla. "He is one who gets a little drunk on audiences. He will play with them like ribbons on a stick. You are not tired?"

"No—oh, heavens, no. I—I'm simply thrilled to pieces," Camilla breathed. "I'm so glad—so glad—for Bunch and for me—and for you. We owe you everything. I think you are the wisest man I ever knew. You are the one who knows how to play these people, like a good pianist striking the right keys."

"No," he said shortly. "No. I only play the drums and those loud things—cymbals. My fingers are too thick. But that is what these people want, fortunate for me. As I told you, they want what they think is class—lots of class—but not too much class. That makes no noise in the world for them. They are not difficult to understand."

Evidently he understood them. Maxim's was a success, not just the opening night or the first week, but every week. People came just to be seen there. Others came just to see them there. They came because of the food and the good dance floor and the excellent orchestra and the high cover charge and the decorations and the tang of sophistication—and because of Bunch. In a week everyone was calling him Bunch. They ate him up, his wild stunt dancing, his flashing laughter and the foolish, rollicking little songs he sang, strumming a ukulele, with a whisper and a naughty twinkle, to the best tables. He joked with the chorus, goading them to new explosions of energy, flung his dance partner about him like a blown scarf and made absurd speeches calling all the prominent people present by their first names. From the first he was a riot. In two weeks he was a tradition and a local celebrity.

Camilla, who went to Maxim's only for dinner and perhaps a dance or two with Bunch before the crowd came, and then came home early in Mr. Diamantopolous' own car, driven by his chauffeur, was delighted with Bunch's success, and at the same time puzzled, even a little disconcerted, by the changes which it seemed to work in him. He worked hard, inexorably hard, of course, and as he never got in until nearly daylight it was understandable why he should be a little grumpy and exacting at noon, when he woke and had his coffee. But he was growing so cocksure, with a touch of hardness, so temperamental about his dancing, so queerly conceited, for her gay, boyish Bunch. And he was drinking a little. Not enough to affect his work, but sufficient to thicken and dry his lips a little, make his face flush dully at the end of a difficult number. And he was always having trouble with his dance partners. The flamboyant brunette went in the second week, because she would not follow his directions and was always watching the audience. The next did not know enough about dancing and the next could not think about anything but men. And all of them tried to hog the stage. To try to hog the stage—Bunch's stage—was to commit the unpardonable sin. As he explained to Camilla, people came there to see him and his dancing and he'd be darned if he'd let any girl, no matter how pretty she was, get the applause that belonged to him. He wished that he could put on all the numbers alone. But after all a man couldn't very well do that. He had to have some sort of girl clinging around, just for the effect.

The result of this on Camilla was to isolate her on Seventh Street. Mornings she was up by eight, leaving Bunch in his heavy slumber in the darkened room, and so out to her marketing. His breakfast, which was her lunch, was often followed by an hour or two of practice, in which Camilla, for want of anyone better, danced with him to the muted squawk of the phonograph. Sometimes after that they ran over to the beach in the car for a swim, but more often, as the season advanced and Bunch grew more and more popular, he was asked to dance at private tea dances in hotel gardens, and he began to give Charleston lessons at fifteen dollars an hour to the very smartest women. On such afternoons Camilla sat in the bayfront park or came home and sewed and read alone. And often, more often than Bunch knew or would have liked, she went downstairs to the Robinsons' apartment and talked to Bertha and played with the baby.

She had begun to notice Bertha Robinson, who was the wife of the young Robinson who drove a truck, while shopping at the corner grocery. And after they had walked home together and sat on the veranda together several times, it had seemed perfectly natural that Bertha Robinson should have asked Camilla in to see the baby and have a glass of iced tea. The Robinson apartment was the duplicate of Camilla's, on the floor below, but it seemed somehow plainer and less cluttered, without the ruffled taffeta cushions and smoking trays and French dolls Bunch had been bringing home recently. Bertha Robinson was a round, brown-eyed, comfortable little soul, who wore clean little print dresses and dressed the baby in plain wash pink. She had a comfortable, sensible way of treating Camilla like a mere child, although she was only a year or two older; and she took it for granted that what Camilla wanted most in the world was exactly what she wanted—a little house somewhere out in Riverside, with palm trees and a flower bed and plenty of room for babies to play in. She liked to go to the movies with her tall brown husband, and she liked to cut out rompers without a pattern and bake crisp molasses cookies and make iced tea with sirup and mint sprigs. She liked to say she was envious of Camilla's silver slippers and her dancing, but she did not look it in the least. And Camilla grew to look forward to an afternoon with Bertha and the baby as a traveler in a strange land listens for the sound of a few words he can understand. But she did not tell Bunch that.

For as time went on she began to grow a little more silent when she was with Bunch. He was growing a little strange to her. The way he lived, what he thought, was making him strange. It was making him harder and more supercilious and even a little loud and rather grasping. Grasping for applause, for the acquaintance of smarter women, for flattery, for everyone's familiarity, everyone's recognition and admiration.

He was growing to like expensive things just because they were expensive, and men who were important and ostentatious and loud-talking about money, and women with red mouths and hard bright eyes and clothes as ostentatious as new thousand-dollar bills. He grew to talk about nothing else.

"Class, that's what they've got," he would say to Camilla, dressing after an afternoon at a tea dance. "Rotten with money and don't care what they do with it. That's what I'm after, babe, and that's where we'll be some day, and not so long too. Just you keep your eye on your old man."

If it had not been for the kindly, intelligent eye of Mr. Diamantopolous, for Seventh Street, and for Bertha Robinson, Camilla began to think she could not have endured it at all.

When Bunch had turned the fifth of his dancing partners into a sputtering, glaring figure of more than articulate rage, and had had her discharged, Camilla volunteered to dance with Bunch herself. Mr. Diamantopolous stared at her, turned dark around the lids, and said "No" explosively.

"But why not?" Camilla said, when he could be spoken to again. "I've practiced with Bunch and practiced with him, so that I know all the numbers, and I do follow well. He says I do. I really don't think he would mind me. And it would be something to do."

"I do not like it so," Mr. Diamantopolous insisted. "I do not like it so at all. For Bunch, yes, fine. For all these other, yes. Too good. But for you to be dancing here at all hours of the night—you, in front of these—these staring baboons—no. No, it is impossible. I will not have it."

The result was that Camilla was to go on for three dances with Bunch, all before one o'clock. After that one of the girls from the chorus would do, and Bunch could put on one exhibition number alone, as he had always wanted. He rather liked the idea than otherwise. Camilla always did exactly what he told her and they could put on some swell stuff with a little hard work. He rehearsed her, hour after hour, in the afternoons, until she grew limber and tireless and elastic.

Yet after the first week or two she did find the work a little difficult. The constant necessity of practice, of keeping fit, the night work and Bunch's incessant demands wore her more than she would have acknowledged even to herself, and certainly never to Mr. Diamantopolous. But she saved every cent that he paid her and a little of what he paid Bunch. It helped that Bunch was in the best of humor about the arrangement. He loved drilling her in new steps, feeling that he was the master and she the willing, eager pupil. He loved all the increased attention which Camilla's open indifference to applause brought him. Her dancing did not attempt to follow all Bunch's complicated gymnastics. If people did notice her and seemed to applaud especially, now and then; if he heard women exclaiming, "Isn't she sweet? Isn't she perfectly exquisite? Who is she?" he felt only the pride of the creator and producer. She always slipped away quickly and inconspicuously, so that they might the more quickly forget her.

Bunch himself was getting better every day. He said so himself. There was not a dancer in Miami or Miami Beach, he told

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SquareClox are finished in antique gold or colors, and cost from $2.50 to $6.00; radium hands and numerals $1.00 to $1.25 extra.

Apex Junior (illustrated below) is a beauty, made of Necrolian bronze with decorative design in relief. Its sunken dial, with raised bronze numerals is part of the case, and needs no protective glass. The clock looks as though carved out of a solid block of bronze, costs only $3.50; radium $4.50.

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ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

Camilla often, who could touch him. People in the profession were coming to Maxim's just to watch him and pick up new ideas. Steps that he discarded last week were the newest thing this week in other dance places. He felt himself the central figure of all the smartest night life of the winter.

Then one night Bunch heard that Erben Balch was coming to Maxim's. Even Camilla knew that Erben Balch was one of the biggest producers of international revues in New York and London. If he took one up one was made for life. Everything he did went over big. As a consequence he was a man whose winter vacation in Palm Beach and Miami was sogged with publicity. Would-be actresses haunted his footsteps, tried to speak to him in swimming, slipped notes under his door. And when he planned an evening of casual, inconspicuous amusement it was quite likely to turn into a triumphal procession.

Bunch was so excited that night that Camilla had to tie his tie. "It may mean the biggest thing in the world to me, Camilla, don't you see?" he said to her three or four times before their opening number. Camilla hoped absently, as they ran onto the floor with the opening chords, that Bunch would attract all the attention that night that he craved. And yet if Erben Balch liked him well enough to give him a job in New York, what would that mean to her, to them, to this life that they as married people ought slowly and surely to be building up together? She swayed and drifted and lifted her toes and tapped heels in a sudden fog of bewilderment that was almost pain. What was she doing here, with the spotlight prying under her eyelids, before these staring ovals that were faces, among the curling smoke mists, with this hard, directing arm of a strange man about her waist? She didn't belong here—oh, she didn't belong.

The first dance went off smoothly, as usual, in spite of her fog of abstraction. Bunch was watching the newcomers. Erben Balch had not come in yet and Camilla was grateful for it. Bunch was not so tense now. She pulled herself abruptly from her alien mood and smiled faintly across the table at Mr. Diamantopolous' brooding face. She hoped he liked her new silver-lace dress that lay like frost work about her bare, delicate shoulders, fluted softly about her knees.

But at the beginning of their second number Erben Balch came in and sat watching from a corner table in the lowered lights. A stir and turning of heads sought him out among the crowded tables. The saxophones blared with a brassier triumph, the drums were electric, the strings like silver shrillings in the dimness. Over the brilliant rosy glass of the floor, in full spotlight, Bunch and Camilla were a whirlwind of black and white and silver, with the black and white festooning about the silver in a wild, flowing intricacy of steps and gestures. Bunch was outdoing himself. Camilla made no pretense of serving as anything more than she always did—a dreaming, delicate accompaniment for his pyrotechnics. She acknowledged the crash of applause absently, her hand light in Bunch's tight palm, and then slipped to Mr. Diamantopolous' table, while Bunch put on his solo number for Erben Balch's special benefit.

"You are lovely tonight," Mr. Diamantopolous said to her, with that direct gravity of his. "The new dress is a silver cloud for the young moon. But I think I shall discharge you and forbid you ever to come back to Maxim's. You are too tired. I can see it. It has been too much for you."

She smiled her faint little smile at him, sitting erect with that sense of poised tranquillity she gave. No, she was not physically tired. Not tired at all that way. The exercise had kept her fit. It was only—she could never have spoken the words. But she could think. Something in her was too tired to prevent her thinking. And the thought was—the alarming, the distressing, the much-hidden thought—was that she was tired of Bunch. Not of the Bunch she loved, had loved. But of this strange, new frightening Bunch; this vain seeker after applause; this difficult, exacting stranger. How much she, too, must have changed, she thought suddenly, to let herself sit here like this, thinking these terrible things of Bunch. Her Bunch, her husband. But he was not hers any longer. He was theirs—this roaring crowd, like a loud, many-mouthed, stupid animal, before which he was gyrating. He had given himself to them. It was he who had changed. She sighed and stirred at the chill within her, looking away from Mr. Diamantopolous' inquiring eyes.

A man was coming over to their table—two men. They were bowing to her and asking him to present them—Mr. Erben Balch and Mr. John Zorycka. Camilla smiled, her inattentive, elusive smile, as they sat down. Mr. Balch was the big, dark man, only a little less big than Mr. Diamantopolous, with a pale, fattish face and small, round eyelids over sleepy eyes. The wiry, thin man was Zorycka. His face was pock-marked and his eyes were alive under perpetually surprised eyebrows; a man shaped like a rapier, with a rapier's spring and flourish in his manner. Zorycka was Balch's dance master, she remembered. It was queer, she thought, that both men were watching her and not Bunch, flashing and whirling and stamping out on the floor.

"We enjoyed seeing you dance," Erben Balch said slowly, in a sleepy, suave voice. "I wanted to ask you what sort of contract you had here?"

Camilla laughed lightly. "Oh, we've no contract. My husband is bound only by Mr. Diamantopolous' kindness."

Balch said, ignoring the Greek's acquiescing droop of the eyelids, "I mean you, Mrs. Burnet."

"I? No, of course not. But it would not matter about me. You see, I'm only a very substitute partner."

The lean Russian had been fidgeting. Now he broke in as if he could not endure this open diplomacy any longer. "You do not understand," he said. "It is not your husband we are interested in. He is not bad, of his kind. Rather good; but he will never go any farther. He has nothing of the thing that you have—the feeling, the distinction, the imagination, the spark that makes the artist. Your training has been much wrong. I wish to train you myself. I want to make that thing you have come out clear and fine and strong. It can be great. Mr. Balch has said I may have you. Can you be in New York in three weeks?"

Camilla steadied herself with a clenched fist under the table edge. She turned her startled eyes to Balch. He nodded. She sat very quiet, a frosty quiet, but the thoughts in her head were turning somersaults. To go to New York and work at real dancing, with this man like a whiplash; to have simplicity and beauty and—and freedom. And yet—Bunch.

Her little silver-gilt head was high; her little silver figure unstirring except for the frosty lace over her breast. The three men sat and watched her, and she thought desperately, her dark eyes, purple with intensity, staring past their silent gaze. She heard Bunch's solo music still thumping and blaring across the dance floor; the burst of laughter and clapping which followed him about. Why—why, poor Bunch. Then he was not so good as he thought he was. Poor old Bunch. He wasn't good. He wasn't good enough. It would be a terrible blow for him. What would he do if she went to New York to be a dancer, to be produced by Erben Balch? What would it do to him?

"You are very kind," she said suddenly, in a little voice that was part gasp. "You are both awfully kind. I don't—I am so surprised that it is I you want and not—I don't know what to say. May I—would it be possible for me to think it over—give you my decision later?"

"Certainly," Balch said, getting up suddenly, as if conscious of many people, staring people, about to hurl themselves upon him. "Certainly. We'll be here two weeks longer. Call me up at the Monarch-Biscayne any morning before ten. We'll make an appointment to discuss details. Delighted to have seen you. Come along, J. Z."

Camilla sat staring at her hand on the edge of the table. Bunch's dance was almost finished. He would hurry to ask her why they hadn't waited, what they had said. The watching eyes of Mr. Diamantopolous were veiled.

"Perhaps I should remind you," he said once, elaborately removing the ash from his glowing cigar end, "that Maxim's will close for the summer in another month."

"I know," she said uncertainly, watching Bunch plow his way toward them among the tables, his curiosity and his impatience brilliant in his eyes.

"Well," he said, dropping into the chair beside her, "what did they say? Why didn't they wait to talk to me? Did they like my stuff?"

"They couldn't stay any longer," Camilla said steadily and slowly. "They said they were awfully glad to have seen you, Bunch. They said you were good. I think—I think they don't go around saying that to everybody."

"Was that all?" Bunch demanded, searching her face. "Didn't they say anything about wanting to see me again, or—or about a chance in New York?"

"That's all they said about you, Bunch. They had to get away. But that was a lot, don't you think?"

There was no question but that Bunch was disappointed. Poor old Bunch. It was a shame—a shame. But he took it proudly.

"Well," he said, getting up and slapping Mr. Diamantopolous on the shoulder, "that'll be a good line for the advertising anyway, hey, old egg? After all, I suppose he's on his vacation and doesn't want to think about—I say, Camilla, who do you think wants me to teach her the Charleston? Mrs. Harrison Bolden. She just called me to her table. What do you say to that? Flying pretty high, aren't we, ol' deah? I'm to begin tomorrow and stay to lunch. Just give a think for a minute what that means. With Erben Balch saying I'm good and Antoinette Bolden saying I'm good—well, I guess I am good, ain't it so? Fifteen minutes to the next number, babe, and don't get your foot in my way on that skating step. See y'all some more."

"Poor old Bunch," Camilla murmured after him. And then, suddenly, "But I couldn't tell him then—just like that. It would have been like hitting a child. I couldn't ——"

"Are you planning to tell him at all?" murmured Mr. Diamantopolous, discreetly impersonal.

"Oh, I don't know—I don't know," Camilla said, torn with distress. "How can I hurt him like that? And yet, how can I not?"

If Bunch had been less preoccupied with his recent capture of Antoinette Bolden's interest—Antoinette Bolden whose this-season's diversion was a whole stable of personable young dancing men—he might have noticed that for the first time in their two years of marriage Camilla's attention was not all his own. As if in compensation for Erben Balch's negligence, Bunch was exalting Antoinette Bolden's recent flattering approval to the dignity of an obsession. He talked of nothing but her—her marvelous house, her marvelous wealth, her marvelous luxury, her marvelous, exotic mind, her marvelous understanding of a young man who was beginning to think himself much more as a social celebrity than a professional dancer.

He talked about her to Camilla whenever he was with her; when he was not sleeping or dancing or eating or grooming himself tremendously in the small, splashed bathroom. And Camilla heard him, when she heard him, with a pale pink ear negligently turned away, dark-blue eyes staring out the window, her lower lip occasionally bitten. If he had been capable of noticing anything

(Continued on Page 121)

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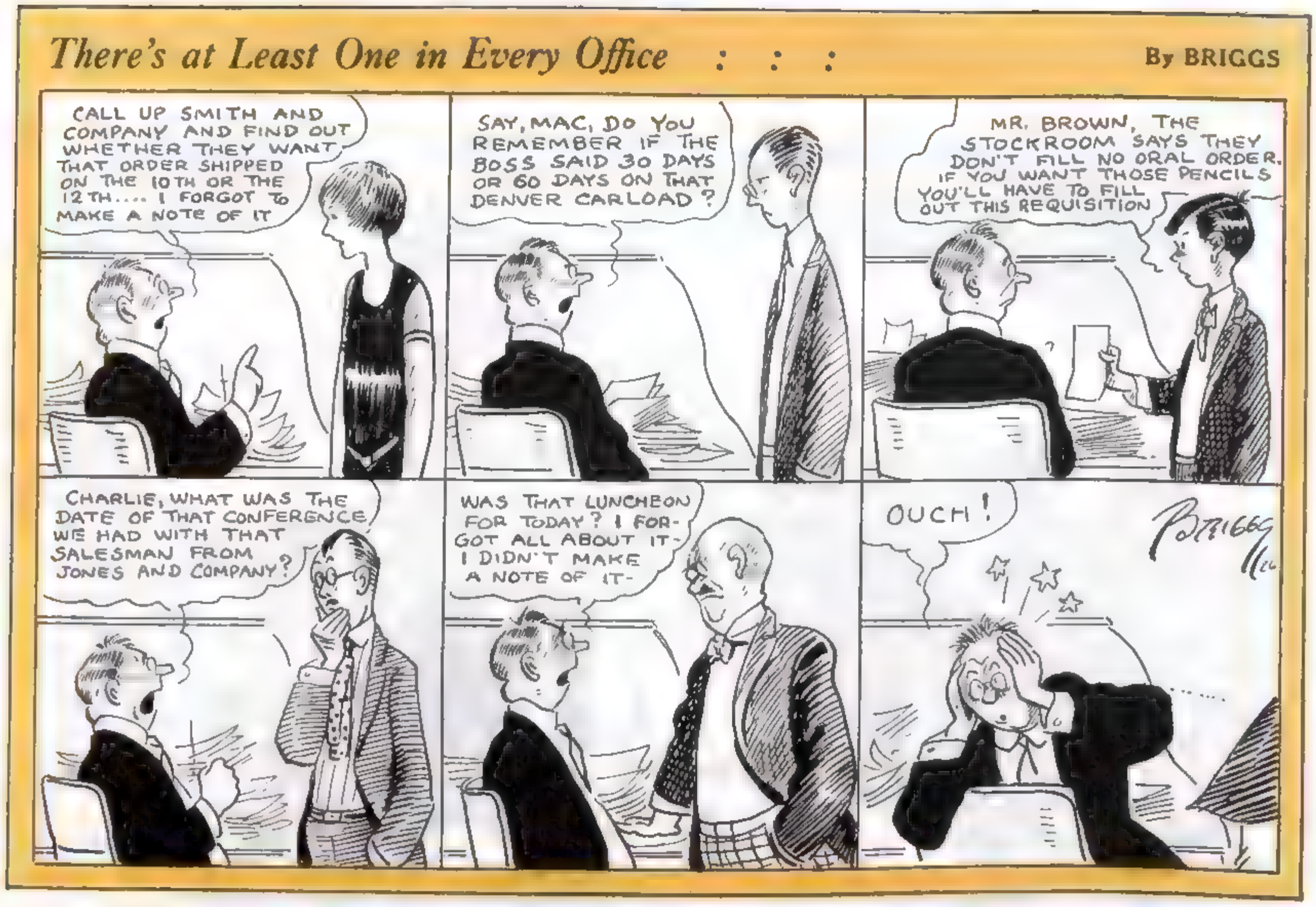
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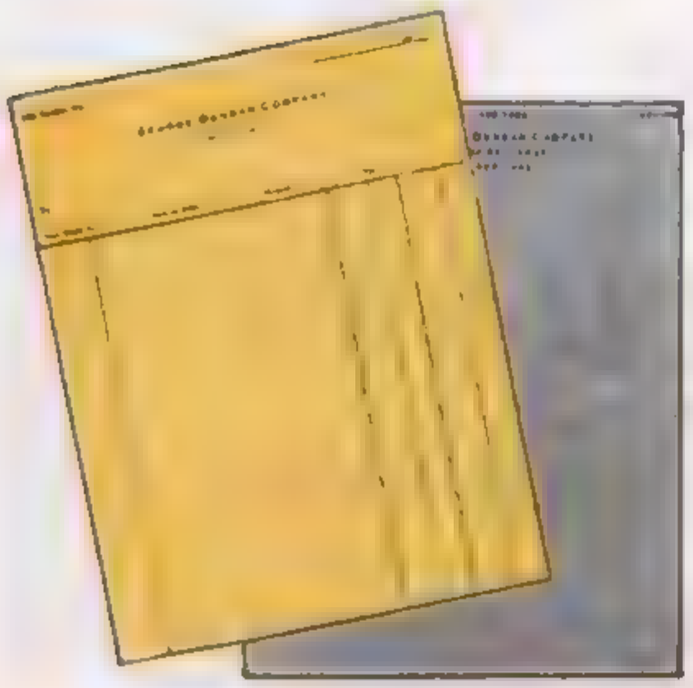

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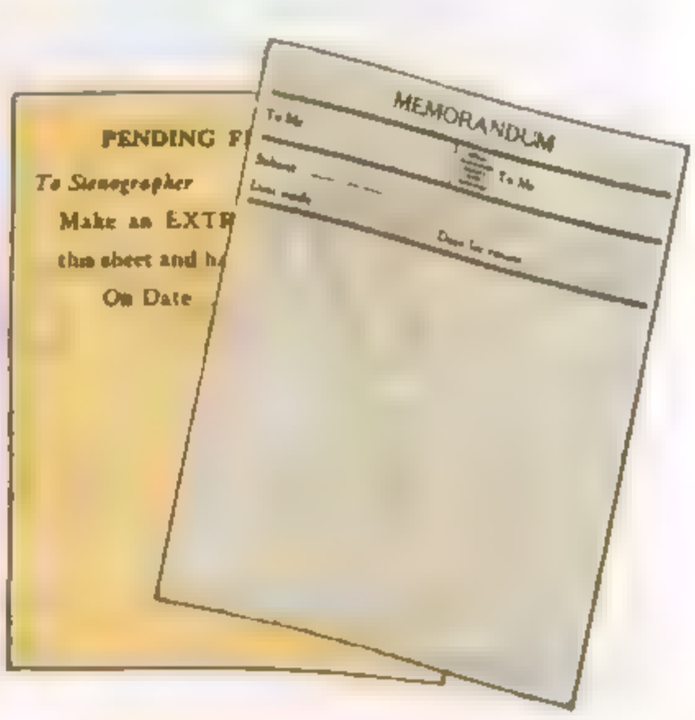


(Continued from Page 118)

he would have seen that it was only the charming shell of his young wife who gave him his coffee, who mended his socks, who drifted through the necessary dances with him, who woke long hours before he did, thinking, thinking, thinking. If, also, she spent every afternoon, when he was dancing with Antoinette Bolden or some girl of her train, downstairs with Bertha Robinson, helping her hem dish towels or bathing the baby, and talking, vaguely and disjointedly, about Billy Robinson's hopes for the future of the truck business, and the Robinson family's idea of what life ought to be like, Bunch was regally unaware of it.

Until the morning, nearly a week later, when Camilla suddenly woke him up earlier than usual, with his coffee, and a demand that he give up dancing and learn about trucks.

Bunch sat up blinking, his hair bristling and untidy, his face flushed, his mouth still opened after a yawn, and asked if she had gone crazy.

The brilliant morning sun was around her, burnishing her hair, as she stood sidewise in the window, playing with the cord. She did not answer until Bunch had finished his coffee in an incredulous and contemptuous silence. Then she moved toward him, her face white, her nails clenched in her palms.

"Listen, Bunch. You've got to listen. I'm not crazy, honest. But you've got to listen to me. I want you to give up this dancing, Bunch. Listen, you've got to. It—things aren't the same as when you started in. Everything's changed now. We've got money. I've got some—my own. I saved it. And you've changed, Bunch. You've changed dreadfully. I've watched it. It's been bad for you. You've grown hard and—and grasping and vain—not like your old self, Bunch. Oh, not as you used to be. If you keep on, Bunch, you'll be somebody else. Horrid. A hard, cheap, loud man, running around with rich people—women old enough to be your mother—drinking a lot and spending a lot for nothing, Bunch. For nothing at all that is sound or permanent or—or right. We ought to be planning for a different kind of life for us. Something fine and sensible and dignified. In our own little house somewhere, Bunch—quiet evenings and time to think and—and children, Bunch. We ought to be building a good life for each other and for them, that will be deep-rooted and—and really rich. We ought to be, Bunch—we ought ——"

For a moment she faltered, catching her desperate glance in Bunch's astonished, assaulted stare. "Don't look like that at me, please, Bunch. You've got to understand what I mean. There's a chance to go in with Billy Robinson in the trucking business. Listen; I've got enough saved, so you could buy two more trucks—you could be the manager, Bunch, and get business. Billy says there's all sorts of money in building up long-distance hauling between here and Jacksonville. It wouldn't be much at first, but it is a chance for a big future, and it would mean living sensibly again—day work—and our own little house, and dancing only when we—when we really wanted to. Bunch, listen. You've got to listen. You've got to take it seriously because I—because I ——"

"Sa-ay, have you gone crazy,or have I?" Bunch said violently, swinging his feet to the floor and staring, with something as black as anger in his eyes. "What in the name of—give up dancing for the trucking business? Me? You're bats. You've gone nutty; you're raving. Why in the world—oh-h, so that's it." Bunch stood over her suddenly, his mouth twisted in a grinning sneer. "I se-ee. Jealous. That's what it is. Jealous of Antoinette Bolden. Well, I'd never have thought it of you—oh, you women; oh, my gosh. Jealous." He yelled with laughter, shuffling in his slippers toward the bathroom.

Camilla felt her face sting as if he had struck her. And yet she was frozen. "Bunch," she said imperiously, "you come back here. Come back. You've got to pay attention to me. Don't look at me like that. I mean it. I can't go on this way, Bunch. I can't. You've got to realize. You've got to give up this dancing, all this that's ruining you, and settle down to something better. I don't care what it is, except that this trucking is a good chance. It would be the sensible, intelligent thing. I tell you, you've got to, Bunch, or—or ——"

Something of her frozen intensity had cut through his shell of supercilious scorn. "Well," he said coldly from the bathroom door, "as long as you seem determined to make a scene of it—well, go on. I'm waiting. The trucking business or what, Camilla?"

The level animosity in his eye made her catch her breath so that her voice was fainter when she went on. "Or I'll have to go away. Bunch. Don't you see? I can't keep it up like this with you changing so. It's either you must change back, or I'll go away."

"Go away? What are you talking about?"

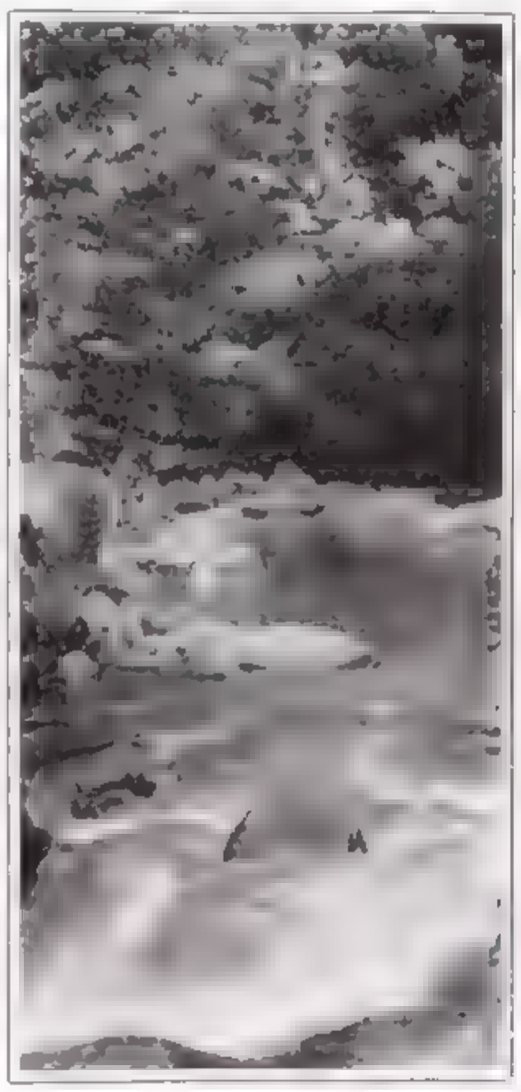
"Just that."

The startled rage in his face was gathering blackly. "Some other man, you mean? You've picked up some other man? You're throwing me over, are you? See here, if you think I'd let you ——"

"Bunch, don't. There's no other man. You know that. There's never been any other. Don't insult us both. It's just that I can't go on living this way. I can't, Bunch. I'll go to New York and—and get work. I've money enough. I'd rather work—than this. But not if you want to change. I've been trying to decide by myself. But it's you. You've got to decide one way or the other. You've—it's you that's got to make the choice."

"You're off your head," he snapped. "You know perfectly well I haven't the slightest intention in the world of going into the trucking business or any business than what I've got. And if you don't like that"—he paused ominously—"and if you don't like that, you little nut, you darn well know what you can do." He slammed the bathroom door behind him and turned on the water in the tub with a terrific roar, while Camilla stood in the center of the room opening and shutting her hands.

When he went out presently, dressed for lunch with Antoinette Bolden, he did not speak to her, sitting motionless by the window, and she did not speak to him.



A Trout Stream in Unaka National Forest

She did not see him again until it was time for their first number at Maxim's that night. She had telephoned Erben Balch at his hotel. He had been glad to see her at three o'clock. Zorycka had been there and they had discussed her first salary and her later contract. Zorycka would expect her in New York in two weeks. She had come back to the apartment early, dressed, telephoned for a car, and driven out to Maxim's, so that Bunch could have the apartment to himself to dress in.

She wanted to think. She must do a lot of thinking, plan everything wisely and quickly. She must tell Mr. Diamantopolous. And yet, driving out, she could not think at all. She was numb, without emotion.

She was going to be a great dancer and Bunch was going to be terribly hurt and she must tell Mr. Diamantopolous. But those were only words like beads on a string and she could not think at all. At dinner, at their side table, where Mr. Diamantopolous presently joined her, she sat without saying a word. After his first keen thrust of glance at her still face, he did not seem to care if she talked or not. Later Bunch came in, metallically gay, casual, impersonal, although his eyes seemed always to slip away from her glance. They danced, perfectly in unison, drums at their heels, spotlights in their eyes, applause in their ears, their cool fingers never quite touching. Camilla went back to her table thinking she must tell Mr. Diamantopolous now.

Antoinette Bolden and a party of her young men and girls were coming in the door, passing like a chattering flock of peacocks, preening and strutting across the floor to one of the long, decorated front tables. Camilla turned her eyes after them, thinking she had never seen Mrs. Bolden so close. She was perfectly aware of the woman's effectiveness—the white, high head; the narrow, incredibly low-cut white-velvet dress; the brown eyes like some sort of highly polished stone that seemed to see everything and reflect nothing; the thin reddened mouth in the face whose skin was unashamedly old—carried imperially before this troupe of brilliant youth. Among the smooth-faced boys and petulant young beauties she was startling, aged and ageless and insatiable, her polished cold glance glittering restlessly. Camilla saw her greet Bunch with a great flare of diamond bracelets as wide as cuffs as she laid a lean hand on his arm. Bunch was too obsequious, Camilla thought. Mrs. Bolden danced with him, fully a head taller than he, with a glittering clutch on his shoulder and that glittering glance darting among the crowded, curious tables as he turned and turned her about. At the end there was a moment when Camilla found herself staring fascinated into that glance darkly fixed upon her.

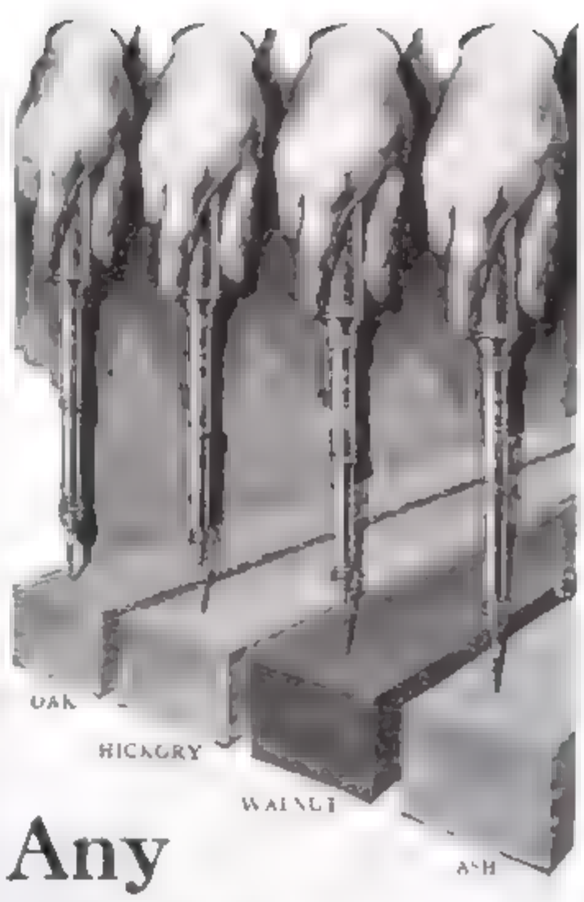
At some murmur from the nervous red lips Bunch glanced hastily at Camilla also. Abruptly, before the music stopped, Bunch straightened and halted, staring rigidly at Mrs. Bolden's moving lips. He stood so by her chair when she had seated herself, ignoring her slight gesture. Camilla saw him turn suddenly and plow his way awkwardly among the tables and the dancing couples, straight toward her. As soon as she saw the twisted, shocked look in his face she knew one moment of utter panic and then stiffened herself for whatever was to come.

But when she raised her eyes to him, standing across the table, she saw with a little dull feeling of surprise that he was not saying anything. He looked at her, dully, dumbly, and something shaken and white moved in his face. It would have seemed to her that his look was stricken, if she had been able to believe him still capable of that.

"You didn't tell me," he said suddenly, with stiff lips. "Why didn't you, Camilla? Why didn't you?"

"What," she stammered faintly. "What should I have told you?"

He made an impotent, vague gesture. "That Zorycka said you were going to be a



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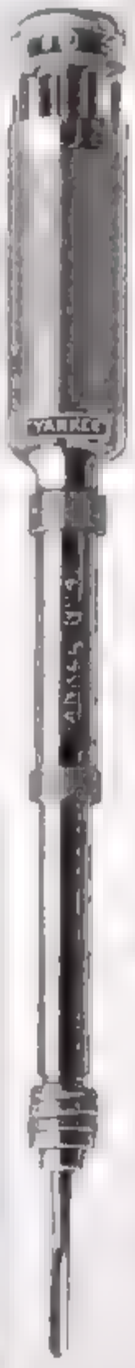

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great dancer. That Balch is going to have you trained in New York. That he has offered you a contract."

"How did you hear?" Camilla said, clutching at the question as if it could save her from the rising tide of emotion within her; the dark, aching flood.

"Mrs. Bolden. Balch told her at dinner tonight. She wants to meet you. She wants to—to do things for you. But—but you never told me, Camilla. You never told me."

"I was afraid," she said. "Oh, don't you see? I was afraid to hurt you. You were so sure of everything, yourself, your ——"

"But, Camilla, a thing like that—a contract with Balch ——"

"It isn't a contract yet, Bunch. I just told him I would this afternoon. The contract wouldn't be until later. But I—oh, Bunch, don't you see? I couldn't bear to hurt you."

"You would have gone away—you mean you would have gone away let me find out afterward that you were—that they had wanted you to be—you would have gone like that?"

"No, no, Bunch. Don't you remember? I hadn't decided: not until this morning. I gave you your choice—I did. I gave you your choice. And you—you decided."

Bunch's face, bending toward her, was a worn young mask, with eyes that were suddenly miserable boy's eyes, staring at a swift ruin he had created. His lips quivered once, until he tightened them.

"I decided? I—Camilla, Camilla, you can't mean –you meant you would have given up that contract—given up working with Zorycka, being a great dancer in New York, if I'd –if I'd said I would go into the trucking business?"

Camilla caught at his hand, drew him down beside her, tightened her hand on his arm, her eager eyes on his shocked, shattered glance. Beside them Mr. Diamantopolous was as silent as a great brooding cliff, as unconsidered as a stone.

"But of course I would, Bunch. Of course. Don't you see that's how much I –why should I want to be a professional dancer, work like a slave, with a spotlight always blinding me, for people to clap at? Why should I? Why should you? But if you wanted to go on this way, hanging around Mrs. Bolden and her sort—if you really liked it and wouldn't be happy doing anything else—don't you see, Bunch, I might as well go and work with Zorycka as anything else?"

Bunch had both her hands in his now and they were speaking fiercely, lip very close to lip, eyes lost in each other's gaze.

"Don't you see, Bunch?" Camilla said, and her glance trembled with sudden tears. His face was so white, so stricken. Oh, poor, poor Bunch. It was hurting him horribly.

He put her hands suddenly to his lips. "I—you are –you're wonderful, Camilla. Wonderful and lovely and –but you are an exquisite dancer. Don't they all say so here? I—I should have thought so before this. But what business have I got to keep you from New York; the life you should have –money, fame ——"

Camilla laughed softly, with a little catch in her breath, as her soft palm, in his hand, turned firmly against his protesting lips. "Silly," she whispered, "darling, silly, when I don't want to, when I'd hate it; when I love you, when you love me —— Oh, Bunch, you do love me? What business—why, silly, you've got the trucking business."

"Darling," he murmured brokenly. "I – Oh, I've been—listen, I'd keep you—if you really want to stay; if it were the garbage business. You mean you—you will, after all?"

In the little gaspy, starry silence which followed, with Camilla's hands locked in her husband's and their young eyes kindling and absorbed, the brooding Mr. Diamantopolous stirred, discarded a very cold cigar, crackled his shirt front and said distinctly: "Myself, I am tired of all this also. I like more class. Much more class. Something like the trucking business. Now go and dance, you children. That is the only way not to disgrace me hugging in public. After that, your exhibition, Bunch ——"

Bunch stood up slowly, stiffening his shoulders. There was on his face the look of a man who has stared hard at the thing which is himself and has struggled with what he found there, so that his face is drawn and his eyelids very weary. But his eyes were clear.

"Not for me, sir," he said. "Wouldn't I look an idiot, with Camilla –honey, will you give your old man the honor and pleasure of the next dance?"

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1926.

State of Pennsylvania } ss
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared P. S. Collins, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the General Business Manager of The Curtis Publishing Company and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

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Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Editor, George Horace Lorimer, Wyncote, Pa.
Managing Editor, None
Business Manager, P. S. Collins, Wyncote, Pa.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of August, 1926.

SEAL W. C. TURNER, Notary Public
(My commission expires 4-1-1927)

"You must have a lot of confidence in your tires to take a trip over roads like these."

"I have. Kelly-Springfields, my dear."

RICH MAN, POOR MAN

(Continued from Page 33)

"There's a point at which the game ceases to be worth the candle."

"It's not such a bad candle," she said abruptly, "for a man like you who has all the money he needs. What better thing can you do with yourself than go to Congress? It's worth fighting for, and you know it."

The light had faded, and again Mr. Saintsbury's trim little familiar, self-consciousness, recalled to him the absurdity of standing here facing this unknown girl like an antagonist. The thing didn't even look right. He stood not upon the order of his going, but he went carrying with him a perfectly clear picture of the criticism which was almost condemnation in the young woman's eyes. At comparative ease or at least in a position of ease, in the exact center of the back seat of his car, he tried to rid himself of the picture by concentration on the fact of the chauffeur's back—and could not.

His car, diving in and out of minor traffic with the aristocratic insolence of perfect mechanism, turned south toward his own house. He was suddenly reluctant to return to its somber dignity, its turreted piles of black native stone, bowed with shining plate-glass windows that seemed to belong more to the street than to the rooms within. It was a well-kept house. Before she died, Hazel, his wife, had imbued it with such habits of order that in ten years it had hardly changed its habits. The same cook and housemaid whom Hazel had engaged and trained, served Mr. Saintsbury. He had a curious feeling sometimes that the house belonged more to those two servants, who were in it all day, than it did to him. It had been Hazel's house, planned under the sway of a grandiloquent architect, built in her first consciousness of wealth and staggering under her interpretation of it. The two bright pink potted hydrangeas which she had ordained, still stood on either side of the front door, or perhaps they were only descendants of the original hydrangeas, running true to type. At any rate, they looked the same, just as the velvet portières, guarding each room which opened on the hall, were the same. There was a faint smell of furniture polish or wax in the hall, and perfect stillness. In the further stillness of the dining room, Mr. Saintsbury knew that the table was laid for his dinner.

He was not admitting anything to himself, for Mr. Saintsbury, from long custom, could be close-mouthed even with his soul; but one of the things that going to Congress might have meant was release from the house. It was hard to get away from. He had tried putting the length of a continent, the breadth of oceans, between him and the place without succeeding in shaking it off. It simply stood there, magnificently large and black, with shining, unseeing windows, and waited for him to come back to it; and he had always come back, for in other places his loneliness was apt to embarrass or bother him, and here he could most easily transmute it into dignity.

Yet even when Hazel was alive, and after he had made his money, he had felt there was something left to go after, in the pursuit of which he was always confused. He had made several gestures. They had tried some entertaining, not very successfully, for Hazel was an uneasy hostess and took to her bed after each occasion, prostrated by minute worries about the outcome of her hospitality. He had experimented a little in owning country property, but the difficulty of keeping servants there, and Hazel's growing nervousness, had made him abandon that. Her death left him in that orderly, unhomelike house with no one really closer to him than those hundreds of sprays of funeral flowers, which her social position had commanded, had been close to Hazel. And ten slow, prosperous years had passed since then.

Though he was a widower, he was, oddly, a widower whom no one seemed to hope to catch or trap into second marriage. He was never invited out to meet young girls or to fill in as an extra man. People of proper financial standing asked him to come to dinner now and then and provided him with middle-aged, bridge-playing dinner partners. But even these seemed to have no hopes. There was a rumor, to be sure, that on one of his trips Mr. Saintsbury had been seen at the Plaza with an attractive girl. But that rumor had been false or else meant nothing. Or perhaps it had been another of Mr. Saintsbury's gestures.

Then had come the suggestion that he file for Congress. It had come casually at first: "Saintsbury, why don't you file? We need a man down there who knows the district. You've got the time and the money, and you know the district. It's time we stopped sending these carpet-baggers down to Washington."

He had almost forgotten who had said it. Someone at the club one night, and they had fallen into discussion of it. The idea had stuck in his head.

Well, he had filed and run and made an ass of himself; put himself on the tongue of every Tom, Dick and Harry, of every little typewriting girl who —— His thoughts went back to the typewriting girl. She was excitable. How she had laid him out! Nervous, no doubt. But she didn't look nervous. He must ask Bradley about her.

His dinner was excellent. Clear soup and fillet of beef with mushrooms, exactly as Hazel had taught the cook to prepare it. There was no reason why, in the midst of eating it, Mr. Saintsbury should have suddenly decided to sell his house. Or if he couldn't sell it, as he secretly knew would be hard because of its size and outdated majesty, he'd close it up. He drank his coffee, left his cheese and telephoned his chauffeur to bring the car around. He was going to the club.

But the club was not much better than his house. In one corner of the lounge was deaf old Mr. Roberts. In another, Ray Athens and a couple of other men were talking. Saintsbury wondered if it had been of politics. He stopped to speak to them with a flourish of ease.

"How's politics?" asked Wharton, with a jocular grin.

That was the sort of comment that Saintsbury found it hard to meet. "It hasn't changed much," he said, trying to meet the facetiousness.

"We shoemakers better stick to our lasts, I guess, Saintsbury."

"I don't know. Possibly we've stuck to them too long," he answered.

"You die hard, F. G. Too bad it isn't the beginning of the campaign. But it's hard to beat a professional politician like Whelan."

"Got into the fight a bit late," said Saintsbury.

"There's always two years from now," suggested Athens. His tone was amused and it irritated Saintsbury.

"One could do it before that," he remarked shortly.

"How?"

"Run independently. Whelan's not really popular. He could be licked."

"You don't mean it!" said Wharton. "So that's what you've got up your sleeve. Well, I'm with you, F. G. You've got nerve, my boy."

"I didn't say I was going to," began Saintsbury, and then his eyes caught Athens' expression. Athens didn't like that idea evidently. Well, let him sweat. "I only meant that it had been put up to me pretty strongly that it was the thing to do." He grinned inwardly at the thought of how it had been put up to him and by whom.

Wharton leaned forward. He was a very important person in wholesale groceries and he liked to make that clear every now and then.

"I tell you this, F. G. I've just got back from California and I've been pretty well out of this. But you stay in this fight and, believe me, I'll round up a nice little couple of hundred votes for you. I'll bet half the people in my own organization didn't vote."

"A person on an independent ticket hasn't got the inside track," said Athens.

"That could be overcome," Saintsbury told him nonchalantly. He knew he was talking too much, but he was enjoying Athens' discomfiture. He was sure now that Athens had been against him. Possibly he'd even done active work, thrown some support to Whelan secretly. He wouldn't dare do it any other way.

Vaguely, in the distance, they could hear music. "What's on tonight?" asked one of the men.

"Dinner dance upstairs in the big dining room," Wharton told him, and stood up. "I'm on the house committee and I must go up in the balcony and take a look at it and see who's there. Come along, Saintsbury."

Saintsbury went, not to see the dinner dance but because he wanted to tell Wharton privately that there wasn't anything to that independent-ticket stuff. He didn't want Wharton to start any organizing. But he'd leave Athens to worry over it, tonight at least.

The club dining room was long and paneled in oak, and, at the back of it, opening from the corridor which led to the men's rooms, was a balcony. The two men stepped out on that, the music rising around them in a fantastic blast, for the players were directly below the balcony. Music often troubled Saintsbury, especially this kind of music. He didn't know what to do with it. It rose to his head and bewildered him. Once he and Hazel had tried to give a dance. What a fizzle it had been! They hadn't known how to do it, and it had been stilted. People had gone home early. He looked down now from the balcony, wondering how long it was since he had seen people dancing like this. Now and then he saw them on the stage, but that was different. In hotels he avoided ballrooms.

"Crazy hullabaloo," said Wharton, his little eyes sharpening jealously. "Believe me, I can't see why they call that dancing!"

Saintsbury could. He could see the rhythm, the abandon, the mood, the exquisite pleasure of accent. He could not only see it, but something in his imagination swung into it as he stood watching with the air of the middle-aged clubman who never took part in such things. He had never had such things as these dances, never known those close, relaxed, easy contacts, and yet he felt a confident sympathy with them.

"Who's that girl?" he asked abruptly. "The one in green—over there."

Wharton gave her expert attention. "You don't mean Natalie Merrill—the one with young Custer?"

"Natalie Merrill!" repeated Saintsbury. "That one in green?"

"Sure, that's Natalie. You certainly ought to know her. She owns all the mines you don't, Saintsbury."

"I haven't seen her since she was a child," Saintsbury answered.

That was why her face was familiar. She looked like her father, and Saintsbury remembered that daring adventurer well enough. And this afternoon he had treated her as if she was a filing clerk—told her to take his pictures out of the window! But what was she doing in there, anyway, in that dingy political headquarters?

"There's a clear case of too much money," offered Wharton wisely. "That girl doesn't know what to do with herself. She's been everywhere in the world, I guess, and since the old lady died she hasn't any strings on her at all."

"She's living here?"

"She opened up the old Merrill house, you know. They say she keeps Ned Pepper—he's her attorney—jumping for fear she'll do something she shouldn't."

"What do you mean?" asked Saintsbury rather hostilely.

"Oh, she's too young and too good-looking and too erratic, they say, to be unmarried. She ought to pick up young Custer. Wouldn't that set the Custers up, though?"

Saintsbury's eyes went in the direction of the girl in green. She was dancing with a tall young man, who must be young Custer. A callow boy, with Custer blood in him. Tricky blood, probably, if he took after his father. What a fool he himself must have seemed this afternoon. Did that girl imagine he knew her or not?

She looked up just then and saw Mr. Saintsbury and smiled at him, lifting one arm from the boy's shoulder in a gay salute. Apparently she bore him no ill will.

"I thought you said you didn't know her," said Wharton. "What's the idea?"

"She's been mixed up in some political stuff," answered Saintsbury. "I hadn't identified her."

"No wonder you're going to stay in the fight!" said his friend acutely.

Saintsbury, who had come out with the especial intention of denying that he was, let it ride, though he knew what he was letting himself in for.

Bradley told Natalie Merrill that he didn't know what had come over Saintsbury. It was October and things had been moving.

"The licking did him good apparently. He was so high and mighty we couldn't handle him at all. Now he does seem vaguely conscious that there's a fight on. It's a hot one, too, this three-cornered affair. Sagen on the Democratic ticket and Whelan running regular and Saintsbury neither fish nor fowl. Mostly fish yet. But he's gathering strength, I think."

Natalie, looking like an intelligent stalk of blue iris in a wool dress of exactly that color, sympathized with him.

"He'd like to warm up," she said, "if he knew how. And we've simply got to put him over. Whelan's so crooked. Why, I remember when my father was alive, his telling about Whelan's double-crossing the people he was supposed to represent. He'd fight the mine owners openly and then come around with his hand out."

"But it's not so easy to prove. And just now he's handing out a great line of talk about the millions that are fighting him. We don't want to make too much display or appear to spend too much money."

"Make Mr. Saintsbury talk."

"Make him what?"

"Campaign for himself."

"He couldn't."

"Sure he could. And he would too. . . . Here he is. Won't you campaign, Mr. Saintsbury?"

Saintsbury, entering the headquarters at that moment, rather rapidly for a man of his habits and dignity, stopped short at the sight of her. He thought of iris, which was rather imaginative. But he kept to the point which had brought him there.

"It's exactly as I thought, Bradley," he said. "There's backing behind Whelan. They're prepared to spend money or double-cross or do anything, I should say."

"Bad as all that? Who is it?"

Saintsbury looked around and then at the girl. "Want me to go?" she asked.

He answered honestly: "No, I don't want you to go. But there can't be any leak on this."

"I never leak," she said.

"Exactly. . . . Well, it's Athens."

"But," exclaimed Bradley, for once surprised, "I thought he was tied up to your company?"

"As long as it serves his purpose. He won't be much longer if I can pin some of these things to him. But that's neither here nor there. The point is that he's lining up a lot of strength for Whelan. I came across

(Continued on Page 129)

for Walls

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A Wall Brush, a Window Brush with dryer, a brush for draperies, a Radiator Brush, and a mighty handy Utility Brush to whisk away drudgery and save you many golden hours.

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If you want to see the Fuller Man before his next regular call, telephone The Fuller Brush Company Branch in your city, or write us at 1058 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Conn., asking for the "Handy Brush Book." (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.)

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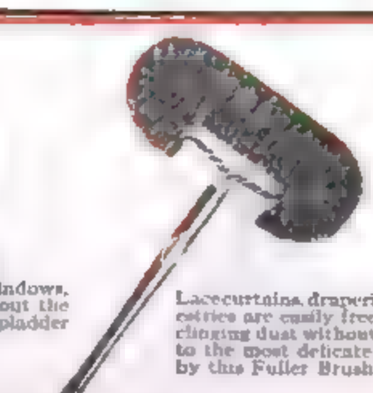
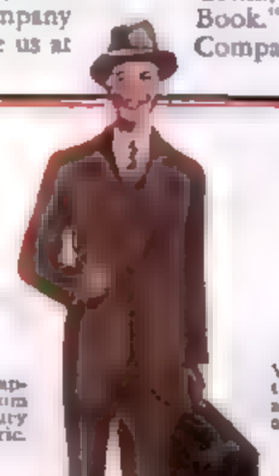
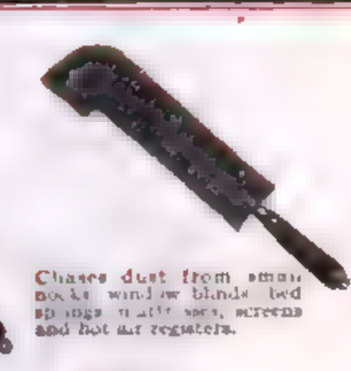


Lace curtains, draperies, tapestries are easily freed from clinging dust without injury to the most delicate fabric by this Fuller Brush.



Whisks out dust from behind the radiator between its coils and under its rods and pipes; also back of pictures, etc.



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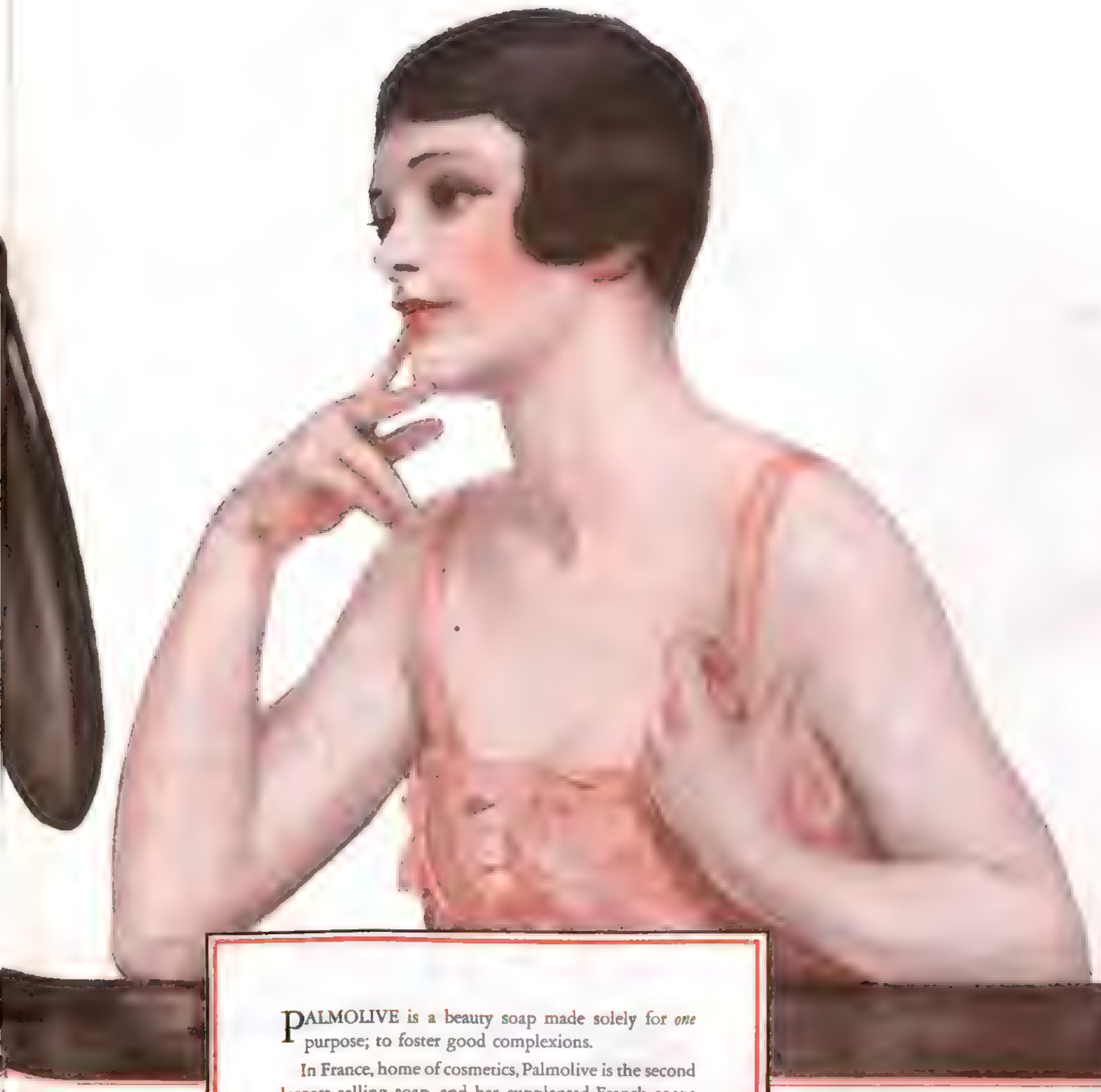

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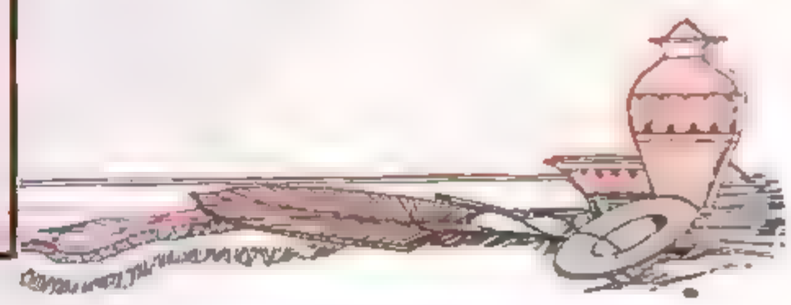

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(Continued from Page 124)

a little trail of his today. In Red Lake there's a story going about of how I refused to let a project of theirs for some civic building go through."

"You didn't?" asked the girl.

"Yes, I did. But the point is that information as to exactly what happened at that board meeting was given out. Couldn't come from anyone but Athens."

"You'd better give Red Lake their building," suggested Bradley, "and shut them up. That's a good strong town. Ten thousand votes there."

"No," said Saintsbury, "I won't give them that building. It's bunk. The whole plan was badly and extravagantly conceived."

The political manager looked significantly at the girl, lighted a cigar and blew out rings of smoke.

"Well, what do you suggest?" he asked at length. "We can't get votes by just looking dignified."

It was the sharpest thing he had ever said to his employer, and Saintsbury's face darkened. But Natalie broke in: "I think you ought to go up to Red Lake. I think you ought to go to every mining town there is. That's where you're weak." Bradley looked weary.

"What would I do there?" asked Saintsbury.

"Do what I do," said Natalie, "when I talk to those women. Tell them that you know what mining means, what life in a mining town means. Tell them that you lived in those locations when the mines were being prospected. Tell them Whelan's no good and that you are awfully good—that you can tell the difference between good and bad legislation when you get to Washington. Tell them that you built their towns and that now you want to go to Congress, and it's up to them to send someone who belongs to them. I'll write your speech."

Bradley looked from one to the other of them. They were both ignoring him.

"All right," said Saintsbury; "but I'm no speaker."

"Speaker nothing!" said Natalie. "Tell the facts."

"How about it, Bradley?"

"It's all right," said Bradley; "but I'd go up simply—no special trains—no limousines. Can't you get a flivver or something?"

"Oh," cried Natalie impatiently, "that's such fake stuff! They see through it and hate it. Let him go in his limousine and talk to them from his real point of view. If they don't see he's better than Whelan ——"

"You think that much might be proved?" asked Saintsbury, grinning.

"I have faint hopes."

"Miss Merrill's working up a very pretty organization," said Bradley, who was bored by the asides.

"How do you make friends? How do you get around being rich?" inquired Saintsbury. "You told me once that was my trouble."

"I make it incidental," said Natalie. "They know before I get through that I love the country, and that I belong to it, rich or poor."

"Why do they suppose I stuck here so long if I don't?"

"Oh, go talk to them!" she said. "I'm going to vote for you. Don't practice on me."

He had forgotten Red Lake. Of course, he had been there once a year or so, on tours of inspection. But the special train had always been headquarters, and the superintendent's office the chief place to be visited. This time it was different. He spoke briefly in the town, but it was on the locations that he spent most of his time, those outlying groups of houses which amounted to small villages and cropped up at the mouths of the mines. The places all became familiar again, for he had taken a good many chances around Red Lake and stayed on the job there for months some sixteen years before. It was the big Red Lake development that had swept him and Hazel into fortune and the black-stone house. That was the substance of his campaign speeches. The miners came in from work on call to listen to him, and he quickly read sulkiness and hostility in their eyes. It frightened him at first, and then he broke through his self-consciousness.

He told them of that first winter. He had left Hazel in the city and come up there alone, hanging onto his holdings by a shoestring, wondering if he was going to be frozen out. He told them what that development of ore had meant to the unemployed men during the financial panic of the next year.

"We kept going," he said shortly, and actually grinned in remembrance.

But it was the conclusion of his speech that surprised himself.

"I want to go to Washington," he told them frankly; "I want to go very much. There's no money in it for me, of course. But that's the kind of man you ought to have there. I want this country developed and improved. I want taxes lowered on my holdings and on your real estate. I have an interest in protecting your interests. I want to go to Washington because I think I've a job there. And I'm used to hard jobs. I've had my share and life's getting too easy for me. As for Whelan, if you vote for Whelan, you're voting for a whole lot of strings held by other men."

"He needs the job," shouted somebody from the crowd.

"I'll find him a job if he's fit for it and can hold it," answered Saintsbury. "But people with brains don't send men to Congress because they're poor, or keep them out because they have money."

"Why didn't you use some of your money for the dance hall the kids wanted?" came a second question. "What'd you turn it down for?"

Saintsbury had a flash of anger, remembering Athens. "I turned it down because it was the proper thing to do," he said. "The estimates were bad and there was a lot of graft in it. I won't promise anything now. If you want a dance hall here, put it up to me after the campaign, and, win or lose, I'll see what I can do. I think it's a good thing to dance. I wish I could." And, surprisingly, there was a good deal of laughter.

He talked through three days, making eight and ten speeches a day wherever they would hear him, in all the mining towns for forty miles around. The third day Bradley wired him to come back to the city and he started, but a heavy fall of rain and soft wet clay roads made it impossible to get farther than Red Lake that night. Saintsbury went to the hotel, got a room and went to bed, so tired that he did not even notice the clumsiness of the mattress. In the morning he was wakened by the sound of somebody moving about in the next room. The partitions were exceedingly thin.

He had turned to lock the door of his room when Natalie opened the door of hers, immediately adjoining. "Well," she said, "look who's here! I thought you'd gone on your way."

"I had. But I got stuck in the mud. Now I'm glad I did. We're going to have breakfast together, aren't we?"

It was amazing, but she was the only woman in the world who made him feel that forty-five was not old; the only woman who made him completely at ease by her mere presence.

"Are you up here campaigning again?" he asked.

"Why not? I haven't had so much fun in years."

"You ought to be dancing."

"Why?"

He looked at her, but she would not take it for an answer. "Why should I? Do you think so much of dancing?"

"I don't even know how."

"I'll have to teach you before you go to Washington."

She was teasing him with her direct eyes, and his heart was doing miraculous things for a heart which had been neglecting emotional exercise for years. The door of her room stood open and Saintsbury had a glimpse of its tumbled intimacy. Then, coming down the corridor and passing with a curious glance and a kind of queer half nod, was Whelan, who had also arrived in the night to take up the trail of Saintsbury's campaigning.

"That's Whelan," said Natalie. "We've got him afraid."

"We certainly are all here," chuckled Saintsbury.

It didn't occur to either of them, because Natalie always did what she pleased, and because Saintsbury so seldom did so, that there was anything else in the situation. They breakfasted together and enjoyed it, although the bacon was thick and the coffee poor.

It was Bradley who told him a week later what was being said. He told his employer and candidate at some risk, for Saintsbury turned an ugly color and seemed inclined to settle the whole matter then and there with his informant by physical combat.

"It's awfully raw stuff," said Bradley, "but you might know those birds would pull anything. We've got them on the run and they're crazy with fight."

"I don't care about the fight. We've got to stop that talk," answered Saintsbury, who still had a bad color.

Bradley shook a dubious head. "I guess we'd better ignore it. I thought you ought to know about it, that's all."

"They can't get away with that!" said Saintsbury, and in those sharp words the last trace of the self-conscious candidate seemed to have vanished. "If Miss Merrill hears it ——"

"Oh, she's heard," said Bradley easily; "but she's right on her toes. You can't faze that girl. She's all right."

Saintsbury swallowed something, pride or amazement or fury, and went out without a word. He had just one errand, and that was to find Natalie Merrill and somehow show her how he felt about this, how outraged and furious, in some way to make it up to her. All day he seethed, to the neglect of his campaign and his business, without getting in touch with her. In the evening he went to her house to call on her. He feared to do it, lest he compromise her further, but he couldn't talk about this matter over the telephone. Unfortunately, she had guests for dinner and had to excuse herself from them to see Mr. Saintsbury. In a queer painted dress, she was more fashionably beautiful than Mr. Saintsbury had ever seen her.

"I had to see you," he said, when they were alone in a little reception room, "to tell you I'll do anything on earth to stop their tongues. I'll ruin the lot of them."

"Tongues?" she asked vaguely.

"Bradley said you had heard what they say about that Red Lake incident," he began haltingly.

"Oh, yes, I heard that. Rotten of them, isn't it? Dirty low politics, isn't it?"

"I'd have done anything on earth before I compromised you," he said. "I didn't dream of anything like this"

She laughed. "That's all right. I've often been compromised. You can't get to my age and state of single blessedness without things like that happening. There was one time on a railway train in France ——" She laughed again reminiscently, and let the story go.

"You mean you don't mind?"

"Why, of course I mind if it's going to hurt the campaign. As for the rest of it, nobody would really believe it except a few Red Lakers. Nobody that knows either of us would take such talk seriously. It's so unreasonable!" Mr. Saintsbury felt oddly let down. "Don't fuss about me. The only thing is how it affects the election. What do you suppose we could do about that?"

He gazed at her, and the thought which had been absorbing him all day came bobbing to the surface almost comically. "Marry me," he said.

"Oh, that's going much too far," she laughed. "We needn't be so drastic as all that. Besides, wouldn't that look worse than ever? And need the penalties be so severe? I've never married anyone who compromised me yet. Why set a precedent?"

"I suppose," said Mr. Saintsbury, "that I am a fool."

He turned to leave, feeling older than usual, or that she was younger than usual.

"Don't worry about it," cried Natalie, turning to rejoin her guests, and he heard the echo of her gay laugh again.

But he did worry about it. He worried about it savagely all night. He worried in the most exquisite spirit of revenge. He began with Athens, who was probably telling that story at the club, and started to stack up the things he could get on Athens. Always Saintsbury had avoided an open fight, but now he was eager for one. By hook or crook, he meant to win that election; and, with that won, to ruin both Athens and Whelan, utterly and completely.

"I'm not managing this campaign," said Bradley some days later. "I'm only carrying water for the elephants."

"Why so?" asked Natalie.

"Saintsbury thinks of things to do and goes off and does them on his own. He's been lining up a lot of industrial votes among people he wouldn't have talked to a month ago. They can't keep him out now. At this rate, if he runs for emperor, he'll get elected. He goes out and tells them he's rich and that they ought to be glad of it. It's awful funny campaign stuff, but it seems to be getting by."

"Is he so sure of winning?"

"Well," said Bradley delicately, "I think we've lost a little strength with the women."

"Where?"

"Up north, maybe."

"You mean because of that story they started?"

Nothing embarrassed Bradley, but he hedged for once. "I don't know what it is. Maybe that. The story didn't take here at all, but you know those country joints."

Natalie looked insulted. "There must be something I can do about that."

"I wouldn't do anything, Miss Merrill."

"But after he'd made such a good impression, it's a sin to lose votes through merely happening on me in a hotel. I feel a good speech coming on. I'm going up and give them the facts, straight."

He shook his head wisely. "Let it go. A frontal attack on a thing of that kind doesn't do any good. It does harm."

In the iron towns talk spreads as rapidly as elsewhere, possibly faster. Sometimes in English, sometimes in suave, soft foreign tongues, it is carried from one ear to another. The reported sins of the rich are always more evil than the lapses of the poor. Saintsbury heard that he would not carry Red Lake and wrote it off. Bradley knew it. Everyone knew it except Natalie, who wouldn't believe it. Concentrated on his election, Saintsbury spent his time seeing people who could help him. All the connections he had been too proud to use were called into action. He rooted out old connections. He asked his friends for help frankly and he found them surprisingly willing to give it.

"Now that you've got your coat off," said Wharton, "we'll all turn in. But you couldn't expect a seat in Congress handed to you on a silver platter."

"You just give it to me in my hand or on the kitchen table," answered Saintsbury, who was acquiring a certain ability to answer back. "That'll suit me."

They were kept busy in the headquarters all election day, checking up on precincts. Saintsbury hung around and was convivial. He had not seen Natalie in more than a week and a deliberate delicacy kept him from asking about her. Also he was hurt. Deeply within himself, he tried to heal the cut that her laughter had made that night.

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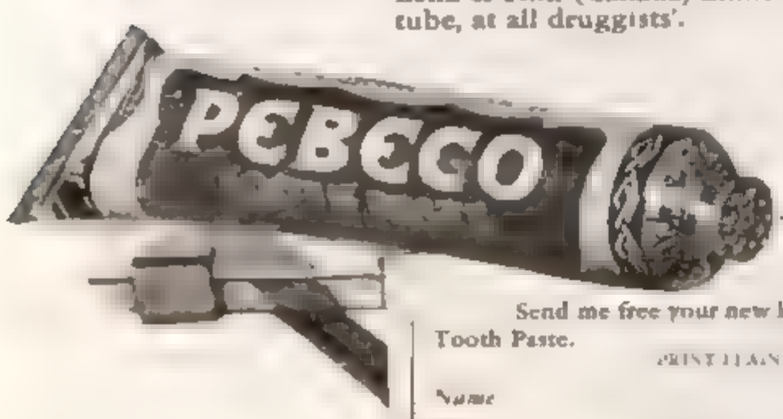


FREE OFFER

Send coupon today for generous tube

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. L-57
Bloomfield, N. J.

Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.

PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name

Street

City State

PEBECO

keeps the Mouth Glands young

But often when the door of the headquarters swung open he looked up to see if she had come in. She did not. The women's organization was working well. He knew that.

It was shortly after the polls closed at nine o'clock that he heard someone speak of her.

"Miss Merrill isn't in town, is she?" some woman said, coming in with a report or question.

Saintsbury listened.

"Where is she?" asked Bradley.

"She went up on the range to do some clean-up work, I think. Red Lake, wasn't it?"

"Sure she went to Red Lake?" asked Bradley shortly.

"That was what I was told at her house."

Bradley nodded. But a moment later he came over to Saintsbury's side. "Did you know Miss Merrill went to Red Lake?"

"No."

"She shouldn't have done that. They might get ugly or start something. Feeling was pretty adverse. I wonder ——"

But Saintsbury didn't wonder. He had picked up his hat.

"I'll find out," he said. "You needn't say where I'm going."

He verified the report at her house. The maid said she had driven to Red Lake yesterday morning. And all the way, along those miles of following her, Saintsbury had dreadful thoughts. She had been expected home last night or early this morning. If she only were afraid of something, thought Saintsbury, it would be better. He forgot the election. He forgot his wealth and power. He forgot his years. He forgot even her laughter. The thought of her possible distress hung over him like a horror and like a grail. And he drove at forty-five miles an hour over the barren roads devastated by forest fires, always keeping an eye out for her car.

It was late night when he arrived at the Red Lake Hotel. The proprietor, taking the place of single clerk, recognized him, and Saintsbury didn't like his quick expression of something like apprehension. If anything had happened ——

"Miss Merrill here?" he asked curtly.

"Yes. The young lady's gone to bed, I think."

"It's late," said Saintsbury, "but I want to speak to her. She's needed in the city and I'm driving her back."

His words were commands. The proprietor went up the stairs rather swiftly.

She had not gone to bed, for she came down immediately, with her hat and her coat on and she was deathly white; so there had been trouble. Saintsbury looked at her once and held himself in, aware of the proprietor out of earshot but still in sight.

"Want to drive back tonight?" he asked quietly, going to the main point.

She nodded. "It's been awful," she told him in a weary voice. "They were barbarous. I went out to the locations to talk to them and none of the women would come to the doors even. And the boys ruined my tires and shouted beastly things. The men stared—it was the ugliest thing I ever saw. I've been afraid to leave the hotel. I'm so glad you've come!"

"Of course, somebody would come," he said, for he didn't mean to trade on that breakdown of her pride. "You were worn out. But nobody could really hurt you."

"I'm glad you've come," she repeated, with a little shift of accent to the "you" that sent poor Saintsbury's heart acting like a schoolboy's. "I don't want anyone else to know about it ever but you. And you are going to ask me to marry you again, aren't you?"

Mr. Saintsbury ceased caring about the proprietor, who had turned away to answer a jangling telephone. He put his clumsy arm about her and held her ever so lightly against him.

"In a day or two I am," he promised, "but not while you're tired like this."

"Don't forget," said Natalie, "for I'm going to take you up on it. I've really known since that night I laughed at you. After you went away, so stiff and sore, I was sorry—worse than that. And so I knew that I must have fallen hard at last. Maybe it's because we're both rich and lonely and political."

"You lonely?"

"Didn't you know that?"

"There's a party to speak to you on the telephone, Mr. Saintsbury," said the proprietor for the third time, his two first summonses having gone unheeded.

Saintsbury answered. In the distance he could hear the voice of Bradley excitedly saying things that had become relatively unimportant.

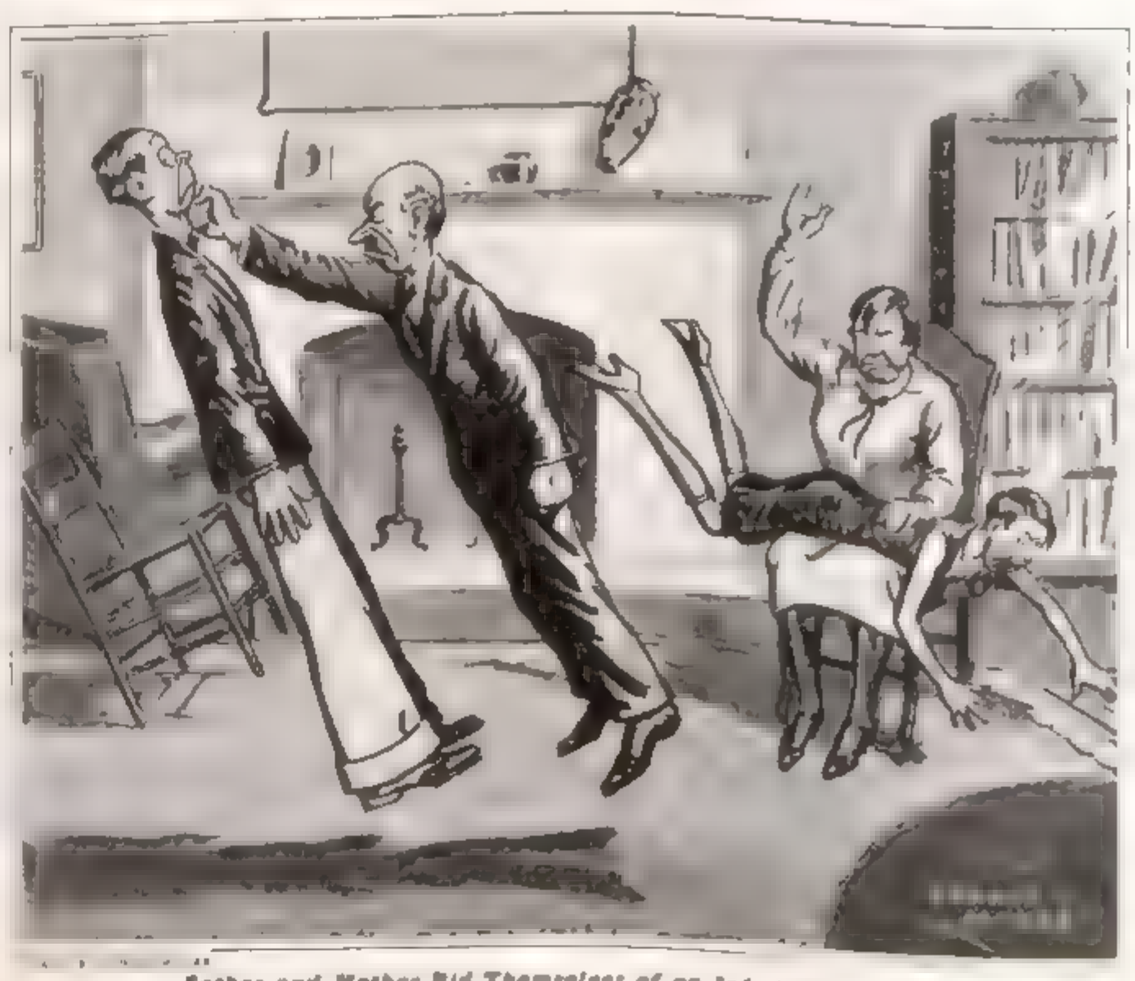
"It looks like a landslide so far, with more than half the precincts in. Safest thing you ever saw! The whole city seems to be sewed up for you, and the country districts are running strong, from what we can get a line on."

"That's fine," said Saintsbury.

"What's fine?" asked Natalie at his elbow.

He hung up the telephone receiver, absently cutting off Bradley's enthusiasm.

"We're going to Congress," answered Saintsbury, "you and I. Apparently we're going to stay rich and political, but we needn't be lonely, Natalie."



Father and Mother Rid Themselves of an Inferiority Complex

ATWATER KENT RADIO

SO SIMPLE
you can tune it in the dark!

BY

A. Atwater Kent

EVER SINCE I first became interested in radio, this idea has been uppermost in my mind:

Simplicity is what Radio needs.

The first radio sets were cumbersome—big, ungainly contrivances, hard to fit into home surroundings—and extremely difficult to operate.

We said to ourselves: If we could only make receiving sets so simple that you could tune them in the dark! And this has been our objective here in our Philadelphia laboratories.

It has taken us years to work out the right principle. It has taken months to perfect it. But now we have it—in Atwater Kent ONE Dial Control.

This ONE Dial control, with us, means just what it says. *All* the finding of stations is done with ONE Dial. There are no additional adjustments to make—no secondary knobs to turn before you actually and accurately bring in the station you are seeking.

Every station broadcasting within range is brought into your home as you turn this ONE Dial. You can sample them all just as you scan the headlines of your newspaper—then select the program you like best and settle down to an evening of enjoyment.

To enjoy this ONE Dial control at a reasonable cost requires that sets be produced in large quantities.

Today we are making them by the hundreds of thousands in the largest radio factory in the world, backed by more than a quarter of a century of experience with scientific electrical instruments.

ONE Dial control is the goal of simplicity toward which we have been working since Radio began. It is today an accomplished fact.

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING:—The Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings you the stars of opera and concert, in Radio's finest program. Hear it at 9:15 Eastern Time, 8.15 Central Time, through:

WEAF . . . *New York*	WGN . . . *Chicago*
WJAR . . *Providence*	WFI . . *Philadelphia*
WEEI . . . . *Boston*	WCAE . . *Pittsburgh*
WRC . . *Washington*	WGR . . . *Buffalo*
WSAI . . *Cincinnati*	WOC . . *Davenport*
WTAG . . . *Worcester*	KSD . . . *St. Louis*
WEAR . . . *Cleveland*	WWJ . . . . *Detroit*

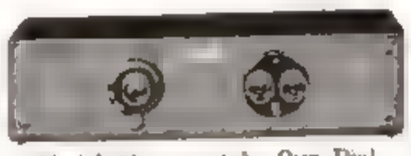
WCCO . *Minneapolis-St. Paul*

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada
Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
4703 WISSAHICKON AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Of course you'll want a speaker as good as your set. With an Atwater Kent Radio Speaker you are sure of natural tone and all the volume you wish. Model I shown at right, finished in dark brown crystalline. $16.00

A good set deserves a good speaker—that means nothing less than an Atwater Kent Radio Speaker. It is the standard of good tone reproduction everywhere. Model H shown at left, finished in dark brown crystalline $21.00. Model G, same design in amber buff and sage green $23.00



Model 38, seven-tube ONE Dial receiver, less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable attached, $140.00.

Model 30, six-tube ONE Dial receiver, less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable attached, $85.00.

Model 35, six-tube ONE Dial receiver, shielded cabinet, less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable attached, $70.00.

Model 20 Compact, five-tube Three Dial receiver, less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable attached, $80.00.

TOUCHDOWN!

(Continued from Page 29)

game was the only one of the season to be noticed by the New York papers, beyond a paragraph or two. With a pad of paper and a pencil as visible badges of office, anyone might wander as he listed along the lines or inside the ropes. The actual reporters, usually baseball, boxing or racing specialists, knew next to nothing of the game. From season to season this was the only match they attended and they looked upon it as a sort of custard-pie comedy, writing humorously of splints, arnica and ambulances, and gallantly of girls with eyes of Yale blue and others who wore the Harvard crimson in their cheeks. The fact that a Tammany chief was present in a white greatcoat was more important than the score.

The fact that few reporters were competent to cover a football game is not surprising; there were so few competent officials that Princeton chose Walter Camp of Yale to referee the Yale game the following year. The game of 1886 at Princeton was delayed nearly two hours by inability to find a neutral referee. T. H. Harris of Princeton finally officiated, but dark came on before the game could be finished. Yale led 4 to 0, but the referee declared the contest a 0-to-0 draw. Yet after fifty years of football it is disappointing to coaches and players that the game still so rarely is reported with the same skill with which baseball, boxing and other sport-page interests are chronicled. The cause may well be the speed with which football reporters have to work. The afternoon papers must be content with a running account, and the following of detailed play is so breathless a task that it leaves no time for a critical view of the game as a whole. Even with the players numbered, the mere correct reporting of who carried the ball and who stopped it is task enough. The morning newspapers, to which we have a right to look for critical comment, are little better. Games are played almost exclusively on Saturday, and morning papers print bulldog, or early mail, editions of their Sunday issue with as little time margin as the afternoon press.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF PARKE H. DAVIS

The V, Invented by Lehigh, Adapted by Princeton and Used by All to Open a Game by 1888

A Lively Game

One New York newspaper, however, sent a man to the 1884 game who, if he knew little of the game and brought away a distorted picture, yet was a good reporter.

"The spectators could see the elevens hurl themselves together and build themselves in kicking, writhing heaps," he wrote. "They had a general vision of threatening attitudes, fists shaken before noses, dartings hither and thither, throttling, wrestling and the pitching of individuals headlong to earth; and all this was an exceedingly animated picture which drew from them volley after volley of applause. Those inside the lines, the judges, reporters, and so on, were nearer and saw something more. They saw real fighting, savage blows that drew blood, and falls that seemed as if they must crack all the bones and drive the life from those who sustained them."

After De Camp had scored a touchdown for Princeton, "then both elevens relinquished the last of such restraint as may have remained with them," the account runs. "Came a crush about midway of the field. All the maddened giants of both teams were in it, and they lay heaped, choking, kicking, hitting, gouging and howling. One smaller man lay under them. He held the ball hugged to his breast and pressed it to the ground. His chin rested upon it, and his white face looked out from the ruck as the face of a man might look who was on the rack. Gradually the pack separated and the smaller man lay alone.

"He lay for a moment still, except that his face was working in a frightful manner. Then he rolled over upon his back, and one of his legs was drawn up until it almost touched his chin. He tried to clutch the ground and threw his head far back, pressing it into the earth and rolling it from side to side. Some of his companions caught hold of him and raised him to a sitting posture. His lips were drawn wide apart, showing his teeth tightly clenched. His face was as white as chalk. His hands wandered up and down his body, beating it and tearing at his shirt. Suddenly he tore himself away from those supporting him and rolled over upon his stomach, rubbing his face in the muddy turf as if seeking a soft spot in a pillow. In an instant he was on his back again, clutching at his breast and gasping as though each breath was to be his last. The multitude outside the line wondered what was going on, and uttered wild objurgations and yells at those who blocked their view. Their protests finally took the form of a chorus like those which were chanted in the late campaign: 'Clear the field! Clear the field!' It might have been heard in Harlem."

The Polo Grounds then were at One Hundred and Tenth Street.

"At length four men lifted the injured man and bore him outside of the surrounding small circle. The multitude saw then and the chorus stopped with frightful suddenness. A strange murmur was borne over from the grand stand, where the women were. The players looked like men fresh from real battle. Big Peters of Yale and Adams of Princeton looked like butchers. Their dirty canvas jackets and knickerbockers were streaked and flecked with blood. All were tattered and muddy, and nearly all had bleeding wounds or bruises showing amid the dirt that was crusted on their heads and faces."

The injured man was Captain Richards of Yale, who had hurt his leg previously at the knee and been advised not to play again that season. Never was injured leg reported so adequately.

"Another man took his place and the game went on," the reporter continued. "De Camp got the ball and got through the Yale barrier, with a Yale man on his back and hanging on like the Old Man of the Sea. The blue legs climbed higher and higher, until finally they shot forth in a spasm and De Camp went down, his head seeming to have been driven into the earth. It was a frightful fall and he lay still. Two of his fellows pumped his arms and slapped his chest. At the end of a minute he stirred, moved, rolled over, sat up and looked around like a man desirous of becoming acquainted with strange surroundings. He stood up, walked to his place and the multitude roared its approval."

This is a very good description of the old high tackle, by the way. Walter Camp used to tell us how Bacon '82 would leap into the air, strike the opposing player in the chest with his knees and cling around his neck.

Bacon was famous as a defensive safety man. He is a professor in the Yale Divinity School and an archæologist of note today. When the tackling line was lowered to the thighs, we despaired of learning the new method. The piston-rod movement of a pair of powerful thighs, such as Wyllis Terry's, would break the best arm hold.

"Five minutes later a pair of striped legs pitched headlong and failed to get up. It was De Camp again. His left arm hung limp in front of him as he sat. Two minutes later Toler of Princeton slugged Marlin, a Yale sub, grounding him as though he had been shot. The umpire"—he means the referee, R. M. Appleton, Harvard '84—"was called upon to take notice of this. It is pretty sure that Marlin previously had hit Toler in touch, but Toler still was not justified in hitting Marlin."

But the referee, we are told, barred Wanamaker, an innocent party, pointing to Wanamaker's bloody jacket, the value of which evidence was weakened by the fact that everyone's jacket was more or less incarnadined. Princeton, objecting to the decision, demanded a new referee and continued to demand until dark overtook the game before the two requisite forty-five-minute halves could be finished. Yale led 6 to 4, but Appleton declared it a draw under the rules, and the convention upheld him later in a stormy meeting. Much of the lost time had been taken up by the interminable wrangling of the two partisan judges, and the office was abolished before the next season. An umpire was added in 1888, and in 1894 a third official, the linesman, came in.

Rough Stuff

Here was football as the public commonly saw it. Paul Dashiell once encountered the great John L. Sullivan in the wash room of a sleeper on a Boston-New York train. Sullivan had seen the Harvard-Yale game at Cambridge the previous afternoon, and Dashiell asked him how he liked it. John L.'s voice fell to a scandalized whisper. "There's murder in that game," he confided.

I heard the team talk of the game and the Marlin incident, but I do not recall that it impressed them as being excessively rough. Undoubtedly the reporter wrote with a mental picture of twenty-two early Christian martyrs being fed to the lions in the Colosseum to beguile a jaded Nero's afternoon, and necessarily he exaggerated. From the first the onlooker was most struck with the roughness of the game. In Big Bill Edwards' interesting Football Days, a compilation of reminiscences of stars of earlier years, Wyllis Terry tells of overhearing a young woman at the Harvard-Pennsylvania 1880 game at Philadelphia being asked, "If you were a mother and had a son, would you allow him to play football?" and her devious answer: "If I were a son and had a mother, you bet I'd play."

The spectator, himself soft and usually older, pictured himself on the receiving end of a tackle, forgetting how tough and resilient is the body of a youth, practice-hardened and in fine physical trim. The spectator knew nothing of the true inwardness of the play, but he did understand a sock in the nose.

Yet the reporter's picture was not made out of whole cloth. There was occasional dirty playing going on, and it increased

(Continued on Page 136)

Hopes

that are hung on the clothesline

ON the living room table stand a dozen books she had hoped to read—but not one of them has been opened. In the sewing table is material for a lamp-shade she had wanted to make—but the material has never been unwrapped. Every Tuesday, the Parent-Teachers' Club meets—but she is never present. How often she has planned to go, but there is always so much to be done at home. Washing, ironing, cleaning, mending—no end to her household tasks.

The same old story! Hopes blossoming each week, only to be drowned in the washtub or hung to die on the clothesline. For the washing must be done—the family must have clean clothes—even if Mother does have to give a precious day each week to doing or supervising the work.

Yet it would only take a telephone call to any modern laundry to do away with tub and clothesline forever—to have washday lifted completely out of the home. Regularly, the laundry will call for your bundle, wash everything sweetly clean, iron everything or anything, as you desire, and return it promptly. No more "washday nerves," no more "clothesline colds." Instead, a day each week in which to make your hopes come true!

For, after all, today's laundry offers more than clothes-cleanliness—it offers "time." And what wife or mother can't use more time! Now, while you are thinking about it, plan to make your next washday a leisure-day. Phone a modern laundry in your city—it will explain its many services. Among them, you will find one that meets your needs exactly, yet is well within your means.

"Send it to the Laundry."

The American Laundry Machinery Company, *Executive Offices*, Cincinnati

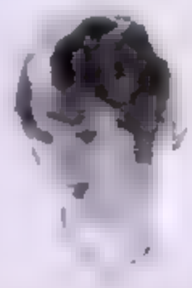
The Canadian Laundry Machinery Co., Ltd.
47-93 Sterling Road, Toronto 3, Ont., Canada

Agents: British-American Laundry Machinery Co., Ltd.
Underhill St., Camden Town, London, N. W. 1, England

No "clothesline hopes" *for these women!*

"BY systematizing my housework and using laundry service, I now have time for many outside interests. I can take an active part in church work. I have time to visit with my friends, to read and study, to embroider."

Mrs. Nellie Grant
Wilmington, Del.



"I REALLY do not know how I could get along without the laundry. For I am a very busy woman, engaged in designing and dressmaking, and my time means money to me. Besides, with laundry service, my home is always so much more presentable."

Mrs. Willa Stoops
Parkersburg, W. Va.

"THE time that I used to devote to washdays and their trials, I've added on to the hours I spend with my children. I help them with their school work, entertain their friends for them—in short, keep enough hours free for my children in order to build up a companionship that will not break down as the years go on."

Mrs. J. J. Dewey
Rochester, N. Y.

The People vs. Fire

INA
1792
The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Founded 1792

Here are the crimes committed by Fire against the American People in a single year:

It has destroyed property worth more than $570,000,000. It has rendered thousands homeless. Thousands it has thrown out of employment. It has caused wholesale suffering and loss. And on a frightful scale it has committed the greatest crime of all—it has taken more than 15,000 lives, besides inflicting permanent and painful injuries without number.

Yet in the defense of Fire there is one extenuating circumstance. The People themselves, by carelessness, *have permitted* more than half of this destruction.

Shall Fire continue to menace the safety and tax the resources of every citizen? Not if every citizen, accepting his share of responsibility, shall by influence and example, by practising and teaching extreme care in the control of fire hazards, do his bit *to prevent* preventable fire.

Insurance Company of North America
PHILADELPHIA
and the
Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America
write practically every form of insurance except life

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY
WASHINGTON

The annual fire loss, suffered increasingly throughout the nation, is a matter of the gravest national import and one that demands the concerted action of all citizens.

Let no one think that he who suffers no fire, suffers no loss. The wastage of national resources places a tax upon every citizen. No nation is so wealthy that it can consign to the flames property worth such vast amounts without that loss being felt throughout the entire economic structure. No insurance system can be devised that will not reflect this loss in the costs of protection for which every citizen must pay. No business can be conducted, no commodities offered to the public, without taking into consideration the costs of fire insurance.

The mounting fire loss indicates an increasing menace to lives and property and an increasing tax upon national and individual resources. Upon your sustained cooperation and support depends the success of any national program of Fire Prevention - and upon such a program depends your greater safety and prosperity. To that end, by Presidential Proclamation, is urged the country-wide observance of Fire Prevention Week.

Herbert Hoover

(Continued from Page 132)

later, as will be seen. Except for slugging, football probably was no rougher in 1884 than today, if as rough; but it did become much fiercer in the 90's. There should be an exception to the earlier part of this generalization. In the 80's, a player could leave the game only by being carried out. A substitution could be made only with the consent of the opposing captain, and he was apt to be as sympathetic as a sergeant of marines. The original Rugby code had permitted unlimited substitution, as today, but due to fraudulent substitutions the rule had been changed.

Penalties had been provided in the rules for foul play, but what constituted a foul was left largely to the referee's judgment, and through lack of moral courage, force of circumstances, or what, he often cultivated an excessive broad-mindedness. In 1887 the captains of the Wesleyan, Pennsylvania, Harvard, Princeton and Yale elevens formally signed a pledge to stop slugging and holding in the lines, a compact that would have been needless if the referee had been meeting his responsibilities. When the rules committee added the umpire the following year, the penalizing of rough play became his special province, permitting the referee to concentrate on the ball.

A Narrow Escape

In all my playing days I never was slugged, but I escaped narrowly in 1886. In the fall of 1885, fall baseball practice kept me away from football until well into the season, and it was greatly to my surprise that Captain Peters tried me out at right tackle against the Crescent Athletic Club, captained by Wyllis Terry. The Yale News mentioned me for several runs with the ball and for blocking one of Terry's kicks, but the proof of the pudding is to be found in the fact that I remained on the scrubs.

Fall baseball practice kept me away until November again in 1886, but on November thirteenth I was used in a game against Pennsylvania. The next day I wrote my sister: "Yesterday Yale beat Pennsylvania 75 to 0. Just think, I played part of the game. You know, I have been playing but a very few times and then only for exercise. Captain Corwin asked me to come out yesterday and substitute on account of a temporary lack of players, and when one of the men was disqualified, I took his place."

Before the Harvard game, Corwin told me that right tackle lay between Eddie Burke, now an Omaha cattleman, and me. Burke won out. Harvard was outclassed and roughed the Blue eleven up to offset the 29 to 4 score. George Woodruff brought home a broken nose from Cambridge; George Carter, guard, came out of the game with a cut over the eye needing eight stitches; and Burke, who had beaten me out for right tackle, was a campus curiosity for several days. Both his eyes were closed and his lips were mangled and hideously swollen. He had had the bad luck to play opposite Remington, the Harvard champion heavyweight boxer. I saw the game as a substitute.

The only hurts I ever suffered were a perpetually skinned nose, due to the sandpaper-like surface of Smock's canvas jacket, bruised knees and sore arms. In tackling I had scuffed my knees until they threatened to stiffen, and I devised a protection all my own, binding a moist sponge inside my stockings over each knee.

When the scrummage was done away with and one man assigned to snap the ball back with his foot, he at once placed himself and all his line offside, where, theoretically, they could occupy only the precise positions in which they stood. Until now they had locked arms with their opponents. What more natural than that they should continue on offense to extend their arms forward to stop the defensive charge, and to hold their adversaries, if necessary? This led to a rule that the offensive line could not use hands or arms, but only their bodies, to obstruct, while the defense might employ all three to open a passage for themselves.

We used to line up with our arms straight out and take such a pounding on the arms from the defensive side, as they tried to force their way through, that we would ache from wrist to shoulder for two days. I recall Sam Cross, my classmate, who played right tackle in 1887, having his arms so badly bruised that Bobby Winston, Yale's first trainer, laid a wet towel over them and ironed them with a hot sadiron. Cross was such an Indian that he said nothing, but when Winston removed the towels the skin came with them. Cross went on playing just the same.

Thanks to the playing of the Princeton-Yale match of 1885 at New Haven, I was present and saw Tilly Lamar's great ninety-yard run for a touchdown toward the end of the game, winning 6 to 5 for Princeton, the first Garrison-finish run of the kind in the annals of the sport. Both Lamar and Fred Brokaw, another Princeton gridiron hero, were drowned, each in trying to save a girl, Lamar soon after he left school, Brokaw before he finished.

This was a hot kicking duel. In the first half G. A. Watkinson, Yale left half, lifted the ball over the Tiger goal for five points. As the second half neared its close, with Yale still leading 5 to 0, Watkinson sent a low diagonal punt from near midfield, about ten yards out from the left sideline. Three Princeton backs lay back, well spread out, for the kick, Toler in the middle, Lamar to the right and Savage to the left. The kick came toward Toler. He could not quite reach it, and as he attempted to scoop it up on the bound as he ran forward, it glanced far off his body toward Lamar, who took it on the bound and was off. The Yale team was pulled toward Toler and caught off guard. Lamar was away to a flying start, clear of all the Yale forwards; then, swerving and dodging prettily, he passed and outran Beecher, Bull and Watkinson in turn. Captain Peters came desperately from behind and nearly overtook him as he crossed the goal line. To Lamar's four points R. M. Hodge added two by kicking goal, and Princeton won, game and championship.

Big Pete threw himself on the ground and sobbed. It was my first sight of a man crying at an athletic contest. I have seen hundreds weep since.

In a Princeton account of this game I found the following: "In the first half all of Princeton's trick plays fell flat because of the unfair yet legal interference of the Yale center"—Peters—"with the ball when it was about to be snapped. However, the determination to win under any difficulties, yet with gentlemanly playing, appeared in the second half."

Dividing the Pigskin

This plaint might have come with better grace from another school than the one that invented the block game and the one that had devised a coat of tallow for Smock's canvas vest to skid the hands of tacklers, a trick that forced new legislation. Unlike Smock, the inventor of the lubricant is anonymous in the Princeton records. So also is the player who first thought of daubing turpentine on his hands to improve his tackling grip, and forced still further legislation. All these, together with Peters' interference with the ball, are further chapters in the continuous effort at beating the rules, alike indulged in by Princeton, Yale and all.

As early as February, 1885, Walter Camp had tried to convince the rules body of the advantage of separating the rush lines by a neutral zone of five yards, and had been voted down. The two lines played nose to nose, and the sensible neutral zone was not created until 1906, and then only because of Harvard's tactics in having their linesmen cross over in front of the ball as the opposing linesmen were getting set.

Like the opening of Pandora's box, the abolition of scrummage let loose a cloud of trouble. As another example, the question arose at once as to how much right each side had to the ball. In scrummage, it had belonged to neither or to both. Now the convention decreed that half the ball belonged to each side, with the qualification that the defensive center could not put the ball into play, nor could he disturb it until the moment it went into play. This was vague and unsatisfactory, and the rule was amended to read that the defensive center could not interfere until the ball actually was in motion. What Princeton objected to was Peters' feinting and spatting at the ball with his hands, and his ragging of Adams, the Tiger center.

Although the foot was used in passing, the hand could be employed to steady the ball. This evolved in 1890 into passing directly with the hands to insure greater accuracy. The previous season, as a sop to the rules, the ball had been touched to the foot with the hands at the moment of passing. The original rules had prohibited all this explicitly, of course; but even in England there had been endless argument as to just where the scrummage ended and the ball could be picked up, while in America the confusion was hopeless. It resulted here in a rule that the center and quarter could not carry the ball until it had passed through a third player's hands or touch. In Harry Beecher's time at quarter for Yale, '85 to '88, he carried the ball frequently, but a guard handed it to him. Beecher's signal for this play was for the captain to clear his throat.

Camp's View of Professionals

Hark back to the letter of the Princeton student who opined that Harvard did not play roughly enough. A row, in which the newspapers joined, followed Harvard's 6-to-34 defeat by Princeton that year, and the Harvard faculty abolished football on the report of a faculty investigating committee.

Walter Camp rose to a spirited defense of the game. I quote him: "As to the recent attacks on the game, every true player has felt them most bitterly. There is no game better loved. There is about the sport a fascination that none but players knows, but which is far beyond that of any other sport. The bonds uniting old football men are strong enough to conquer any other association. When recounting bygone games, telling over again of magnificent runs, the beautiful drop, how the game was lost and won, enthusiasm grows strong, the time slips by, and true football lore obliterates for the time all antagonisms and rivalry.

"Is it surprising, then, that any blow struck at this game stings them to strong expression? Is it surprising that they refuse to stand by with folded arms and see their game butchered? If it were a fair trial before a logical jury, with expert witnesses, that had resulted in conviction they might keep their sorrow to themselves. . . . These investigators say 'We witnessed four games.' The number played was nearly a hundred. Football players learned in college to laugh at the reasoning of the simple inhabitants of Africa who said 'All men are black.' If the faculty of any college accept such logic they must do it on the ground that the investigators knew more of sports, and particularly of football, than they did of logic. But these men were not experts; they were barely acquainted with the rules in print, nor at all in their application.

"Football players are gentlemen, and their sport has been characterized as ungentlemanly, brutal and demoralizing. Why is it that no rough can be found, then, who can play the game? Why is it that there are no professional teams to play a game that draws 10,000 spectators? Why is it that it attracts the best field audience ever seen?

"For the reason that it is a gentleman's game." And here Mr. Camp unfurled the bloody shirt. "As the 'dandy' gentleman regiments in the war outmarched, outfought and outplucked the 'bloody rebs,' so gentleman teams and gentlemen players will always hold the football field. Brutes haven't the pluck. The only field where no professional has dared intrude now is closed by those who a year ago were so fearful of their inroads. The only purely outdoor exercise, the only chance for executive abilities of the highest order, is cut off, driving men to the gymnasium when they should be out-of-doors, and turning them to far worse pursuits. Just! No one can look at the case and call it that. Then do not blame old lovers of the sport for bitterly blaming the unfair methods and the concealed motives of the instigators in this underhand stabbing."

The sport that inspired this affection and indignant defense was only nine years old in the United States.

Harvard's action was serious enough to arouse the rules committee that winter into the most drastic changes yet. The maul in goal was abolished. A touchdown was changed to score at the point where the ball crossed the goal line. One point penalty was fixed for intentional delay of the game or offside play; another point and disqualification for a second offense. The maximum delay for any cause was fixed at five minutes, with forfeiture against the side which refused to resume. The rule on roughness and piling up was rewritten. The judges were thrown out. The man first receiving the ball from the center was forbidden to carry it forward. Membership of a college team was limited to regularly enrolled students. Violations of Rules 17 and 28 were made punishable by disqualification, with two points for the other side.

Harvard persisted in not playing, despite these reforms; but that fall another faculty committee of observation attended various games and reported in favor of lifting the ban. If you recall my account of what happened to my rival, Burke, in the '86 game at Cambridge, you may question whether Harvard caught the spirit of the reforms.

Another factor that influenced Harvard's decision to return to the game was that Yale and Princeton in 1885 played on a college field, New Haven, for the first time. The game attracted the ladies in numbers, as it never had done in New York up to then, and established itself on the social calendar. It needed just such support at the moment.

I sing of football, but I have to revert to baseball. Jim McMillan, son of a United States senator and president of the Michigan Central Railroad, was captain of the freshman nine in 1885, and put me at third base. Jumping-Jack Jones, Yale '83, who had turned professional, worked with the pitchers in the basement of the old gym that winter and fancied the box work of another freshman, Willett, who pitched for the varsity all season. The varsity third baseman having a bad day on the same afternoon that I made three hits, one a two-bagger, and fielded my position well against the Harvard freshmen, I was given his place and played regularly in the remaining six games of the intercollegiate league schedule.

Too Much Speed

Phil Stewart, now of Colorado Springs, son of a Vermont senator and an intimate himself of President Roosevelt, was captain in 1886, and that winter he invented the first batting cage known to the game. He had built a crude frame building where the gym now stands, seventy-five feet long by twenty feet wide, with a skylight. We practiced hitting and fielding here all winter. The pitchers took turns in tossing up to the batters. Stewart asked me to spell them.

"I'll do it if you will consider me as a candidate for the position," I told him. He said nothing, but sent Sam Bremner to Orange to look up my record, I learned later. Bremner reported back that I was a local sensation; but meanwhile a wonder had come out of the new freshman class, Jesse Dann, of Buffalo. He had great speed, so great that we could find no catcher to hold him. Because of that, Dann shifted to

(Continued on Page 141)

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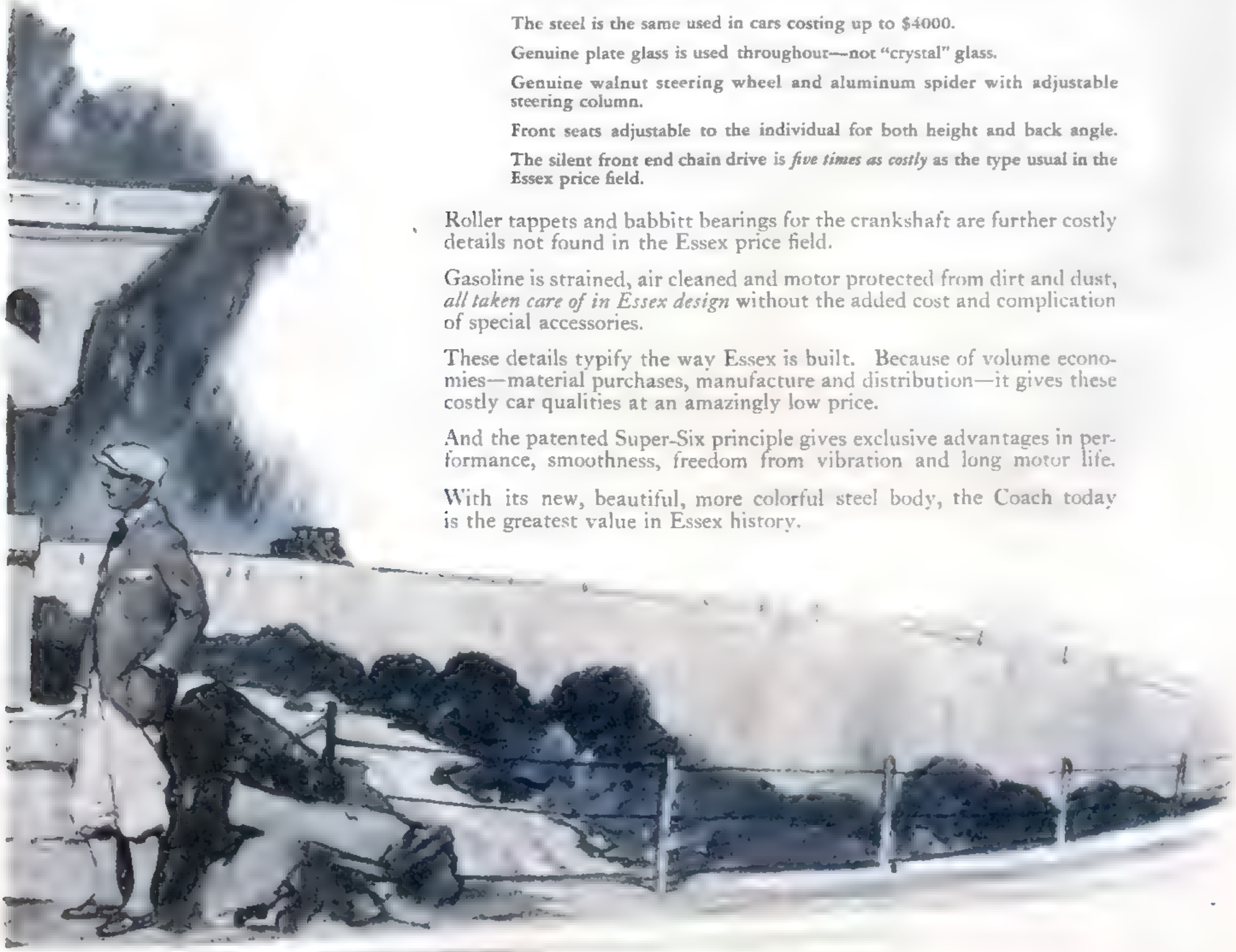

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(Continued from Page 136)

catcher for me. Our first game came at Philadelphia against the Athletics. We were uniformly bad and were slaughtered. I pitched every intercollegiate league game that season and we came down to a tie with Harvard for the championship. The play-off was at Hartford on a very hot day. Harvard had the veteran battery, Nichols and Allen, who had won the pennant in 1885. The Yale crew, which had won from Harvard the previous day, was present with several hundred students and alumni, and we won for them, 8 to 3. I pitched four more seasons and each of these years we won the championship.

Immediately after that first championship won from Harvard offers of twenty-five dollars a game to pitch began to come from town teams, none of which I accepted. The rule on amateur standing was definite in 1886. I went home to cut hay on the Newark salt meadows five days a week and to pitch every Saturday for the Orange Athletic Club, an amateur team.

On April 26, 1887, we played the old Boston Nationals under college rules, limiting a batter to three strikes, and six balls giving a base, and beat them 2 to 1. In the ninth inning I struck out Ten-Thousand-Dollar Kelly, the Babe Ruth of his time, and became a baseball celebrity.

A College Idol

This year and the next six National League teams offered me a pitching contract. Indianapolis was first, then Detroit, and in May the Metropolitans wired a bid of $3000 to pitch from June to November.

I declined, and I still preserve an entertaining letter from Jim O'Rourke of the New York Nationals, couched in a tone of high moral indignation. "While your college friends—unreal through their fiendish selfishness—are urging you in the interest of patriotism, college patriotism, to remain an unbleached amateur simply and purely to satisfy their gluttonish love of the game," he wrote, "your real and dearest friends are using their every effort to have you better your financial condition in the world by accepting the advantages which the present opportunity presents. Can it be possible there exists no manliness or rather no pecuniary generosity, at Yale?"

I refused for two reasons. The first was loyalty to Yale, in as much as I should be lost to the team if I played professionally. The second was the character of professional baseball. Despite Mr. O'Rourke's literate eloquence, the professionals of his day were a hard-bitten lot, about whom grouped hangers-on, men and women, who were worse. There was a bar in every ball park, and the whole tone of the game was smelly. I had a great deal of confidence in my ability to say a loud and ringing no, but not quite enough to dare it that far. I had pride, too, in my financial independence and integrity. To Yale's credit, no one ever tried to make up the deficit by offering me a purse. When I was a senior and a member of Skull and Bones, a wealthy fellow member and alumnus offered me a loan of $500. I declined with thanks. I was in better shape financially by that time for one thing, but I never have borrowed a dime from an individual in my life, nor have I so much as bought an article on the installment plan. In Chicago we lived in the same flat for twenty-three years until we were able to buy a home for cash. The fear of debt is apt to be drilled deep into the innards of one who was at close grips with poverty in his youth, as was I.

I was not a handsome youth, but that did not prevent me from getting notes from girls on my pitching record at Yale, not one to a hundred that come to the college athlete from the clear-eyed maidens, I believe they call them, of today; but I did get them. I never had been inside a theater until that year, when a fellow student took me. Another classmate dragged me to the Junior Prom, my first dance.

More than O'Rourke had called me fool. I had a freshman classmate at Yale, named Vinton, who had begun pitching at Andover. He joined the Philadelphia Athletics at $2000 a season without trying out for the Yale nine. He, for another, thought me silly. It was an ethical principle rather than a moral one. I never have capitalized my name, because I did not like the feel of it. This is the first writing I have done for many years. I have been too busy, in part, but I have refused repeated newspaper offers because I did not feel that I had the right, as athletic director of the University of Chicago, to give one newspaper preference over another.

On May 26, 1888, at Princeton, I struck out twenty men and let the Tigers down with two hits. The game was to have been for the 1888 championship, but it rained steadily until four o'clock, by which time the field was so muddy that we refused to play. Mrs. Grover Cleveland was visiting at Princeton and was to attend. Rather than disappoint her, we played an exhibition contest. This has been told many times, but until now I have not disclosed why I reached the top of my form that afternoon. Mrs. Cleveland entered the grand stand wearing the orange and black of Princeton. As wife of the President of the United States, it seemed to me that she should have been neutral in word and deed, as a then Princeton professor later counseled the nation, as a successor to Cleveland, and I pitched my arm off in resentment. Presidents and their families have become more tactful. When the Chief Executive attends an Army-Navy game now, he sits in the navy stands one half, in the army stands the other half.

So for a time I was a newspaper celebrity, one of those incandescent particles that blaze so brightly for a few days or weeks, and vanish so utterly usually, when their little moment is over. "Pitcher Stagg at eve ne'er drinks his fill, which is why, dear boy, he fills the bill," wrote one newspaper paragrapher. I suppose he referred to an incident at New Haven when a crowd of students carried me in triumph on their shoulders after a game and later marched into a saloon. I was asked to join in drinking my own health, and refused as gracefully as I could.

"The greatest man in America today undoubtedly is Pitcher Stagg," another paragrapher wrote. "Nines howl for him. We have no doubt that were he to visit Washington, D. C., Colonel Lamont would take off his hat to him." Colonel Lamont is as obscure to me as he presumably is to the reader. Whoever he was, he must have been forgotten as soon as my pitching. Another paragraph, from the Friar Point, Mississippi, Gazette, has not so lost its pertinency: "Just so long as the pitcher of a baseball club gets $3000 for six months' work, and a preacher $600 for a year's service, just so long will there be good pitching and poor preaching."

Inventing the Tackling Dummy

My final baseball season at Yale was 1890. We were tied again with Harvard for the championship and were to play the fifth and deciding game at Springfield, July third. The team had gone to Springfield the previous day, but I, who was bidding Yale good-by forever, had stayed behind to pack my belongings. Two trains were waiting as I hurried into the New Haven station, a Boston Shore Line express and the Springfield special. Loaded down with bats and baggage, I arrived on the platform to see a train in motion. I ran for it and leaped aboard. Louis Leyersorf, who had been watching the crowds bound for the game, saw me, realized my error, leaped on the moving Boston train, found me locating myself in a seat and dragged me off. I was so confused that I should have jumped off backward had Leyersorf not turned me around. I made the Springfield train and we won, 4 to 3.

Even in professional baseball, base runners still were sliding headfirst into base, and feet foremost was thought the lesser art. In 1888 I rigged up an apparatus of my own design to improve our sliding. The principle was that of bed springs, much lengthened and covered with Brussels carpet. The men ran, dived and slid along this device to learn how to avoid ripping themselves open. The point of a good slide is to go along the ground rather than into the ground. Later, basemen so improved their blocking of the head slide that the runners were forced to turn around, hooking into the base with their feet.

A similar situation led to my invention of the football tackling dummy in the fall of 1889. The previous year the rules convention had lowered the tackling line to the knees, but the Yale squad continued to tackle high and poorly. To drill the new technic into them, I rolled a mattress up into an approximation of a man's body, suspended it from the gym roof and laid other mattresses flat beneath it. With this equipment, we ran the team through long tackling practices.

In dropping the tackling line, the rules body had made another momentous change intended to restore the balance between offense and defense, upset by better tackling. The rush line, which had stretched with extended hands across the field in front of their opponents, was contracted shoulder to shoulder, as now. The backs, who had played far in the rear and as wide as the ends, were brought up to within five yards or less of the line, and sudden, furious plunges began to mark offensive play. It was this season that George Woodruff, at guard, first swung around the end ahead of the ball carrier.

Yale's Coaching Staff

From my freshman year I had done religious work through the Y. M. C. A. and New Haven missions. Dwight Hall, the Yale Y. M. C. A. building, was opened in my sophomore year, and in my post-graduate year I became student secretary. The Y was capitalizing my athletic prowess, and I even made talks out of town occasionally. I had wished to enter the divinity school in the fall of 1888, but the time required for the student secretary's job did not permit, so I enrolled for several courses in graduate study. One was Biblical literature, under William Rainey Harper, who later became the first president of the University of Chicago and took me West with him.

In the fall of 1888, my first graduate year, Pa Corbin, captain of the squad, asked me to turn out for right end to fill a vacancy left by the graduation of F. C. Pratt. I consulted the general secretary of the Y, Mr. Morse, a Yale man, and he urged me to accept on the ground that it would increase my influence as a worker. Though the game had changed greatly by this time, the rush lines still were standing erect and sparring with the flats of their hands with the idea of having the opposition off balance as the ball was snapped. The ball continued to be passed with the foot. Every fall morning, between classes, the center, Captain Corbin, and the quarter, Wurtemburg, used to practice this foot passing. Like his predecessor, Peters, Pa Corbin was an adept at snapping the ball when the other side was napping, misleading them with his conversation and worrying the ball when in the other center's hands.

Walter Camp was a sort of voluntary advising coach. He still was working full time for a New Haven clock company, and Mrs. Camp—they had been married that year—was more the coach than he. She was out every afternoon for practice and made a detailed report from notes at night to her husband. In the evening and Sunday afternoons, Corbin—and I occasionally—would go to Camp's house to get his advice. When Corbin gave a twenty-fifth reunion dinner in 1913 at the Taft Hotel to the '88 team, Mr. and Mrs. Camp's photographs were given the first page of the souvenir menu, with the legend, Head Coaches, 1888. Billy Rhodes and myself were the only missing faces. A pressing engagement

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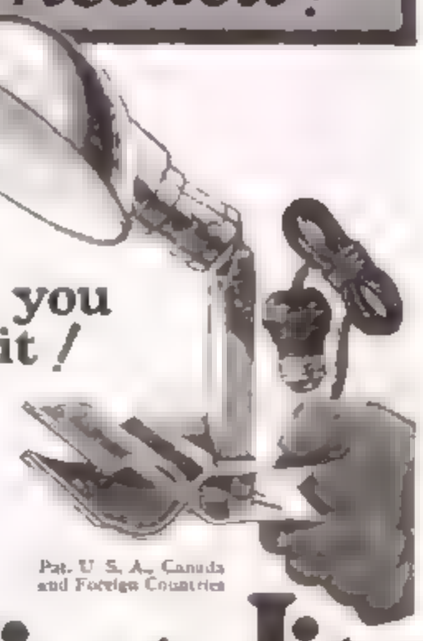

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with Minnesota that afternoon kept me away.

We used to wind up every practice with a race to the opposite end of the field. I won usually, and Mike Murphy, who had just come to Yale as track coach, thought I might make a sprinter. He got me out for the fall games, my first time in spiked shoes. Walker, a real sprinter, ran away from me. I could do the 100 yards in 10⅘ seconds, but that is not sprinting in the big leagues. The team rode back from the new field in a bus after practice, but I always ran behind the full mile and a quarter to develop endurance.

The '88 eleven was ever victorious, scoring 698 points to its opponents' 0, a record still unapproached in the East. The individual had not yet been merged into the whole so greatly as now, and it still was pretty much the fashion for one side of the line to rest while a play went through the other side. Heffelfinger made eight touchdowns from guard that season, his first. Charley Gill made fourteen touchdowns running from tackle that fall, and Wurtemburg, at quarter, twenty. Gifford Pinchot, who made George Woodruff his attorney-general when he became governor of Pennsylvania, was a sub on the squad, and its Adonis.

Lee McClung, later treasurer of the United States, another freshman recruit that season, scored 500 points for Yale in his four years at half—a personal record that still stands, I think.

McClung was the first man ever intentionally to start as if to skirt the ends, then wheel diagonally back through the now-opened line. This was the trick that suggested to Woodruff the delayed pass, working on the same principle but with greater ease and effect; one of several distinct contributions he made to the game while coaching Penn. Two others were the guards back and the ends close in on defense. Penn worked the delayed pass on my Chicago team in 1898, the first time I had seen the play, and scored a touchdown in the last eleven seconds of the first half, John Outland, now a Kansas City surgeon, carrying the ball.

The Game of a Lifetime

We began the 1888 season by smothering Wesleyan 105 to 0, and came down to the crucial Princeton game on Thanksgiving Day at New York with our goal line unthreatened. Some 12,000, a record crowd, saw that game, which we won 10 to 0, largely on Billy Bull's educated toe.

Princeton and Harvard had played a particularly hard game in 1887, in which the Harvard captain, Holden, had his breastbone broken accidentally. Each school was accusing the other of playing ringers and they fast were approaching their historic break.

There were five divinity students on the Princeton varsity, of whom it was said that they feared God and no one else. One of them, Hector Cowan, was captain in 1888. Cowan was a marvelous ball carrier and left lasting marks on Harvard and Yale, though his most horrible oath was "Oh, sugar!"—a blasphemy that never failed to bring threats from his team to report him for rough talk.

It was in the Pennsylvania game that season that Charley Gill, brother of George, and a brilliant player offensively and defensively, had complained repeatedly to the umpire against a member of the Penn team, without result. In the second half two of Gill's front teeth were knocked out. Holding the teeth in his palm, he walked up to the umpire and exclaimed triumphantly, but indistinctly, "Pyaps y' don't b'li've he thlugged me now!"

In 1889 Sport Donnelly, of whom Heffelfinger said that he was the only man he ever knew who could slug and keep his eye on the ball at the same time, arrived on the Tiger team. Donnelly was even better than that. The Big Three teams lost heavily by graduations in 1889. That fall four Tiger football veterans returned for graduate or special work. At Harvard three came back, and at Yale four, I among them. I had been reelected student secretary in 1889 and my time arranged to permit me to enter the divinity school.

The age and length of the playing career of some football warriors had been a source of humor for the student papers, but no objection had been entered until now about the playing of graduate and special students. The growing scandal of professionalism brought the issue to a head, and early in November, 1889, Wesleyan and Yale united in a call for a meeting to determine certain questions of amateur standing. Walter Camp introduced a resolution limiting teams to men who were attending a fixed minimum of recitations weekly and barring anyone who had played any game for money. Princeton countered with an amendment to debar all students in graduate and professional schools, which would have disqualified four men each at Penn, Harvard and Yale. Harvard made a point of order; the meeting had been called only to consider questions of amateur standing. The point being sustained, Penn moved the adoption of that part of Camp's motion requiring a fixed minimum of recitations. Harvard rose to another point of order, but lost. Princeton now offered an amendment debarring a man who had played at one college from playing at another. Harvard made a third point of order and was upheld.

Psychology in Football

Harvard now formally entered protests against fifteen of the Princeton football squad, or virtually all, and Princeton countered by filing charges against four Harvard players. The convention adjourned for ten days to permit the protested players to answer, and both sides took their cases to the newspapers. The convention reconvened behind locked doors at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, with the corridors crowded with reporters, and disagreed.

Two days later Harvard and Princeton met on Jarvis Field, Cambridge, in the game which touched the final spark to the powder magazine. I was playing left end this year and was present as a scout. I had been asked to referee, but declined because I was a member of a rival team. Princeton won and within the week the Harvard student body, in a great mass meeting, voted to secede from the association. That body never recovered, though it survived until 1893.

Princeton operated that year under a coaching committee of three old players. The first half ended with the score 15 to 0 in Harvard's favor, and the three Tiger coaches made impassioned addresses to the team during the intermission, an early example of these Spartacus-to-his-Gladiators harangues which so stirred the public's imagination, and which were dramatized to admirable box-office effect in Strongheart, wherein Robert Edeson played the noble Indian halfback. While huskies guarded the doors inside and out against alien spies, and trainers and rubbers worked on the gladiators with arnica and bandages, the coach mounted a chair and cursed, sneered, exhorted or prayed all to die for dear old Rutgers, according to the coach's temperament or the exigencies of the situation.

At any rate Princeton returned furiously in the second half and smeared Harvard by a final score of 41 to 15, one of the great rallies of the sport. Personally, as a witness, I am inclined to give the credit to Sport Donnelly rather than the coaches' eloquence. One of the men playing for the Crimson was said to have been a Boston and Maine brakeman in private life. Professionally, he was a tower of strength in the Harvard line. Donnelly began working on this man from the start. The umpire's eye was on Sport, and the latter had no intention of being put out of the game. Instead, he tried in every way he knew—and he knew them all—to infuriate his opponent. The brakeman finally exploded early in the second half and swung furiously on Donnelly. Sport feinted neatly, but he pretended to be hit, taking a dramatic stage fall. The Harvard man was ruled out, and from that moment Snake Ames, the Princeton fullback and the Red Grange of his day, ran wild through the Crimson.

I have the authority of a Princeton contributor to Edwards' Football Days for the statement that Ames had told House Janeway, 210 pounds stripped and incurably good-natured, the day before the game, "The man you are going to play against tomorrow insulted your girl. I heard him do it." Janeway believed him. His to-be-commiserated opponent in the line was Trafford, Harvard's chief kicking reliance. Trafford kicked a field goal and one from touchdown in the first half, but he was quiescent in the second. Possibly Ames' psychology furnished the quietus.

I was present in particular to study Ames, and I noted that he invariably reversed in running with the ball. When we met Princeton at Berkeley Oval, in what is now the Bronx, I nailed Ames three times as he was on his way to a touchdown, thanks to that observation. Unfortunately Josh Hartwell, the other Yale end, now a New York surgeon, had a bad Charley horse that day, and we had no substitute for him. Both of Princeton's touchdowns, however, were scored on Yale fumbles behind the goal line, following tries at field goals by Ames. The field was sloppy and the ball like a greased pig.

I participated in one of these fumbles. Herbert McBride, new to the team that season, was playing fullback and safety. Although a brilliant player, he was erratic at times. I started back on Ames' kick, just ahead of Warren, a Princeton end, to back up McBride in case of a fumble. The wind carried the ball over McBride's head. All he had to do was to overtake it, touch it with his hand and cry "Down!" Instead he dived for it like a wild man; the slippery ball shot out from under him and angled off toward the bleachers which partly encircled the running track. Warren and I raced for it, I a yard in the lead. We could only guess the angle at which the ball would rebound. My guess turned out to be one of those miss-is-as-good-as-a-mile estimates. The ball described an eccentric course, I dived for it, grazed it with my hand, but it just eluded me and Warren fell on it for a touchdown. It was not my responsibility; I was not supposed to be on hand, but having anticipated the fumble I was furious with myself at failing.

Presented With a Cauliflower

Princeton first sprang the fake goal kick, claimed as a Tiger invention, in this game to frustrate Gill, who could break through once in two times and block a kick. Ames dropped back as if to kick, Gill plunged through as usual, and as he passed toward Ames, Channing shot through Gill's vacated position with the ball. Gill contrived to turn and grab Channing, preventing a gain, but thereafter Charley was so wary of the trick that Ames was able to kick without hindrance. That often is the greatest value of a trick play.

The quarter then stood close behind the center to take the foot-passed balls, and Wurtemburg's signal for passing was a pressing of two fingers on the hips of Hanson, the center. The quarter was accustomed to taking his time in deciding on the next play, and often dropped back to consult with the other backs. Princeton detected the passing signal. Long Tommy Thomas, six feet six inches tall, was at right guard for them, and House Janeway suggested to him that he reach over the first time Wurtemburg turned his back and pinch Hanson's posterior. Third down came for Yale with two yards to gain and Wurtemburg fell back to confer with the halves. Long Tommy then reached a long arm slyly out and gently nipped Hanson. The Yale center obediently passed the ball into space and Janeway broke through and fell on it for a ten-yard gain and Princeton's first down. We were furious with the bewildered Hanson and did not discover Princeton's infamy until after the game.

Donnelly concentrated this afternoon on Rhodes, his opposing tackle. Failing with verbal abuse, he smeared two handfuls of the readily available mud in Rhodes' face and already was crying "Mr. Umpire!" by the time Rhodes walloped him. Rhodes got his marching orders from the umpire, of course. Princeton has argued that he had punched Channing earlier in the game and had it coming to him.

Slugging had been countenanced so long that penalties were slow in halting the practice. Harvard and Yale fought a terrific battle at Springfield in 1894 that led to a break in their relations. In Big Bill Edwards' day at Princeton the scrubs used to appear for final practice before the Yale game in white sweaters with great blue Y's, and take the names of the Yale eleven. Edwards testifies in his book that slugging occurred even in practices, the varsity becoming frantic if they failed to score on the culls. Edwards, on the scrubs, was going through low and tackling Crowdis, varsity left guard, before he could get started. Bill Church, varsity left tackle, grew so enraged at Edwards that he demanded that Crowdis wallop him. "If you don't, I will," he added. Crowdis was too good-natured, but in the next scrimmage Church handed Edwards one that still marks the lobe of one ear of that prominent Democrat.

An Innocent Bystander

In 1897 the Princeton coaches had made, as they thought, a study of the temperament of Charlie Chadwick, Yale's strong man, with the verdict that he was yellow. Edwards was coached to ride him, and delivered Princeton's opening message in the form of a straight-arm blow. Chadwick socked him back and the battle was on. The umpire, Paul Dashiell, scolded them and let both stay in the game. Edwards records the fact that as psychologists the coaches were first-grade Holland cheeses. Instead of unnerving Chadwick, the attack spurred him on to new heights, at Edwards' expense.

Bill Horr, of Colgate and Syracuse, tells in the same book of being thought too good-natured for the good of Syracuse in a Lafayette game at Easton. Horr played opposite Dowd, the Lafayette captain. Barry played alongside Horr. As the teams lined up for the first scrimmage of the second half, Horr got a stinging blow on an ear.

"Who did that?" Horr demanded. Barry pointed to Dowd, and Horr went out for blood. It was a year later before Horr learned that as the team went on the field after the intermission, Bucky O'Neil, Syracuse coach, had instructed Barry to wallop him and make him fighting mad.

Sometimes slugging grew out of prep-school feuds carried over into college. Victor Harding, Harvard '89, and Yup Cook, Princeton '89, had played with bad blood on Exeter and Andover respectively. When they met for the first time in a Harvard-Princeton game, Cook picked Harding up, slammed him down and walked off the field without waiting for the umpire's invitation.

The 1889 game gave the championship to Princeton, but life still was supportable at Yale. Since the formation of the Football Association in 1879, the Blue had won the title five times to Princeton's once and Harvard's blank. Yale had won ninety-three out of ninety-eight games, losing three times to Princeton, once to Harvard and once to Columbia. Since points had been scored, our total was 3001 to our opponents' 56. And Camp had named me left end on his mythical all-American eleven of 1889.

As Pa Corbin remarked at a Yale banquet in New York, it was a good deal like what the old man said about a righteous life—it was monotonous, but satisfactory.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr Stagg and Mr Stout The fourth will appear in an early issue

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THE DREAMERS

(Continued from Page 27)

They tiptoed up the steps. The instant they were in the street the boy darted off and sneaked out of town by himself. He was afraid of his companion as he was of the jail.

He had started out from home with a dollar ninety-five, and he never became penniless. Often he was so empty he grew faint, yet he would not touch a quarter he had tied in a knot in his handkerchief—and the handkerchief pinned in his pocket. That coin was to be his last resort. It became his luck piece, which he guarded throughout his life.

When hunger overcame him he did not hesitate to ask for food. He did not beg, but offered to work for a meal, and the women to whom he applied generally agreed. They fed him first; afterward he had to split wood for the stove and carry water from the well. Early in his travels he learned to try only farm houses, because the risk of arrest was almost negligible. At one place the farmer took a fancy to the boy and invited him to stay and help do the chores. Jimmy stayed three days, but, discovering that the chores embraced most of the labor on the place, and the farmer did not intend to pay him beyond his keep, he departed without the formality of a farewell. Now and again a harassed woman slammed the door in his face and told him he ought to be ashamed of himself, a common bum at his age. And some children sicked the dog on him, but he had no fear of dogs when stones were handy.

More than once he fell in with professional tramps and spent a night in a jungle under an old high bridge over a creek near a wood. A hobo he encountered in a coal car insisted on taking him there. The bunch was going to jump a fast freight just after daylight. Long before dawn Jimmy got up and drifted. He lost half a day in order to wait for another freight, but he was rid of them.

Where was the West anyhow? Three times he concluded he had reached it, only to discover he was still in farming country and there wasn't an Indian anywhere. He kept on going. Sometimes he had only the vaguest idea of his whereabouts, but he knew that if he headed south and west, he must eventually arrive. And at long last a train of empty cattle cars he had boarded pulled onto a siding away out in the middle of a bald land, and there were corrals and cowboys in leather chaps and cattle milling in hundreds. Not a house anywhere in sight; except a few mesquite, not a tree; nothing but a parched valley stretching clear to some wooded foothills, and beyond, towering bleak gray-and-red mountains, looking like papier-mâché.

This must be the place sure enough. Jimmy jumped down and climbed up on the corral fence to watch. The brakie spotted him.

"Say, where did you come from?" he yelled.

"Back there a ways."

"Well, you can earn your fare right now, see? Go help fix the door of that chute."

The boy eagerly complied. Gee, he would be working alongside those cowboys! The corral was filling with cattle; the cowboys were pressing and darting and whooping.

"Say, we ain't runnin' any race, kid," grumbled one of the two train hands he was assisting.

"Leave him do it, Sam. If he wants to sweat, leave him bear down on it. It won't hurt us none."

"But I gotta work fast or he jams my fingers," Sam complained. "What ails you, anyhow, kid?"

"Nothin'. Only this has got to be done before they can load, don't it?"

"What of it? They can wait, can't they?"

"All ready there?" bellowed the wagon boss of the cow outfit.

Sam retorted, "In a minute—just a minute! What's your hurry? Hold 'em!"

"I don't aim to cripple any of these cattle, and we got to load 'em before dark," said the boss.

"Well, Adios," He Said. "No Hard Feelings. Ask Me to the Weddin', Huh? Ha-Ha!"

His tone was quiet enough, but Jimmy could see he was at boiling point and he worked frantically. The boss remained on his horse in the corral, watching.

"The kid's the best man of the lot," he remarked to a cowboy.

The corral was full of cattle, churning and rumbling. A couple of hundred yards away milled the herd of six hundred head, with cowboys on post around them, now and again spurting fiercely to drive back a stray.

"Work 'em easy there, Mitt," shouted the boss. "Take it slower. Let 'em settle down, or it's like they'll stompede."

Mitt ceased his labors and gradually the cattle quieted.

"Ain't that dog-goned door fixed yet?" the boss inquired angrily. "We'll be here all night."

For answer, Sam waved his arms to the engineer and the train backed until the car door faced the chute to an inch. They dropped the gangplank, swung the gates in place.

"All set! Crack down on 'em, cowboys!"

Somebody opened the corral gate. Out lunged a steer, made a rush up the chute, suddenly perceived where it was taking him and with a wild upward leap half scaled the gate on Jimmy's side. The brace gave to the pressure and it opened.

"Hold him! Hold him!" yelled the boss.

By a desperate effort Jimmy managed to ram the iron brace of the swing gate into a crack. Then he grabbed a prod pole and tried to belabor the struggling animal back into the chute.

"More beef! More beef!" panted the boss, who had seized the steer's tail. They sprang to his help and dragged the animal into the chute. There they straightened him out and by sheer weight of numbers hurled him into the car, and the work went forward with a rush.

The dust rose in blinding clouds. The cattle bellowed and struggled and kicked. No sooner was one car loaded and locked than another drew up. Horses and men were soon in a lather; the air rang with shouts and oaths and cries of encouragement.

"Hi-yi!" Jimmy yelled until he was hoarse. "Get in, get in!" And he stabbed and beat with the prod pole. He had delegated to himself the job of helping move them up the chute into the car.

"The blunt end of that!" cautioned the boss. "You tore that last one."

The boy's arms ached so that he could barely lift the heavy pole. His face was streaked with sweat and dirt, his voice had sunk to a croak, but a fierce exultation filled him. Here was work for men—he would have died on his feet before he gave in.

"Where did you pick up that kid?" asked the boss of the brakie.

"Who? Me? He ain't workin' for me—he's beatin' his way. Say, ain't he a workin' fool?"

Shortly before sundown they started to drive the last bunch into the corral for loading. The cattle were now irritated and panicky. Twice they broke at the gate of the corral and fled through the ring of cowboys, only to be rounded up again.

"I done told you to work 'em easy," fumed the boss. "Hold 'em again until they quiet down."

It took longer to load the last car than any four preceding it, and by the time the door was rammed shut Jimmy was ready to drop.

"All right," said the boss, wiping his forehead. "Git aboard, Dave. Got that order? Hell's bells, stick it in your hat where you can find it then! And don't forget what I told you."

The train was ready to start. As Jimmy sat limply on the loading platform the brakeman approached.

"Say, boy, you want to come along with us?"

"Uh-uh."

"I can get you a job."

"No, I wanta stay here."

"Suit yourself," replied the brakie, semaphoring with his arms. "All right, Charlie. Let 'er go."

The outfit had disposed themselves to rest. Some were squatted on the ground, others were changing horses or tightening saddle girths. Down in the corral, the boss and Mitt took a swig out of a bottle and fell to discussing the work. To them came a small boy, grimy and weary, who planted himself in front of the boss and looked him in the eye.

"Say, mister," he said, "got a job?"

Uncle Harve paused with the bottle halfway to his lips.

"Where did you blow from anyhow? Know anything about cow work? Can you ride?"

"I been ridin' freights a month," said Jimmy seriously.

"What's your name? And where's your folks? And what're you doin' here?" the boss wanted to know.

Jimmy told him as much as was needful.

"Well, maybe we could use you," said Uncle Harve doubtfully. "Anyhow, you can't stay here tonight. So come along with us and we'll talk about it tomorrow. Lee, put him on Tod's horse."

"That horse is plumb wore out."

"Then put Tod's saddle on the roan. Let's go, men."

One of them hoisted Jimmy aboard the roan cutting horse and they started. Within a few miles he became so sore that every jolt was agony, but he never murmured. And so the outfit went jogging through the purple dusk. After a while the stars came out; the mountains seemed to be breathing, and the moon made a shimmering path across a misty sea. Jimmy reached back to pull a kink out of the seat of his pants where it was galling a skinned spot. A cowboy at last! Gee, this was great!

He soon discovered that all the Wild West stories had left out something. Six-shooters and chaps and cowboys and broncs were there in plenty, but they had failed to take note of work. And work was the outstanding feature of the life.

The Pitchfork outfit was engaged in its fall round-up. Their camp lay in the foothills. Near them were three other cattle outfits, to which were attached a score of nesters and small owners who also had a few head loose on the range. When they saddled up for the day's work, Jimmy counted a hundred and six men.

They put him to work helping the Pitchfork cook. His nominal job was dishwasher, but pretty soon fat Dave had sloughed all sorts of duties on to the boy. Jimmy crawled out of the blankets about two hours before dawn and made the fire; no matter how warm noonday might be, it was always stinging cold then. The fire crackling, he and Dave cooked breakfast; and after the outfit had ridden away, Jimmy washed the dishes and split firewood and cleaned up generally. Every other day they killed a heifer for beef, and he soon became proficient in skinning without slashing the hide.

When one patch of country had been worked, the outfit broke camp and moved twenty miles or so to another place. Jimmy had to help load the chuck wagon and the hoodlum, and drive the latter with its two-horse team. He longed to be on the box in Dave's place, swinging the rawhide over the backs of the four giant mules that dragged the chuck wagon.

There was doubtless a lot of romance in this life, but he was kept too busy to see it. One night they camped close to Toomey's place, a saloon and dance hall perched on a hill just outside the military reservation. All night long the cowboys drank and danced. The herd was bedded on a flat, with a few men on night guard. They rode slowly around the sleeping cattle, crooning to them, but gazing enviously toward the hill; and the instant they were relieved, they galloped toward Toomey's.

The boss gave strict orders to the cook to stay away.

"You know your weakness, Dave," he cautioned, "and it's the last time I aim to warn you."

Dave made no answer, and Uncle Harve interpreted this favorably. As the night wore on, however, the cook became restless.

"Say," he said to Jimmy, after they had cleaned the pots and put everything away, "what d'you say if we kind of ramble up the hill and take a look?"

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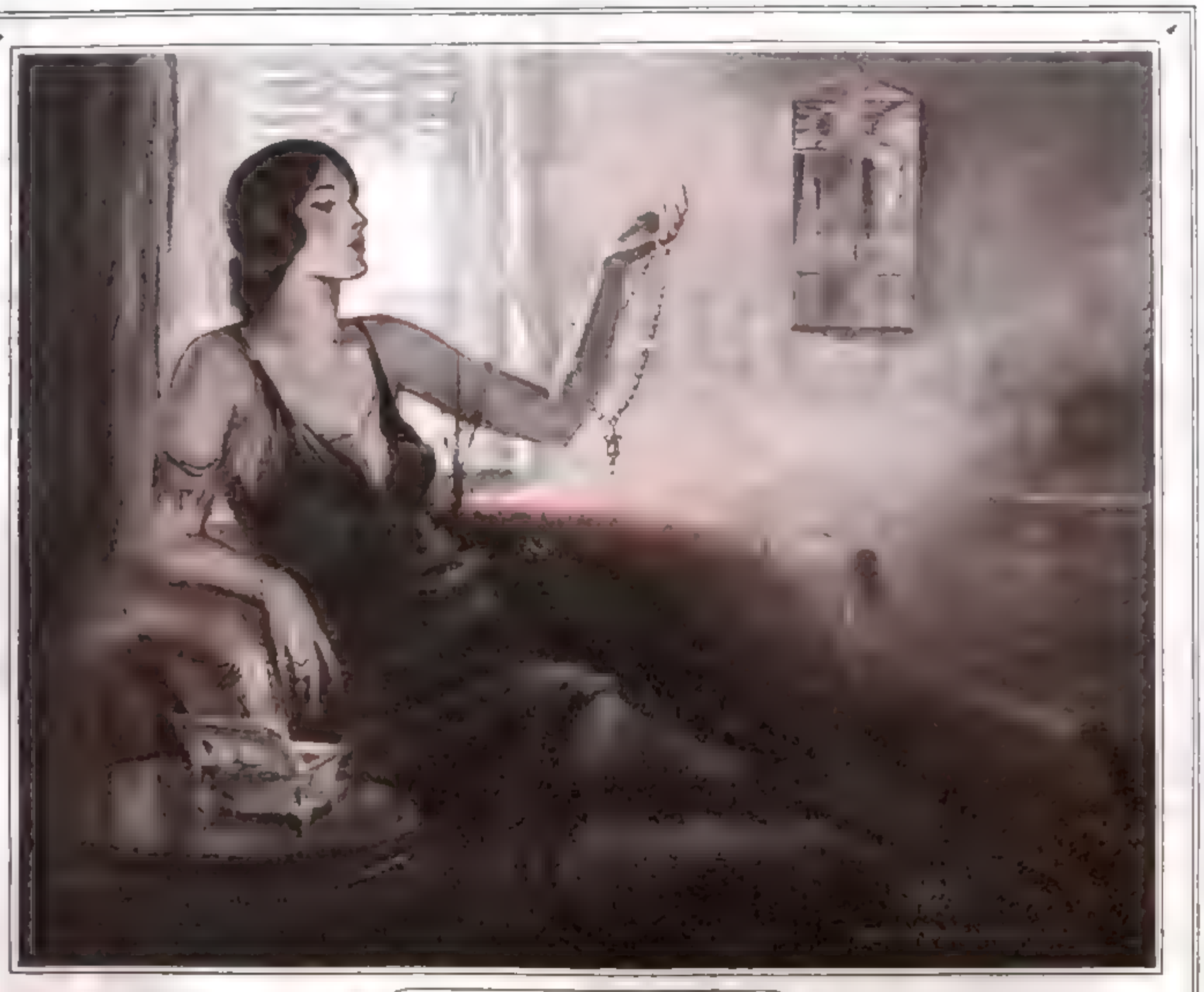

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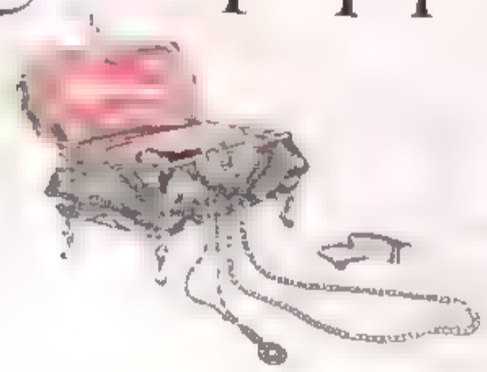

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(Continued from Page 144)

"You know what Uncle Harve said."

"I don't mean gittin' drunk—just take a look."

"All right."

So they kind of rambled up the hill and took a look. In a minute Jimmy found himself inside, holding down a chair on the side lines. Dave had vanished. Presently the boy saw him waltzing with Dutch Annie. His next glimpse showed the cook bellying up to the bar with Annie and some other girls and half a dozen cowboys and a couple of cavalrymen from the fort. After that Dave was the life of the party, and nobody dared say him nay. The boss did some cussing aside, but he was too wise to bawl him out in public. A cook has his finer feelings, and Dave could use a gun as well as the next man.

The dance floor was jammed. A slot-machine piano provided music. Toomey presided at the bar with another man, and Ma Toomey chaperoned the ladies.

The dust welled up, almost obscuring the dancers; clank of spur and the beating of feet; shrill whoops and shriller laughter.

"Come on, sonny," cried a girl companion of Dutch Annie's, running to where Jimmy sat.

"No, thank you. I wouldn't choose to," he replied, going red in the face.

"Don't be bashful. What're you scared of? I won't eat you."

"Come on, Jimmy. Shake a hoof, kid," bellowed Dave, making a leap into the air to crack his heels together.

They coaxed him to dance, they teased him to take a drink, but he was still holding out stoutly when the boss approached. Now Uncle Harve was as drunk as a lord, but strictly in the line of duty, you understand. With him was a cattle buyer from Kansas City, and if the boss could get him tight enough, the benefits would be enormous—they would be able to run any number of culls past that cattle buyer.

"Leave that kid alone, you ol' rowdy," he ordered the girl. "D'you hear? Leave go of his arm. And you, Dave—I should think you'd know better. At your age too."

"What about my age? Huh?" demanded the cook truculently. "What about it?"

"Why, you was here before the hills was made, you bald-headed ol' rascal! Now go on and sweat, and leave Jimmy go back to camp. Drag it, Jimmy. And don't let me catch you up here no more."

Dave stared uncertainly at the boss a moment, but decided to let the insult pass.

"One drink wouldn't hurt him none—it'd learn him to leave it alone," he argued.

The boss pretended not to hear.

"When I was a kid," announced the cook, "my dad often give me a drink. It learned me ——"

And then his partner whisked him away at a sign from Ma Toomey. Jimmy mumbled "Yes, sir," at Uncle Harve, and sneaked off, and the boss and the buyer returned to the bar, feeling the glow that comes from a virtuous deed.

Jimmy went down the hill to camp and spread his bed roll close to the chuck wagon. A dozen of the boys were already between the blankets and snoring. A few eschewed revelries such as those at Toomey's; three had passed out; the others would have to stand guard later. Now and again a coyote's howl rose, weird and quavering. The piano at Toomey's was playing After the Ball, and from the ghostly blotch that marked the herd's bed ground came the grunts and sighs of steers settling down for the night, the clack of a horseshoe against a stone, a cowboy's doleful lament. Jimmy folded his pants under his head for a pillow and went to sleep.

It seemed to him he had just dozed off when a shot brought him upright, tense and staring. There was a commotion on the hill, a rush of horses. Another spurt of flame, followed by the bark of a six-shooter; and the next moment the herd came to its feet with a snort, as one animal, and the thunder of their stampede shook the ground. Before the boy could move, they swept past him, and the rush of their flight raised the hair on his head. A crash, and down went the chuck wagon. A staked horse screamed; before he could jerk free from the pin, the cattle passed over him.

It was over in less than a minute. Nothing remained of the carefully gathered herd except one dead steer, several cripples and the thudding of hoofs dying away southward.

Next morning the Pitchfork had no cook. It was a treat to hear Uncle Harve—the way that man prayed for Dave, prayed to get his hands on him, if only for a moment! Jimmy had to turn in and get the meals, and it took the combined outfits five days to round up the cattle.

"You're a good worker," remarked the boss, gingerly testing a couple of teeth after a bite into Jimmy's bread. "But you won't never make a cook. Gosh a'mighty!"

Jimmy lost his job as cook. He went back to dishwashing, and a Texan took Dave's place.

Such was his initiation. After the round-up, the Pitchfork went into winter quarters and Uncle Harve gave him a string of eight horses and sent him to a division camp in the foothills to help Pink Milton. It had not rained for nine months and the cattle were dying by the hundreds. He and Pink lived in a one-roomed shack at the head of a wooded valley where wild doves cooed sadly, and from sunup to sundown they rode the range, taking care of the sick. They tailed up starving cows until the boy hated the sight of the creatures; they skinned dead ones and dried the hides. Motherless calves roamed everywhere, bawling their fear and hunger. They lifted these dogies to their saddles and brought them to camp, to be put on some cows kept in a corral there for the purpose. And always they carried oil cake at their saddle-bows; day after day they dragged half-dead animals out of the miry waterholes; day after day they eased the weak and shaking creatures to other tanks.

"The man who crowds a cow gets his time," went the order.

It was hard work, a test of patience and conscience—conscience, because they were forty miles from human habitation and for weeks there was nobody near to spy on what they did. It would have been easy to let things go. The boss himself, when he came round to inspect, would hardly be able to discover neglect in that general welter of misery. Yet the two never gave themselves rest. Sixteen hours a day they rode the range and tailed up dying cows.

"Ain't they payin' you wages, Jimmy?" inquired Pink, as they sat one night beside a candle and dealt cold hands. A mountain lion was screaming somewhere above them.

"No-oo. Not yet. I only get my keep."

"Well, they had ought to pay you something. Yes, sir, you're entitled to good wages. Dog-gone if you ain't."

Apparently Uncle Harve thought the same after he had ridden over their division, for when he departed he said gruffly, "Jimmy, you draw fifteen a month from now on."

It was not until late spring—and what a mockery of the surging season of rebirth was that baked, gasping land!—it was not until late spring that clouds boiled up in great tumbled masses, bringing hope. Still the rains held off.

"If it don't come now, it's missed a swell chance," remarked Uncle Harve calmly, "and we're busted sure enough."

The company had lost three thousand head; but plentiful rains might yet save the day, although the calf crop was bound to be pitifully small. One night at sundown the heavens opened. The downpour started with a few large heavy drops that plopped in the dust. Then the rain thundered on the sod roof and ran in rivulets down the slopes. Pink lay on his bed, smoking and grinning fatuously at the ceiling. In the doorway stood Jimmy, oblivious of a stream from the roof. He could see a calf high-tailing it in the valley, lashing out with its heels in sheer delight, and he choked. Oh, those poor, sick cattle! He could visualize the dry coats regaining their sleekness, the dull eyes brightening. And, say, look at that there calf! Dog-gone if he wasn't a jumpin' fool!

"Well, ol'-timer," he said to Pink, "we done our best, I reckon. And no man can do more."

"You're all right, son," Pink agreed sleepily; "you're all right. And now I'm going to sleep. Listen to that! Was there ever anything sweeter?"

Jimmy could ride now, and was learning the rope too. To be able to rope his horse out of the plunging swirl of the remuda, to noose a calf by the hind legs from the back of a horse, to catch a steer at full gallop—those are fundamentals of a cowboy's trade. It was typical of the boy that he concentrated his entire attention on the essentials and did not waste effort on trick stunts. At the end of a couple of months he could handle the rope well enough for any job he was likely to be given, but he still needed a lot of experience.

"He makes a right good hand with hosses too," Pink told the wagon boss. "He gentles 'em."

"Jimmy," ordered Uncle Harve, "you go back to the ranch and help Miguel."

As with Dave, so with Miguel—the horse wrangler no sooner secured a willing assistant than he began to slough the work. The Mexican possessed an amazing capacity for sleep, and would lie on the ground for hours at a stretch, dozing, while Jimmy watched the horses graze. He formed the habit of letting the boy do most of the rounding up in the morning, too, Miguel joining him just before the remuda arrived at the corrals. Well, why not? The boy was always first up in the bunk house and soon stopped waiting for Miguel to get ready to go with him.

One day the Mexican announced to Jimmy that he was going to White City, as they called Toomey's place, and would not be back until nightfall. Jimmy could watch the horses alone—yes? And he would do the same for him sometime. And Miguel rode off, leaving the boy atop a hill, with the remuda cropping the grass in a valley below.

After a while two of the animals started to stray off and Jimmy loped away to turn them back. Suddenly the reliable buckskin he was riding let out a snort and leaped high in air. Jimmy grabbed the horn with his free hand and hung on somehow or other, then turned to see what had scared him. A huge rattler lay coiled near a mesquite, his tail sounding the death warning. The boy jumped down and tied his horse to a neighboring tree, then looked about for a club.

Now a rattler does not fight unless he thinks he has to, and the reptile turned and made for a dog-hole. Jimmy found a mesquite limb just in time to see him disappear, and cautiously approached the hole. There was the rattler, sure enough, six inches of his tail protruding. Jimmy had heard the cowboys talk of snapping a snake's neck with a swift back fling and jerk, but the idea made no appeal to him. However, he wanted those rattles. Shortening his grip on the stick, he raised it for a stroke; perhaps if he hit just above the rattles they would come off. He struck. So did the snake. Coiled in the dog-hole, with head ready for the drive, he let fly and buried his fangs in Jimmy's arm just above the elbow. The boy yelled and dropped his club. The rattler retreated underground.

His heart throbbing with fear, Jimmy ran to his horse. It tried frantically to back away from him and tear loose, but he managed to get a grip on the reins in time. Round and round the buckskin spun when he tried to mount. Had he gone locoed? It was only by cheeking him that he could hold Baldy still long enough to get a foot in the stirrup; then he swung up. Almost instantly the horse quieted.

"Must of smelt that snake on me, I reckon," moaned Jimmy.

It was eight miles to the ranch and he could have covered the distance in forty

(Continued on Page 151)

Health and Happiness

SECOND only to the health which comes from drinking pure, perfectly-kept milk is the happiness sure to follow the discovery that Perfection Pull and Hinge Milk-Bottle Caps have at last done away with the messy, unsanitary use of ice-pick or thumb in the opening of milk bottles.

Perfection Caps absolutely prevent mutilated or mislaid caps. A gentle pull and the cap opens on a hinge; a slight pressure and it is closed again.

See for yourself what a great convenience and safeguard Perfection Caps are. We'll gladly send you a month's supply FREE if you'll sign and mail the coupon today. You'll insist that your milkman give you this service thereafter.

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DRINK MORE MILK

To have been chosen the "best-dressed man" by several hundred classmates at an institution as famous as the University of Pittsburgh was the compliment paid this year to Charles A. Braun.

"Pitt's" Best-Dressed Man, Class of '26

"I REGARD shirts, collars and handkerchiefs as details of the utmost importance," says Charles A. Braun, University of Pittsburgh, Class of 1926, "and I am frankly in favor of choosing them with care. Plain white shirts and soft collars are all right for sports wear, but they should generally be limited to such informal occasions.

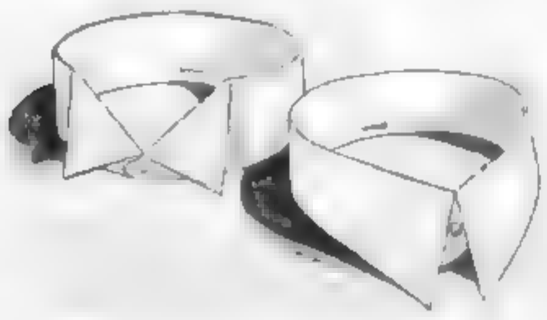
"The Ide shirts of plain blue with stiff collar to match please me very much. Also the Ide shirts of white with narrow, widely-spaced colored stripes and stiff collars to match. It seems to me that many men today need just a bit more color in their dress than recent styles have dictated.

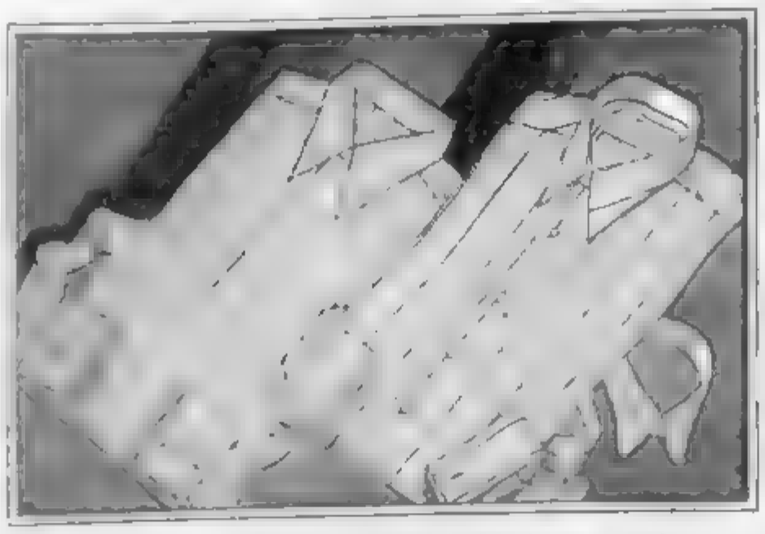
"Such shirts and collars as I have selected are in irreproachably good taste. May I add that today many of the better-dressed men in college and business, too, are going back to starched collars, either white or in colors to match the shirt? These are very smart."

An Ide business shirt, an Ide shirt for informal wear, Ide collars and handkerchiefs chosen by Mr. Braun are here sketched and described.

In a new booklet we have combined the Ide haberdashery chosen by the "best-dressed men" and "men most likely to succeed" at ten leading American universities. We will gladly send it to you. Address Geo. P. Ide & Co., Inc., Troy, New York.

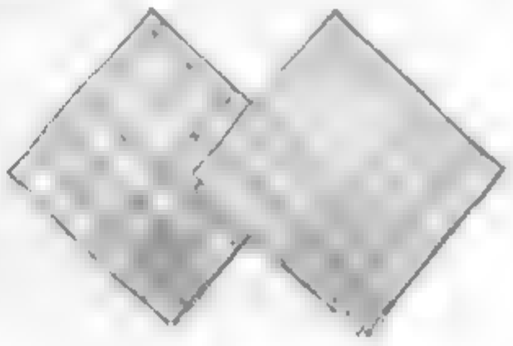
"Wilshire is the ideal shape for the man who," like this University of Pittsburgh graduate, "wishes a starched collar with points close together to lengthen the appearance of the face. In the evening, the Idetux is an excellent choice."





"For daytime occasions I strongly believe in more touches of color," says the University of Pittsburgh's best-dressed man. The blue Ide Madras has the soft collar attached, while the Malvern has excellently made starched collars to match the striped pattern of the shirt.

"Another bit of color in a man's dress may be the carefully selected handkerchief," advises this criterion of men's styles. "I have found several excellent colored handkerchiefs in the Ide showing."



(Continued from Page 149)

minutes, rough though the going was. But there were his horses. Despite his desperate plight, it never once occurred to him to leave them. Why, they might stray off into the mountains!

"Get in there! Get in!" he whooped, spurring toward them.

His very precipitancy defeated his purpose. Or had the devil combined with them to kill him? Instead of bunching up into a docile band, as they usually did for him or Miguel, they raised their heads and snorted as at the approach of something strange. And next instant they started trotting toward the hills.

"Get in there! Get in!" shrilled the boy in a passion of panic.

That they did not seriously mean to run away was proved by the fact that the leaders soon slowed down and turned back when he rushed to head them. But several of the bunch seemed seized with the spirit of stubborn disobedience that so often afflicts children, regardless of consequences or their fears. They kept breaking away, making short dashes for liberty, and it took Jimmy an hour to round up the band and get them started toward the ranch. Then instead of stringing out like a well-disciplined remuda, they surged together compactly and trotted with high heads and streaming manes, just looking for an excuse. Of course they found plenty. Half a dozen times he had to regather the scattered band and make a fresh start, and all the while his arm was swelling and he was growing sicker and sicker.

"It'll bust the sleeve in a minute," he wailed. "You, Pancho, get in, get in!"

Halfway to the ranch he met Big John ambling along. Big John flogged the remuda forward with a rope. And so they swept up to the Pitchfork headquarters, a tossing sea of heads, the thunder of their hoofs bringing everybody at the ranch on the run.

"Three hours since he was bit," yelped Big John. "Three hours! But he didn't lose a horse."

Then he sat down to wait for Miguel. He had pressing business with that yellow-belly.

They did what they could for Jimmy whilst a doctor was being brought from town. His arm swelled horribly, but curiously enough the poison did not seem to travel farther, and when the doctor arrived behind a pair of foaming broncs with which Lee Hall had gone for him, he expressed the opinion the bite would not be fatal. Upon receipt of this news, Big John put away his six-shooter and spat on his hands as a substitute.

The boy pulled through, but he was fearfully sick. When he could get around again, the boss put him on light jobs at headquarters, for he was so weak and wabbly he could not rejoin the outfit for many months. Indeed, it took him about three years to shake off the effects of the poison, and his right arm was never afterward as good as the left.

During his sickness and convalescence he was the recipient of a lot of attention. Everybody who came to the company's store at headquarters paid a visit to Jimmy. Pink Milton brought him a pony. The manager donated two motherless calves out of the bunch of dogies they were rearing at the ranch, and Jimmy started his own brand. Before he decided on one, he had consulted about everybody of experience in the country.

"I don't aim it should be easy to alter," he explained gravely, and they laughed. How could they guess that the weird combination he finally adopted would one day adorn the hides of forty thousand head?

Yet they ought to have known he would prosper. His thrift became a joke in the country, for whenever any money went into Jimmy's pocket it passed entirely out of circulation. And he displayed the same care of any other possession.

One day the outfit rode into Naco after a hard day at the corrals, passing a herd from Mexico through customs, and they proceeded to liquor. One by one they set 'em up, everybody in the saloon partaking. Jimmy stood at the bar too. He was seventeen years old then.

"Say, why don't you loosen up and buy a drink?" inquired a cowboy, nudging his neighbor. "I disremember ever having saw you."

The boy mumbled something about not choosing any.

"You've downed four sody pops."

"Well, they asked me to, and everybody took something. I didn't want any. Sody pops don't count."

"Listen to that, fellers. Sody pops don't count!"

Then he laughed and invited the boy to have some chile. Jimmy accepted. Yet the banter must have hit home, because later in the evening he suddenly opened his mouth and in a strangled voice ordered a round of drinks.

"Louder!" said a cowboy. "He cain't hear that."

"Hey, take it easy, kid, or you'll choke to death," suggested another.

"Oh, leave him alone," ordered the boss. "Jimmy, don't you pay 'em any mind. These drinks're on me."

Shortly afterward the boy slipped out and went to bed. In a burst of confidence he told the boss next day, "It's this way, Uncle Harve—every time I see what the drinks cost, I figure how long it'd take me to earn it. D'you know how long I'd have to work to earn a round for this bunch?"

"No—how long?"

"Four days," said Jimmy earnestly. "That's how long. And it ain't worth it."

"Not to the feller who's payin'—no, it ain't," admitted Uncle Harve.

"I've seen my dad walk three miles to work and three miles home every day for a month to save car fare," Jimmy continued. "And why? So's to make up for what he done throwed away in ten minutes at a bar. Yes, and I've seen ma go hongry and without fitten clothes because he done spent all his wages on booze."

"Your pap was a booze fighter, huh?"

"He was a ring-tailed snorter. Say, there was a drinker sure enough!"

"Then you leave it be, son. Don't you care what the boys say. You'll have money in your pocket when those ornery rascals're flat busted."

"I aim to," said Jimmy.

At eighteen he owned fifty-two cows and several good horses. These represented his savings, natural increase and profits from several successful trades. And young as he was, Uncle Harve frequently designated him as straw boss during his absences.

A thrifty person is seldom popular, and Jimmy was miles beyond thrift. It was an open-handed country. Had he been middle-aged, they might have appreciated his motives, but it seemed unnatural for a boy to be so stingy; and although at first they laughed at the trait, they soon began to resent it. Perhaps he did not perceive how they regarded him; it is more probable he did not care.

Young men of his own years respected him as a worker and a trader, and a good judge of cattle, but they did not like him. How can one like a man who never joins in the fun? They couldn't accuse him of being goody-goody, however. A drink? Why, certainly—now and again. He played poker also, but nobody yearned to have him sit in a game.

He frequently went along with the rest of the outfit, too, when they dropped in at Toomey's place or any of the dance halls in the towns they struck, but these flings were only momentary lapses, and he continued about his business as though that phase of life did not exist.

Before he was twenty, people began to wonder why he did not marry. Several deals had turned out remarkably well. He now owned a small herd and had bought a farm cheaply from the dissolute heirs of the Widow Rucker. A German was working it for him on shares. Milburn knew little of farming and remained as a member of the Pitchfork outfit.

All the women of those parts said he certainly ought to get married. As time went on, they pronounced it a shame. Jimmy kept on building up his herd and buying a farm here and a farm there, and they solemnly declared that something ought to be done about it. Bachelors ought to be taxed, that's what they ought! No man was any account until he married, and here were lots of fine girls. Well, men were just naturally ornery and selfish anyhow.

"It's a wonder to me you don't get hitched up, Jimmy," said Uncle Harve. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Shucks, there's lots of time. What do I want to get married for?"

"It ain't like you can't afford it. And there's that Carter gal—she's a cute li'l' trick."

"Oh, why can't they leave me alone? I don't want to get married, Uncle Harve."

"But it don't seem natural."

"D'you want me to tell you why?" Jimmy asked abruptly.

"Yes."

"Well, I don't aim to see my wife work like ma had to."

Uncle Harve gaped at him.

"Why, what's eatin' on you anyhow, son? Any gal worth her salt would be glad of the chance, Jimmy. She don't figure on settin' round with her hands folded in her lap."

"I know that too. But when I marry, I don't want my wife doing the sort of work my mother had to do."

"What sort was that?"

"Oh, cookin' and sweepin' and scrubbin' floors and mendin' clothes."

"What would she do with her time then?" inquired Uncle Harve in pardonable surprise.

"Well, when I marry—I don't intend to, Uncle Harve, till I can hire me a servant round the house."

"The trouble with you," said the boss, "is you ain't right in the head. Wherever did you pick up them notions?"

"You don't know what ma had to go through," replied Jimmy stubbornly, and refused to discuss it further.

This argument made a profound impression upon Uncle Harve, who spread the news far and wide, but the women were not to be put off with any such thin excuses. Who ever heard of such stuff and nonsense? He was just crawfishing, that's what he was up to, and he was a nasty, selfish hound.

"A rattler," they asserted, "would sure enough run from him now—ha-ha! No wonder a snake bite couldn't kill that li'l' ol' kid—he was too mean for poison to hurt. What I'm worryin' over is the snake. Has he been heard from sence? No, you bet he ain't!"

They resented his shyness toward their sex, too, because it made him so elusive. Milburn was not the type that appeals to women, and that he should add to the handicap by an awkward and diffident manner was unforgivable. Jimmy was as popular with the girls as a sand bur, and although he had plenty of male companionship, he made no close friends, unless one counted the odd liking Uncle Harve felt for him, and a blind devotion he had somehow inspired in Pink Milton. Either of them would have taken off his shirt for Milburn any day, but that was easily explained too—hadn't they been partners in several deals that cleaned up good money? Well?

"All he thinks of is money," was the verdict.

So they chuckled when the savings of years were swept away. The foot-and-mouth disease broke out among his cattle. In those days prompt action in such emergency was unknown, and almost before he realized the seriousness of the situation, Milburn was ruined.

On top of that, some outlaws ran off a bunch of young mules he had bought as a speculation. Milburn joined with several other men whose stuff had been stolen, and the posse chased the rustlers seventy miles, maintaining a running fight. He was not a fighting man by instinct, but he was willing

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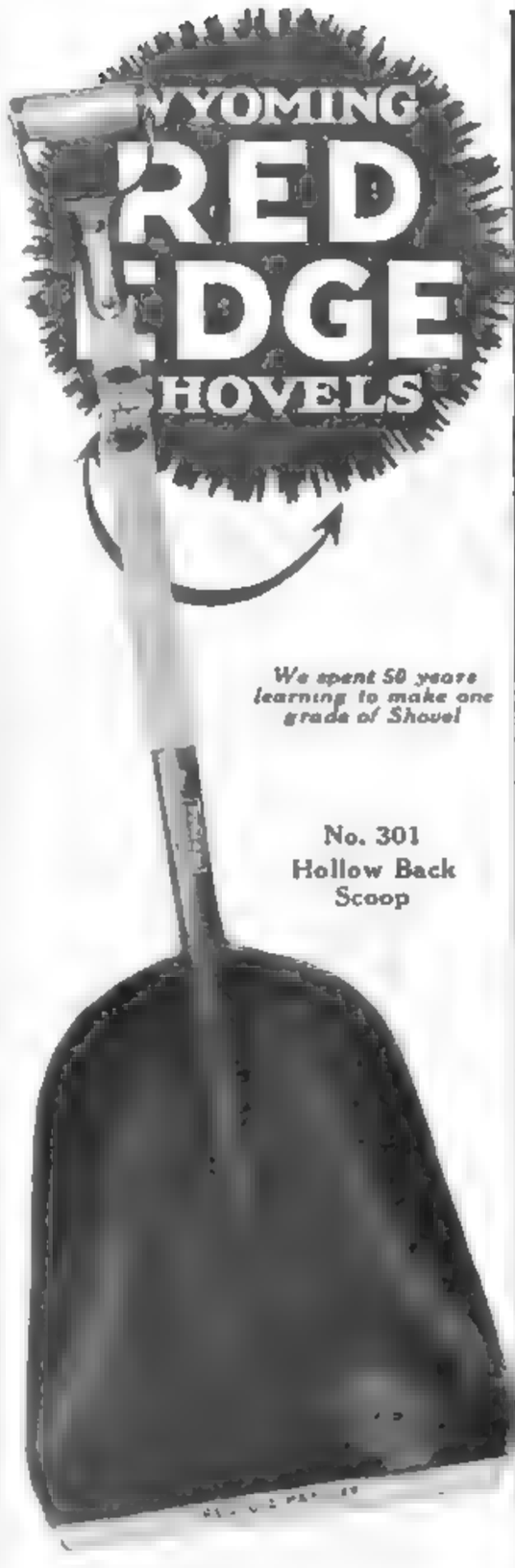


Attention, Pessimists!

PURCHASERS and users of shovels may be divided into two classes—the optimists who think any old shovel is a good shovel—and the pessimists who think—

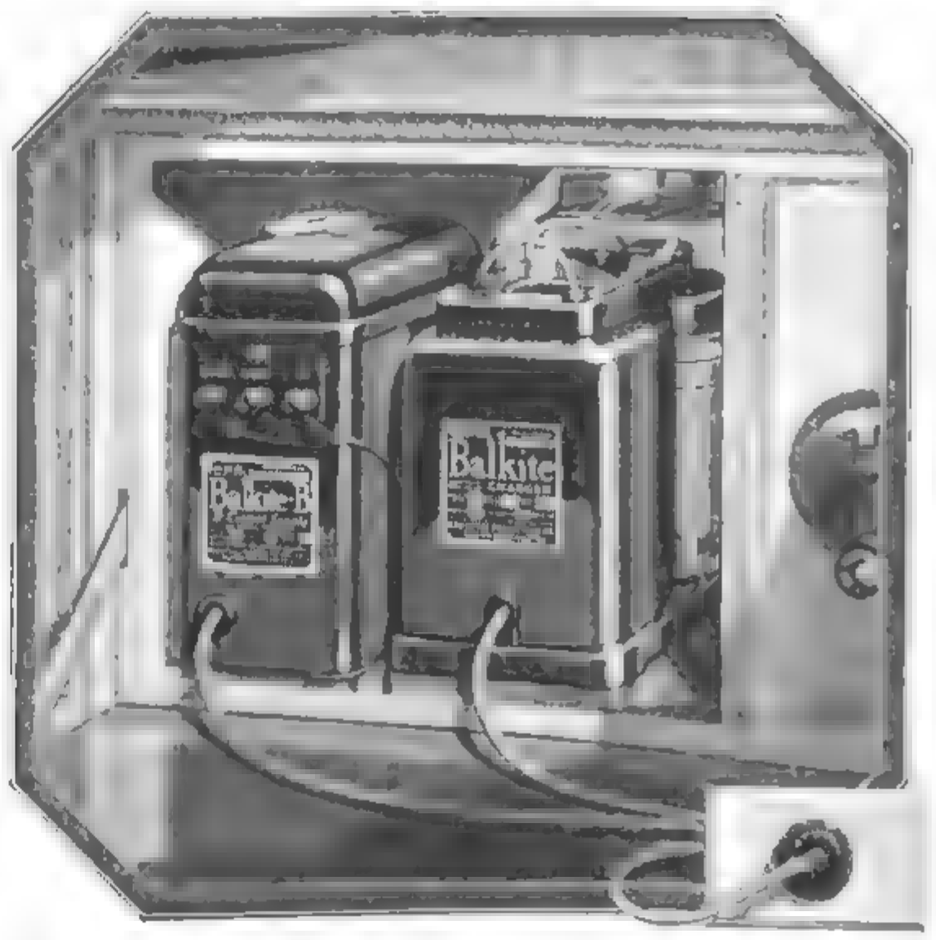
Well, here's a letter we received from one:

"Most shovels put out now are one big joke. I've had over a dozen myself in the last year, poor soft materials in blades, bum handles and no good all around. It would be a relief to get a first-class shovel. I will take a chance and try one of your shovels. If they are what you claim and will stand up under the work I can use four dozen."

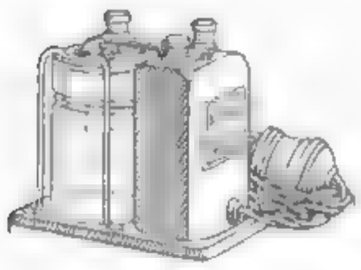
What this country needs is bigger and better pessimists. If we had been optimistic about the shovel situation we never would have gone to the trouble of making Red Edges with a quality to outlast two to three ordinary shovels.

This is an invitation to every pessimistic shovel user, who is disgusted with the poor service and labor wastage resulting from inferior shovels, to try out Red Edge, the long-lasting shovel that is a real labor-saving device.

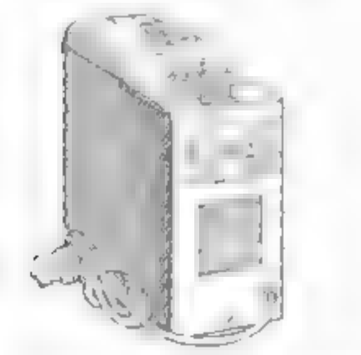
THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PA.



The new Balkite "B" *at* $27.50 *and the new* Balkite Charger *convert your radio set into a light socket receiver*



Balkite Trickle Charger
MODEL K. With 6-volt "A" batteries can be left on continuous or trickle charge thus automatically keeping the battery at full power. With 4-volt batteries can be used as an intermittent charger. Or as a trickle charger if a resistance is added. Charging rate about .5 ampere. Over 200,000 in use. Price $10. West of Rockies $10.50. [In Canada $15.]



Balkite Combination
When connected to your "A" battery supplies automatic power to both "A" and "B" circuits. Controlled by the filament switch on your set. Entirely automatic in operation. Can be put either near the set or in a remote location. Will serve any set now using either 4 or 6-volt "A" batteries and requiring not more than 30 milliamperes at 135 volts of "B" current—practically all sets of up to 8 tubes. Price $59.50. [In Canada $83.]

All Balkite Radio Power Units operate from 110-120 volts AC current with models for both 60 and 50 cycles. The new Balkite Charger is also made in a special model for 25-40 cycles.

To enjoy the convenience of a light socket radio set you need not discard your present receiver. Add the new Balkite "B" and the new Balkite Charger instead.

Balkite "B"—the unique "B" power supply—eliminates "B" batteries entirely and supplies "B" current from the light socket. The new Balkite "B"-W at $27.50* serves any set of 5 tubes or less where 67 to 90 volts are required. Balkite "B"-X at $42* serves sets of up to 135 volts and 8 tubes. Balkite "B"-Y at $69* serves any standard set.

The new Balkite Charger at $19.50,* with both high and low charging rates, is the most convenient of all methods of charging your "A" battery. At the low rate it can be left on continuous or trickle charge. Thus it automatically keeps your battery at full power. With heavy-duty sets, large sets, or sets in constant use where excessive "A" current is required, a few hours' operation at the high rate quickly brings the battery to full charge. This new charger gives you the advantages of both trickle and high-rate charging.

Both Balkite "B" and the Balkite Charger are entirely noiseless in operation. Both are permanent pieces of equipment, with nothing to wear out or replace. Other than a slight consumption of household current, their first cost is the last. Both are built to conform with the standards of the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Over 600,000 radio sets—one of every ten—are already Balkite equipped. Add these two Balkite Units to your receiver now. Then you too will know the convenience of Balkite Light Socket Operation. Then you too will know the convenience of owning a radio set always ready to operate at peak power. Ask your dealer. *Fansteel Products Company, Inc., North Chicago, Illinois.*

*Balkite Charger $20 West of Rockies. In Canada: Charger $27.50; "B"-W $39 "B"-X $59.50; "B"-Y $96.

The Balkite
Radio Symphony Concerts
with WALTER DAMROSCH
and the New York Symphony

These concerts will be broadcast every other Saturday Evening, beginning with October 23d. On intervening Saturdays Mr. Damrosch will give a piano lecture recital alone. At 9 P.M. Eastern Standard Time, over a group of 12 stations WEAF, WTIC, WGR, WFI, WCAE, WSAI, WTAM, WWJ, WGN, WCCO, KSD, WDAF.

FANSTEEL
Balkite
Radio Power Units

(Continued from Page 151)

to risk death to regain his property. Ahead of him raced the hard work of several years. Well, he would shoot it out with the thieves.

They did not get their stock back, but before the outlaws escaped in the Mexican mountains they killed one of them. Then they rode back, carrying the body thrown over a horse; and Milburn had to start all over again, from the bottom.

It was easier now however. He was a sound moral risk and could borrow money. A bank was willing to stake him, for everybody knew there was no better judge of cattle in the country. He soon got going again.

His day began an hour before dawn and ended in the dark. That schedule was routine for every man in the outfit during round-up times, but in periods of slack they let down and did considerable idling, with frequent visits to some border town, especially during the winters when riding range became irksome and there was nobody at elbow to boss; but Milburn maintained it the year round. No matter what the season, he had finished breakfast and was ready before the sun rose.

Eighteen hours in the saddle at a stretch was nothing to him. He throve on the furious work of the round-up ground, cutting and roping and branding amid choking clouds of dust, with the temperature above a hundred. And with some flour, a few beans and a sack of coffee, he would head south into Mexico with one companion to receive a herd and bring it up to the border. All day long over mountains, down valleys, up canyons, along mesas; hobbling their horses at night so they would not run off, and sleeping with one eye open lest marauders pounce on the camp and take them unawares. The country was filled with roving revolutionaries, the name every cheap bandit assumed when he set out to pillage.

And then the long, slow progress back with the herd and an outfit of Mexicans, whom he had to watch as sharply as the bandits. Sometimes he brought cattle up the trail a hundred and fifty miles, hardly daring to close his eyes at night lest the men on night guard blunder or purposely start a stampede. During his first two trips he lost quite a few head; some strayed off, others were stolen. Then he learned how to buy protection, and paid varying tributes to the commanders of the rurales, who saw to it that nobody else should rob him.

No, he was not afraid of work. A workin' fool they called him, and perhaps he was. And it was undeniable that he was making money fast. A lucky speculation in a herd of distress cattle netted him nearly a hundred thousand dollars before he was twenty-seven.

"Well, you can take it easy now," remarked Uncle Harve enviously.

"Easy? What do I want to take it easy for? Why, I ain't even begun yet! I'm figurin' on a trip back East, though," Milburn continued, "to visit my old home. Maybe I can do a li'l' business on the way."

Yes, he would go back home. He smiled at the thought. Wonder how the old town would look? And Albert? Was he governor yet? Poor ol' Albert—Jimmy hadn't heard any rumors of it. In fact he had never heard a word from home since he ran away. Once or twice he had been tempted to write, but caution prevented at first, and later on he lost the impulse. Well, he would go back now and see how they were getting along.

He found the old town changed very little—too little. It was slipping, going quietly downhill to the peaceful obscurity of dead towns, cured of ambition and striving. Jimmy gave his suitcase to a hack driver to take to the hotel and walked uptown. He walked jerkily, with the brisk, short steps of the habitual horseman.

What were people gaping at anyhow? He had taken great pains with his clothes. His black suit was the finest that money could buy in El Paso; in his shirt he sported a big solitaire-diamond stud he had accepted as security for a small loan, and his tie was worn far to one side that it might not be hidden. Better quality could not be had than the elastic-topped kid shoes he wore, for Jimmy was inordinately vain of his feet, which were as small as a child's. And he had paid twenty-five dollars for his felt hat. Yet they turned to stare.

It was characteristic of him that he did not go immediately to see his father. Not being at all sure how the old man might receive him, he wanted to make inquiries first. It would be wiser to hunt Albert up and get all the news.

There was a new policeman, who eyed Milburn curiously and with a tinge of suspicion; he could not recall ever having heard Albert's name. The newspaper office would be bound to know, he said; but Jimmy went to the city hall instead, and there ascertained from the clerk that Albert kept books for an insurance and real estate firm. The clerk knew him well and spoke of him with smiling warmth.

Sure enough, Albert was there, working on the books. He came forward with obvious caution on hearing his name mentioned, but let out a shout of welcome at sight of the caller.

"Well, well, well, if it isn't little Jimmy Milburn!" he kept saying over and over, pumping his arm up and down. "How's the boy, hey? How's the boy?"

They swore they would have recognized each other anywhere, but as a matter of fact, Jimmy would have passed Albert by on the street. From a scrawny boy he had grown into a big broad-shouldered man with a tendency to fat.

"Where's your father now?" Albert demanded presently.

"Why, ain't he here?"

"Here? Of course he isn't here. Why, he moved away—let's see—less'n a year after you lit out."

"What become of him?"

"I thought you might know."

"No-o-o. I never wrote. So how could I?"

"Well, his wife wouldn't stand for his drinking and ran off with a brakeman, so I guess that's why he beat it. Where'd you blow in from anyhow? Whatcha been doing? How long're you going to stay? Gosh, tell me all about yourself!"

Nothing would do Albert but that Jimmy should get his suitcase from the hotel and go to his home. Yes, he was married—married five years last June—and had a boy three years old, the finest kid in four counties, if he did say it himself.

"Why, you're living in the same place!" exclaimed Jimmy as they drove along in a horse cab.

"Sure. It's mine now—leastways, it's ma's—the same thing. Dad died two years ago, and she's living with us. You'll find her changed, Jimmy. Her health's been bad."

The women of Albert's household received him kindly enough, although he detected a certain tight-lipped constraint in Mrs. Turner's manner toward her husband, and wondered why. Later he heard the couple in subdued argument in their room, Albert talking in tones midway between wheedling and anger, but Jimmy merely supposed it to be a family tiff. The young son took the visitor to his heart at once and swarmed all over him, demanding stories of cowboys and to be shown everything in the suitcase.

After getting settled, Milburn strolled out for a look at his boyhood home. It was gone. Where the ramshackle cottage had stood was the office of a lumberyard—nothing left to recall old associations. He turned back, throttling the memories that surged up in him. Tomorrow he would go out to the cemetery. She had had nothing worth a glance during life, but now—well, she should have the best that money could buy.

Just the same old Albert, hardly changed a bit—full of optimism and plans for the future. At supper he talked steadily, occasionally pausing to shoot questions at his guest, but seldom waiting for replies. What was Jimmy working at? Cow business, hey? What was that? Was there money in it? Well, he—Albert—was keeping books for the present, but he didn't intend to waste much more time on that bunch; they were too stingy to pay a man a living salary. They would find out some day when he up and quit and told them what he thought of them—they would find out then who drew the business. For two pins he would scrape up some capital somewhere and start in the same line. Yes, sir, it would serve them right.

Law? Pshaw, he had almost forgotten! Surely Jimmy didn't suppose he was going to wait until he was an old man just to be a lawyer, did he? Not much! He had started to study law, but the firm he worked for would never give him a chance, and anyhow it meant years and years of study, and even then you could never tell how you would do. The town had too many lawyers as it was—all cluttered up with lawyers—not half a dozen of 'em made a living.

Yes, he had thought of being a banker, but that was a long while ago. The trouble with banking was that you had to have a pull. Unless your family or kinfolks owned stock in the bank, there wasn't a chance. A friend of his had been passed up on the last two increases. That showed what a future there was in banking; yes, sir! Albert had tried the newspaper game for a while, but they put him on advertising and it got his goat to be turned down every day; nobody could give him a frost and get away with it. But, say, just wait! He had his lines all laid. Wait till Ben Muma got in. Ben was sure to be elected, and Ben was the best friend he had in the world. He had promised to give Albert a good sit, with a nice fat salary, and then things would look up. Maybe he could land something for Jimmy too. Once he secured a foothold, he intended going into politics on his own account. Yes, sir, they'd see him senator one of these days. That was his goal. All he needed was a foothold.

Jimmy listened and grinned sympathetically. Just the same old Albert, with a heart as big as all outdoors. As he rattled on, Mrs. Turner would now and again emit a snort, but he paid no attention. As for his mother, she seemed to move in another world. A chronic invalid, she lived only in the past and for her ailments. Probably she did not hear a word of all her son said. Her gaze kept wandering from him to her grandson, and occasionally she would break in with some irrelevant reminiscence linking the boy's pranks with his father's early performances and traits.

"How long can you stay, Mr. Milburn?" asked Mrs. Turner.

"Call him Jimmy," said her husband.

"I don't know, ma'am. Only a few days, I reckon."

"Rats!" exclaimed Albert boisterously. "Now we've got you here, we intend to keep you for a while. You'll have to find a wife for Jimmy, Harriet. He don't seem able to get one for himself. Har-har!"

It had been Jimmy's intention to spend only a couple of days in his native town and then go to Chicago, where he had some business to transact with a commission house; but Albert made so many arrangements for his entertainment that he was still there at the end of a week. Albert seemed to have plenty of friends, but he herded chiefly with a small coterie he called the bunch. These intimates hung out at the headquarters of the hook and ladder company. They got together nearly every night in a back room and played poker and drank beer. The bunch welcomed Jimmy with appraising reserve and felt him out. Very early they decided there was no gravy in his style of game, but they respected him for the manner in which he handled I O U's.

Two members of the bunch—Albert and one other—were apparently poor credit risks, but they belonged in the crowd and nobody cared to turn down their slips of paper. Jimmy appeared to offer a heaven-sent market. Instead of putting up chips, they took to flipping all the doubtful

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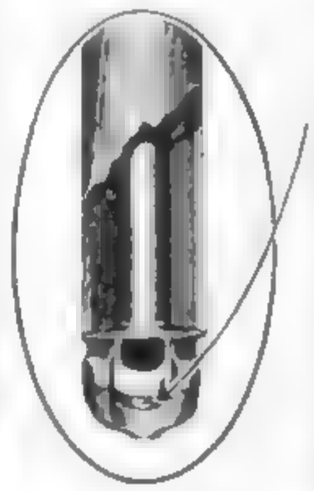

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I O U's into the jack pots. Some of them were months old and the owners fished them out of pocketbooks; occasionally a man would take chips or money from a pot Jimmy won and substitute an ancient I O U. They confidently hoped the visitor would ultimately hold all of them.

And he did. Then one night it was his turn to be banker. When settling time came in the early morning hours, Jimmy reached to his hip pocket and extracted a six-shooter. With a broad grin, he put it on the table and proceeded to cash the chips. Instead of money, he paid with the I O U's. It grew very quiet in the room and they looked at one another. Then somebody laughed, and after that he got a square deal.

At the end of a week Mrs. Turner's sister arrived on a visit, and Milburn indefinitely postponed his arrangements for departure. She was a pretty blonde with cameolike features, and Jimmy was a lost man at sight.

As for Lily, she did not know what to think. Milburn was so unlike the men of her acquaintance that she felt uneasy about how she ought to act. According to her standards of dress and manner, he was a rube, yet he fairly radiated force even when he was dumbest and sat staring at her, with nothing to contribute to the conversation except "Ma'am? Yes, ma'am."

She paid this strength the tribute of silence. Lily figured he must be one of those strong, silent men from Gawd's country she had read about in books, and even her sister's comment—"Yeh, solid concrete"—did not weaken her conviction. The result was a quiet, grave, almost prudish Lily. She never once broke out into the loud banter for which she was celebrated among her acquaintances, but thought carefully before she spoke, and voiced opinions with a nice reserve; and Jimmy interpreted this pose as the reflex of a superior mind and character.

"That girl's a thoroughbred," he told himself; "clean strain all through."

He stuck to this opinion even when faced with the fact of Albert's wife. It was impossible not to recognize that Harriet was a very ordinary, blab-mouthed and rather slatternly woman, and she was Lily's sister, but —— "Oh, well, look at dad," thought Jimmy. "He was nothing but a bum—and I ain't."

So he made his prayer to a woman who did not exist.

She held him off a while, being so uncertain of him. It was easy, because Milburn's adoration was wordless. He would sit and stare; he was always wanting to buy her things or take her somewhere, and he was completely wretched when they were in a crowd of friends.

"For heaven's sake, Lil', what d'you want to monkey with that mutt for?" demanded a girl acquaintance.

"Leave her alone. Jimmy's all right," spoke up her sister. "Just because he ain't the town cut-up don't mean he's a fool. Albert says he's got more sense than ten like Charlie Parke, and Albert thinks he'll be rich some day too."

"Who said anything about Charlie Parke? If you think Charlie Parke means anything to me, Harriet Turner, you're away off. And as for what Albert thinks of anybody's chances of gettin' rich—wow, gimme air!"

That night Mrs. Turner questioned her sister

"Has he asked you yet?"

"No—that is—well, no. He's hinted."

"How—hinted?"

"Well, he asked me how I'd like to live out West, and he tried to hold my hand."

"Did you let him?"

"Do you think I'm a fool?" retorted Lily, with a loud laugh. "No, sir-ree! I wasn't that kind of a girl. Before I got through being frightened, I had him eating out of my hand."

"Next time he tries anything like that, you start to cry," her sister advised.

"Maybe I will and maybe I won't."

She did cry, however, and the tears were genuine. It may be she was taken unawares. Her first reaction was fierce resentment and dislike. She broke loose from his arms and pushed him away.

"Cut that out!" she said angrily.

"What's the matter? Don't you care?"

"No, I don't."

"Is there anybody else?"

"Yes," she said, "there is."

"Who? Who is he? And where does he live?"

"It's a man I know in Portland."

Milburn considered this a moment, his expression hardening.

"Then what did you let me hang round for?" he inquired.

"How could I help it?"

"Shucks, you could've helped it easy enough"

"I could not any such of a thing. Besides, I didn't know—I wasn't sure."

"Sure of what?"

"Whether I wanted to marry Alf, after all."

"Oh, Alf's his name, is it? What's his other name?"

"Somers."

"Are you engaged to him?"

"Yes—that is, I was. I suppose I am still. Oh, you would never understand."

"No, I reckon I wouldn't."

"Well, we'd had a fight, if you must know, and I gave him back his ring; but just before I left, I said I'd think it over."

"And you been thinking it over the last two weeks?"

"Yes."

"And you're sure now?"

"Yes, I—I'm sure now."

Milburn held out his hand.

"Well, adios," he said. "No hard feelings. Ask me to the weddin', huh? Ha-ha!"

She gave no heed to his laugh, because she was looking into his eyes.

"Oh, I didn't mean to hurt you I never thought you cared like —— Please, wait a minute! Don't go like this! Wait, please, Jimmy!"

But the cowman had had enough of philandering, and strode out without another word of farewell or a backward glance. He went straight to the real-estate office and told Albert he was heading back home next day.

"Gosh a'mighty, what's your hurry?" exclaimed his friend.

"Oh, I've wasted too much time already."

"Wasted?"

"Well, I mean I gotta get back to work."

"The bunch is going to miss you," remarked Albert after a pause. "Yes, sir, they think you're all right."

"They're good fellers," Milburn replied. "They're all right."

He did not see Lily again. In fact, none of the household saw anything of him except at meals, until just before train time. Then he emerged from his bedroom with a brown-paper packet.

"Here, give this to Albert," he said gruffly, thrusting it into Mrs. Turner's hands.

Mrs. Turner glanced at the contents and her eyes bulged. It was the mortgage on the house—that dreadful cloud over their existence.

"Goodness sakes alive! Did you ever in all your life? Well, I'll never get over it! To think ——"

He waved aside her gratitude, but he was as pleased as a child.

That's why he had left it to the last, for a grand gesture of farewell—even nobler than he had planned, because of Lily's treatment of him.

And that wasn't all. He not only paid up the sixteen-hundred dollar mortgage but he sent Albert a new suit of clothes and a keg of beer. Probably the latter was intended for the bunch, too, because he had it delivered at the hook and ladder company's quarters. Then he departed in flaming glory.

"And you let him get away!" mourned Mrs. Turner, throwing herself back in the rocking-chair. "Oh, you fool! I never thought you could be such an idiot. It'll be a cold day before you ever find another man like that, young woman."

And Albert, who actually knew nothing more of Jimmy than on the day of his arrival—Albert, flushed with importance, blurted out, "Yes, and he's rich too—almost a millionaire. I just found out."

"It's a pity you couldn't find it out when it would have done some good to Lil'!" scoffed his wife.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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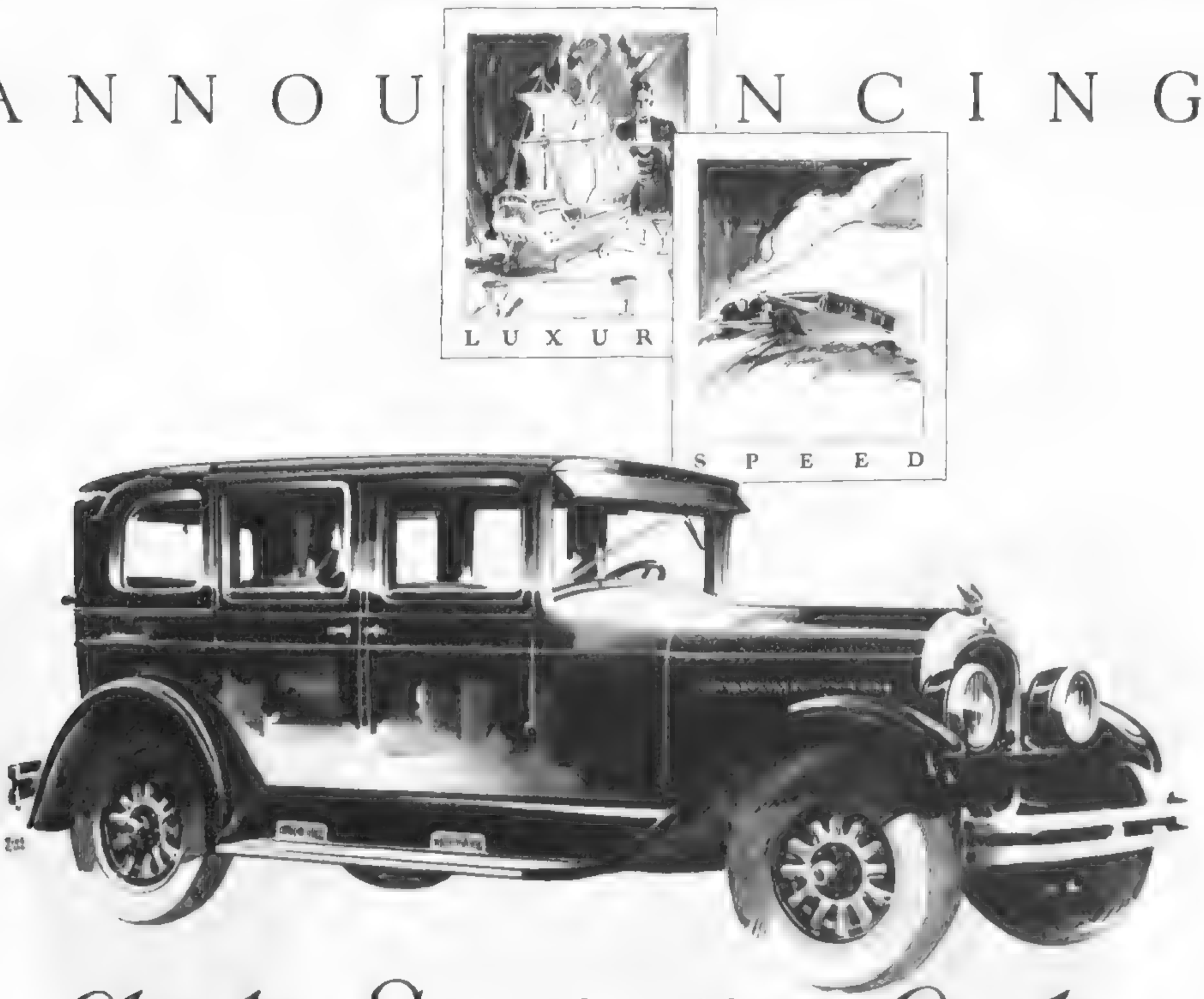

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Newer, more exquisitely graceful bodies. You will look up from their cradling comfort as you pass other cars. You will see needless height, needless bulk, needless weight as you never saw them before.

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Newer richness of interior upholstery. Finer hardware and fittings, with a handsome clock added to the beautified, indirectly-lighted instrument board panel.

Newer refinements in controls and triple-beam head lamps, far in advance of current style.

Newer, more attractive blendings by master colorists in body tones of tans, browns and greens, with newer and subtler harmonies in stripings and panelings.

And with this newer smartness and newer beauty is joined the superlative mechanical superiority of the Chrysler "70"—*basically the same chassis, save for refinements*—still years ahead of contemporary design and manufacture.

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With such proved excellence of motor and chassis performance now in its new attire, the new and finer Chrysler "70" today is not only more emphatically the one uniquely distinctive car of the hour. But more than ever, we believe, it is the pattern to which all other motor cars will be cut for years to come.

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It is impossible for you to appreciate the significance of these new prices until you have seen and studied the artistry and beauty of the cars, which go far beyond anything ever before presented at anything like these prices:

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INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.
ATKINS
SILVER STEEL SAWS

THE POWER OF THE PRESS

(Continued from Page 66)

"Strip the bustles offen the varmint an' let's see his leg action."

Off came the pads of excelsior. Meanwhile, on Delano's face there descended a frown of perplexity. Randall Bucklin, assisting with the disrobing process, cut a tangle of cord with the sharp blade of his sheath knife, and then to the multitude there stood revealed not the patent new-fangled gold extractor but a chunky little Washington printing press.

A bull-voiced miner from the South Fork roared a popular confession. "We've been hornswoggled by a mighty brainy galoot. We've been roped in, hog-tied, done up brown and served for supper by a couple of tigers from town."

Meanwhile, wilting under the heavy mantle of chagrin, Delano stood with bowed head by the wreck of his hopes. Acknowledging defeat, he spoke to his partner. "Randall, I sank almost my last dollar in that gold extractor. I can't go back over the long trail on the off chance of finding my machine in the hold of that mixed-up cargo. We're busted."

Randall Bucklin laid his hand on Delano's shoulder and spoke a low message of encouragement. "Cheer up, maybe you struck it rich! Straighten that backbone and listen while I orate!" Bucklin turned to the crowd, and adopting a popular vocabulary—"Gents, one and all," he announced, "my courageous friend, Eli Delano, who stands before you, has resolved to start a newspaper. The name of the new weekly defender of the rights of man, the champion of law and order, the guardian of liberty, will be the Harmony Echo. The price of the paper is a dollar a copy, payable in advance. Subscription books will now open at the south end of Pat Riley's bar."

Bucklin turned to Delano. "That's your lead," he said. "Follow it up!"

"I can't run a newspaper."

"Anybody can run a newspaper! I'll show you how to set type. The way people are coming into this country, you ought to do a land-office business. Jump on it with both feet and it ought to pan out rich, and I'll be on the job if you need me."

In this jumbled nest of accident the Harmony Echo, champion of law and order, was hatched.

The second issue of the fledgling Echo, expanded to four pages, contained a four-line announcement of the slaughter of six Chinese who had been suspected of robbing sluice boxes, an editorial deploring the influx of foreigners and a full-page announcement of the Fourth of July celebration, then but ten days away. Patriotic songs were scheduled, together with a military drill by an impromptu company of Grays, music by an imported band, a contest to the death between a bull and a bear, a grand parade, a speech by Alcalde Pettibone, orator of the day and master of ceremonies, and, noisiest of all, an incessant firing of salutes from an old Spanish cannon, with "gunpowder furnished through the patriotic courtesy of Brevet Major-General Persifor F. Smith, commanding United States forces in California."

Fifteen minutes after the printing of this second number of the Harmony Echo had been completed, up the slope from Furnace Creek, spurning the ground beneath his feet and trying his best to fly, there came a galloping Chinaman, hotly pursued by a yelling band of miners whose theme, "Stop, thief!" aroused the citizens of Harmony almost before the galloping fugitive had reached the main street of the settlement. Confronted by half a dozen men in front of the Mansion House, the Chinaman doubled on his course and started for the timber.

Then, out of the Gilt-Edge Store, aroused by the alarm, stepped Calhoun Pettibone. The alcalde, sworn preserver of the peace, carried an Allen pepperbox in each hand. Acting in accordance with the general presumption of guilt wherever a Chinaman might be concerned, a principle then current in the code of the placer country, the alcalde swung down on his approaching victim and opened fire with both guns. The howling Chinaman halted, and a moment later, surrounded by half a hundred volunteer champions of the law, he was delivered with extravagant violence into the hands of the pistol waver. Calhoun Pettibone thrust his emptied weapons into his belt and began the inquisition. The trembling Chinaman, incoherent and chattering wild phrases of fear in his native tongue, managed to lift his shaking left hand out of the wide sleeve that concealed it, exhibiting as he did so three fingers nearly severed from the member and bathed with blood.

A compliment to the alcalde's aim came from a member of the assembly. "Plugged him quick's greased lightnin', right in the flipper!" But this was no fit moment for compliments. A booming voice from a member of a twenty-man sluice crew told the story:

"Us boys shut off the water and started a little clean-up last night, and by the eternal, somebody beat us to it! The riffles was robbed! The only furriners that's been anywheres near the place was them blasted Chinamen. We voted to keep our mouth shut and ketch the varmints if we could, and sure enough right out in broad daylight, whilst we was up to the cabin a-eatin' the noon grub, who should come along but this onery, riffle-robbin' Chink. I seen him look around and then reach his hand down into the box, and with that the fun began."

Into the medley of denunciation Calhoun Pettibone yelled an announcement: "Miners' court is now in session! Bring that prisoner over here under the tree."

"Git a rope ready!"

"Wait till the alcalde pronounces the sentence—we voted to keep everything right an' reg'lar."

"Who's goin' to defend the yaller son of a gun?"

In the comparative silence that followed the question, inspired by a quick glance from Randall Bucklin, the editor of the Harmony Echo, knowing full well the probable penalties of his action, volunteered for the defense.

Free advice from some unknown in the crowd: "Eli, you don't want to mix up takin' sides with that yaller dog."

"If the court pleases, I will defend the prisoner."

The court's recognition of counsel was expressed by a nod of Calhoun Pettibone's head. "Come over here, Mr. Editor," the alcalde ordered. "When the boys from Furnace Creek get through we'll hear what you have to say."

Delano, suddenly aware of the odds against him, turned a hopeless countenance toward Randall Bucklin, standing at his side. "The poor devil hasn't got a chance. Randall, I don't even know how to begin—but I won't lay down without a battle."

Quickly then, out of his wide experience, Randall Bucklin outlined in two sentences the scheme for the defense: "Play for time. Postpone the hanging for the Fourth of July festivities."

Delano's face cleared. "Fair enough! I think I can do it."

In open court, after the captive had faced his accusers and heard the unintelligible charges, Calhoun Pettibone, airing his oratorical powers, began with the Magna Charta and came down through the centuries until he landed with both feet squarely in the center of his subject: "I find the prisoner guilty and sentence him to hang by the neck until dead. We will now listen to whatever defense Mr. Delano has to offer."

Fairly licked without having fired a shot, Delano waited until the applause of the popular verdict had quieted. Then, smiling in a preliminary effort to gain the favor of the crowd—"As a citizen of Harmony and as a patriotic American, born and raised beneath the folds of the glorious banner of freedom, I respectfully request the honorable alcalde to order a postponement of the hanging until the anniversary of the nation's independence, so that the event may add to the festivities of the glorious Fourth."

Under the pressure of a wild expression of the popular will which followed Delano's words, Calhoun Pettibone revised his mandate: "The hanging will take place at three o'clock on the afternoon of the fourth of July, and I consign the prisoner to the custody of his counsel, Editor Eli Delano, holding that gentleman to produce the Chink promptly when required."

The technical details of confining the quivering culprit were arranged by a self-appointed committee, who within the hour had riveted a shackle on the Chinaman's leg, attaching it by a long heavy-linked chain to the printing press in the office of the Harmony Echo. "That'll hold the son of a gun."

"Better cage him up with that bear."

"Nothin' cruel or unconstitutional! That chain gives him plenty of territory to rove in."

When the crowd had dispersed, and after his prisoner was safe in the sanctuary of the printing office, Delano set about the delayed business of binding up the Chinaman's injured hand. Sensing a new turn in his affairs, and realizing from the kindly tones of Delano's voice that here in a land of enemies was a friend, the victim of events managed to recall a few words of the barbarians' tongue. His first attempt at speaking English, which Delano presently understood, was directed toward explaining the cause of his injury: "Ketchee ax chop-um wood, makee fire boil-um meat. No chop-um wood, all time chop hand." The speaker held up his bandaged hand.

After this exchange of garbled interrogation and half-understood replies, Delano was able to relate the story to Randall Bucklin: "The Chinaman chopped his hand almost off and then the first thing he did was to start for this camp with the idea of finding an American doctor. He dipped his hand in the cold waters of Furnace Creek to stop the blood. When he came to the long sluice where most of the creek is running through the flume, he stopped a moment to wash the wound, and the next thing he knew a gang of white men chased him up the hill into town, where the heroic alcalde opened fire on him with a brace of pistols. That's the whole story, and the awful part of it is that he'll hang on the Fourth unless I turn him loose."

"You can't turn him loose. I needn't remind you, Eli, that there's something holding you stronger than that chain." From where he was seated across the table, Bucklin nodded at the tether which restrained the prisoner. "More than that, as a white man you're bound to defend the tinsel majesty of Calhoun Pettibone's hand-picked law against the world."

Delano devoted half the night to the preparation of an editorial calculated to excite a public movement that would afford the Chinese captive a new trial. The futility of this attempt was impressed on the editor during the week by various citizens of the camp, who took pains to explain the loss of the sympathetic support of the public which had been enjoyed up to that time by the Harmony Echo.

Three days before the Fourth, Delano sought Calhoun Pettibone in the Gilt-Edge Store and without preliminary broached the subject of a retrial for the condemned man.

Pettibone listened, and then, sourly—"Young feller, don't monkey with a buzz saw. The Chink was tried right and reg'lar and he hangs accordin' to law at three o'clock on the fourth of July."

Delano spent the night of July third in his printing office, working in front of his

Continued on Page 161

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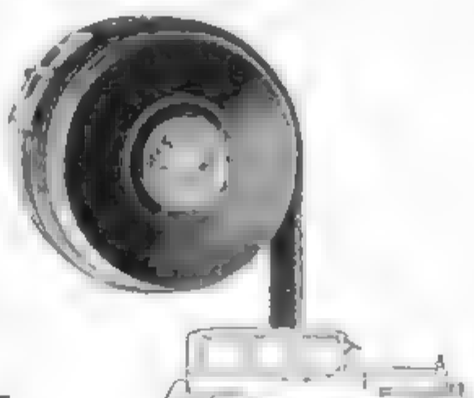
SMOOTH GOING

A BIRCH BARK CANOE, loaded to the gunnels with the day's kill. A crystal clear Canadian lake so still that you would swear it was painted. Two pairs of long leather arms and a couple of paddles that know their stuff. Smooth going? Yes. The last word. But very little smoother than your own automobile will be after you stop that bobble and bounce with a set of Hasslers.



Ride on Hasslers

Why Hasslers? Simply because they give you a far better ride—never have to be adjusted—can be lubricated in a jiffy at any Alemite station—never get loose or rattly—give you absolutely no trouble and do stop that bobble and bounce *permanently*. Individual models for all popular makes of cars. The dealer you bought your car from or any Hassler installation and distributing station can supply them.

ROBERT H. HASSLER, INCORPORATED, INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

This Supreme Test Insures Your Radio Enjoyment

A simple, sensible way to pick your radio
What to seek—how to obtain it

AFTER all is said and done, there is one final and supreme judgment of radio. To come to it first saves you from confusion.

We tell here of a way to judge—approved by musical experts—which is bringing complete satisfaction to thousands of radio purchasers.

It is simply this: Hear a radio in your own home before you buy. More specifically, we invite you to hear a Kolster Radio and a Brandes Reproducer in their natural surroundings.

What you *hear* is all-important—what you *read* and what you *see* are secondary. Tone is of first consideration.

Fortunately, musical experts have already placed an authoritative stamp of approval upon Kolster Radio and Brandes Reproducers, giving you a preliminary confidence in their merit.

The Advice of Experts

In a home demonstration of the Kolster Radio and Brandes Reproducer, your ear will recognize the tonal superiorities which have led noted musicians to prefer them—composers, singers, musicians and orchestra leaders.

Their approval means that the world's most critical standards have been applied to radio.

You and your friends, in listening to a Kolster Radio and a Brandes Reproducer, will recognize instantly supreme tonal perfection, all the shadings, all the high and low notes.

You will agree that the ONE way to choose a set is to *hear* it first in your own home.

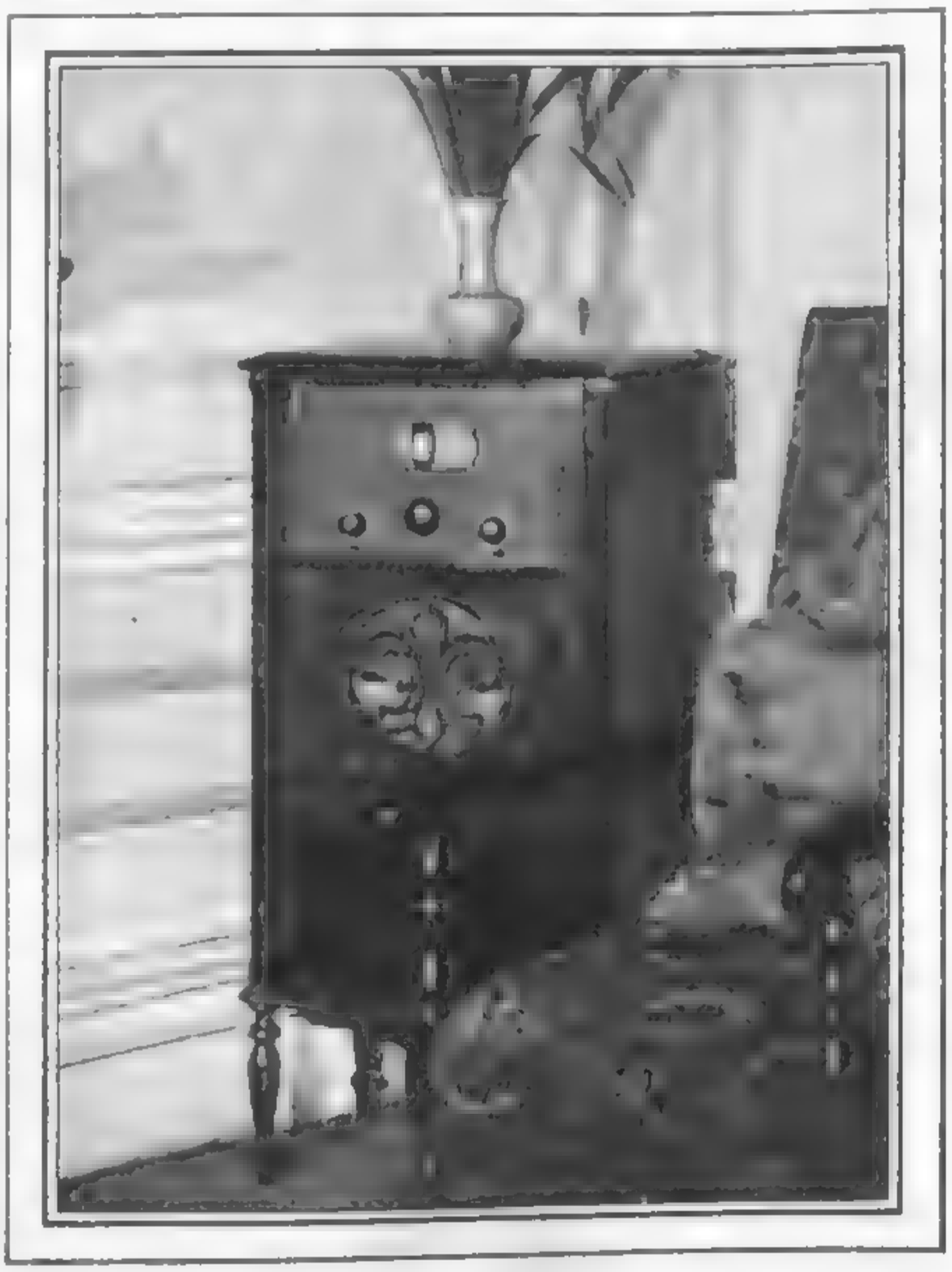
Satisfy Yourself

We could tell you about our $10,000,000 concern, our fine staff of radio and acoustical experts, our large plants in this country, Canada and England

We could tell of our world-wide operations, such as building the chief stations for the U. S. Navy. We could tell about our achievements, such as the Kolster Radio Compass which was of such vital importance in directing the S. S. Roosevelt to the ill-fated Antinoe.

We could spread before you a description of the advancements of our instruments, their simplicity, their super-selectivity, their super-sensitivity, their sturdy construction.

But we say: "HEAR." We ask you to judge our instruments by the severest test of all, a home demonstration. Thus we show our faith in their supremacy.



Kolster Radio is presented in five models, ranging in price from $85 to $375. There is a type for every home. Likewise Brandes Reproducers range from its Superior Head-set to a power cone. Prices from $5 to $250. Kolster Sets and Brandes Reproducers are built to demonstrate conclusively their own superiority. We illustrate here Kolster 6-E—$135, less tubes, with inbuilt Brandes Reproducer.

Our Invitation

Kolster-Brandes dealers throughout the country are coöperating with us in this invitation.

They, too, are proud of the performance of Kolster Sets and Brandes Reproducers, having been won to them by demonstration. These men are the most progressive dealers in every community, men who insist upon giving their customers the utmost.

So ask a Kolster-Brandes dealer to bring an outfit to your home. Let it show you how easy it is to operate. Invite your friends in. Let all hear it. Let any comparisons be made. Satisfy yourself that a Kolster Set and a Brandes Reproducer offer you the ultimate in enjoyment.

Should you not know who the nearest Kolster-Brandes dealer is, just clip the coupon and mail it and we will notify him that you wish a home demonstration.

Or check the coupon for our illustrated catalog.

Kolster-Brandes

FEDERAL-BRANDES, INC. 7
Woolworth Building, New York N. Y.

☐ Without cost or obligation to me, I'd like to have a home demonstration of a Kolster Set and a Brandes Reproducer.

☐ First, I want more information about Kolster Sets and Brandes Reproducers, so please send catalog.

Name

Street

City State

(Continued from Page 158)

type case, setting up an eleventh-hour plea for the yellow man chained to the printing press beside him. He locked the form and with the Chinaman's aid he printed two or three hundred copies of his composition. At dawn his work was interrupted by a yelling escort coming up the trail, bringing with them the heavy bronze cannon which was to add its explosive voice to the general din of the glorious Fourth. The cannon was wheeled into place where the single street of the town widened in front of the Mansion House.

Delano was gathering up the printed handbills, on which the ink was not yet dry, when Randall Bucklin, aroused by the unusual tumult of the hour, came into the printing office.

The gambler nodded to the chained Chinaman, and after greeting his friend he picked up one of the handbills. He read it carefully, and then, shaking his head, "Eli, you never can tell how things like this will affect a mob."

"It's the least I can do; and as nearly as I can judge, it's the most I can do. Something tells me that this poor Chink is as innocent of robbing that sluice as I am. Randall, the thought of stringing him up is growing more horrible to me every minute. Somehow it seems to me that every decent principle of civilization is being destroyed in this deal. I almost wish I'd broken faith with Pettibone and his mob and let the poor devil go last week. I can't ——"

Delano was interrupted by the clamor of a dozen voices outside his office and by a violent knocking on the flimsy door. He turned to the door and in a voice thinned by tortured nerves, "Come in," he called.

Into the printing office trooped a dozen miners, ragged and dirty and with their boots stained with the grime of the trail. The leader held in his hand a single sheet of paper.

"Mr. Printer," he began, "I'm Honest Jim Bunker, an' here's a program of today's festivities, an' here's a package of gaudy red paper. We'd like to git a bang-up, gilt-edge bill of fare printed, so as everybody kin tell what's comin' next. There's the patriotic songs and the military drill and big parade. The battle 'twixt the bull and the bear is cut out because some ornery galoots bust in and et the bull last night. After the parade everybody eats and drinks, and by the time they sobers up a little bit we hangs the Chink. Put that in big type if you got any. The hangin' of that yaller varmint chained to your printin' press is set for three o'clock. How soon do you reckon you can git done?"

Delano hesitated, half resolved to decline the job because of the final feature of the celebration, and then, thinking better of it, "I'll have the work done by nine o'clock."

"Fair enough, and whatever you charge take it out of this here sack." The leader of the delegation tossed a buckskin sack heavy with gold dust upon the editor's table.

Delano handed back the sack unopened. "Never mind about that—this job is on me," he said.

"That's what I call a mighty patriotic contribution to the general ruckus." Then, reaching in his pocket, "I almost forgot—can you tell me where I kin find Mr. Randall Bucklin? The boys outside told us he was sort of a pardner of yours."

Delano made a gesture toward the gambler, who was standing over beside the chained captive. "That's Mr. Bucklin."

The miner pulled a thin envelope out of his pocket. The envelope was sealed with red wax.

He handed it to Randall Bucklin. "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Bucklin. A prominent gent in San Francisco that found out I was headed for Harmony with that gosh-blasted elephant of a cannon swore me on my affydavy to give you this letter."

Randall Bucklin took the note, and two minutes later, when the delegation had departed, he opened it. A folded card lay inside the envelope. On the card, printed clearly in ink, was a series of letters and numbers arranged in two lines:

V 6 1 M S E A 7 2 B 4 0 C 2 1 6
D 3 E 2 F 3 K 6 5 1 N 2 9 V 5 4

Randall Bucklin turned to Delano. "Slam that bar across the door for a few minutes, will you, Eli? If anybody knocks answer them and tell 'em you're busy setting type for the day's program." The gambler unbuttoned his vest and from an inner pocket he pulled a small leather-covered notebook. Then, with the cryptic card in front of him, he observed each separate symbol, pausing at intervals to find some corresponding definition on some page of his little book.

When Bucklin had translated the message he handed the card to Delano. "You might keep this for a souvenir of whatever happens this afternoon," he said. In a quickened voice, "Eli, I never played a bed-rock hunch but what she panned!"

In the early afternoon, when the celebration had gained enough momentum to carry it in parade the full length of Harmony Ridge, Honest Jim Bunker's voice was missing from the ribald cheers of the mob. The messenger, between drinks in Calhoun Pettibone's Gilt-Edge Store, devoted his oratorical powers to an endeavor to obtain a line of credit: "Naw, sir, alcalde, I'm an hones' man. Ev'rybody in San Francisco knows Hones' Jim Bunker. Who did the Honorable Calvin Woodworth pick out when he wanted to send a mighty important sealed-up letter to this town? He picked me out. You know who he is—riches' banker in San Francisco an' the big boss of the vigilantes' law-and-order committee. He had to git a mighty important sealed-up message to Mr. Randall Bucklin, an' who'd he pick out? Me—thass who he picked out. If a big banker like that kin trust me, they ain't no reason why I ain't good fer a few drinks, is they? All I want is jus' enough whisky so I kin treat my friends. I'm Hones' Jim Bunker an' ev'rybody's my friend."

Calhoun Pettibone looked intently at Honest Jim Bunker. "Did you deliver that letter to Randall Bucklin?"

"Sure I did. Fust thing I done was to obey orders. Folks kin trust me."

"I'll trust you for whatever whisky you want," Pettibone answered. "Call up your friends and get as much as you like." Then, breaking into Honest Jim Bunker's gush of gratitude, Pettibone turned away and whispered to a Mexican standing close beside him: "Saddle my horse right away and wait for me at the big sluice in Ounce Gulch."

Five minutes later the alcalde of Harmony threaded his way through the mob surging along the crowded thoroughfare of the camp. He walked rapidly, and from the brevity of his replies to several salutations accorded him it appeared that he was in some haste to reach his destination.

At the end of the long street, where the edge of the camp gave place to the forest, he met Eli Delano. Under the editor's arm remained a few copies of the day's program, and with them fifty copies of Delano's counterblast against the impending lynching. For a moment the editor was half resolved to renew his plea on behalf of the forlorn Chinaman, but knowing the futility of such a course he confined his greeting to a casual salutation.

"I've about distributed the last of the programs," he offered. "When does your oration take place, Mr. Pettibone?"

"That program you printed says two o'clock, and there's been no change in the deal as far as I know," the alcalde answered shortly. In a more pleasant tone—"I'm taking a little solo walk to think up a few things to say. I wish I had your gift of gab."

The pair continued their separate ways.

Returning to his office, Delano tried to convey to the chained captive some expression of the sympathy he felt, to give him whatever poor solace might lie in words. When Delano had finished his halting attempt the Chinaman's face lighted. Replying in broken pidgin, he managed to impart his meaning to the kindly white man: "Ev'ybody makee me die, pitty good. No die, all same. Allee time work hard. Die pitty quick, sleep numbah one good."

At this, without speaking, Delano reached out his hand and touched the chained man's shoulder. Then, realizing a sudden desire for Randall Bucklin's counsel, the editor left the printing office in search of his companion.

He looked for Bucklin in the Paradise Saloon and sought him in his room in the Mansion House. Returning to the crowded street, he made half a dozen fruitless inquiries concerning the gambler.

"I haven't seen him for an hour," Pat Riley replied to Delano's question. "Probably he's lost somewhere in the crowd."

After two o'clock the irregular banging of the bronze cannon in front of the Mansion House was discontinued. Then from the throat of the gun came the first shot of a rousing salute to the flag, engineered with approximate military formalities by the straggling detachment of Grays. Following the salute, a yell went up for Calhoun Pettibone: "Where's the star-spangled orator of the day?"

"C'mon out, alcalde, and let the eagle scream!"

After an agitated fifteen minutes, and when the crowd had realized that the orator of the day was absent, a suggestion yelled from the leather lungs of Honest Jim Bunker found favor with the throng: "Editor Eli Delano is got a eddication; leave him orate some star-spangled langwidge until Pettibone shows up."

"Haul him out here an' let him spread himself!"

Before Delano could offer any effectual resistance to their proposals, he found himself facing the crowd from the vantage point of a flag-draped packing box. A long-sustained series of cheers for the orator, the glorious Fourth, the Stars and Stripes, California, Harmony and a dozen other idols of the public's fancy lifted into the sunlit afternoon as a prelude to Delano's speech.

While the crowd cheered about him, Delano's mind, filled with compassion for the condemned Chinaman, sought to formulate some phrases of transition whereby his theme, Liberty, might be turned into a last appeal to the howling tribunal to spare the life of their shackled prey. When the uproar had given place to comparative quiet, and after Honest Jim Bunker, self-appointed master of ceremonies, had introduced the editor to his audience, Delano began his speech with a quick exposition of the passion for liberty which had impelled the founders of the republic. Following this, deliberately seeking the favor of his hearers, he launched into a forever-popular quotation to which a classic defender of liberty owes much of his undying fame. When the smashing applause which greeted these well-remembered words had quieted, sensing the arrival of the mood which he had sought to develop in his hearers, Delano narrowed the wide boundaries of the land of liberty and brought the lesson of his discourse home to the fledgling camp of the placer country. A moment more and his words flamed with an indictment of the murderous process which had marked the forlorn Chinaman for its victim.

Realizing the trend of the orator's words, suddenly restless under his denunciation of lynch law, with difficulty the listening populace exercised a forbearance which enabled Delano to formulate his final plea.

When the specific sense of the supplicant's closing phrases had been disclosed, a roar of rage whose echoes were the knell of Delano's hopes came from the throats of the men: "Shut up, you bogus hard-shell!"

"String him up with the Chink!"

"Git another rope!"

Violent hands were laid on Delano, but the countermovement of the crowd toward the shack where the Chinaman lay afforded the editor an escape from the menace which confronted him. He saw the victim dragged through the door of the shack. Half stunned by the imminence of tragedy, he

A London hobby and a busy corner of Trafalgar Square

If you know your London—the London that knows fine tobacco—then you know CRAVEN MIXTURE · the favorite pipe tobacco of the discriminating Londoner · since 1867 · when this pure old quality mixture was first blended at the express command of the Third Earl of Craven.

This famous blend has remained unchanged through all the years · a pure · unadulterated · unflavored tobacco of the finest quality. It is deliciously mild · full of fragrance · a tobacco for connoisseurs · for men of careful and exacting taste.

Today you can buy CRAVEN MIXTURE · at your own tobacconist · in America and Canada. Try a tin. You'll never go back to ordinary tobaccos.

If you will send the coupon below and 10c in stamps to our American office · back will come a liberal sample tin.

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I enclose 10c in stamps. Send liberal sample tin of CRAVEN MIXTURE.
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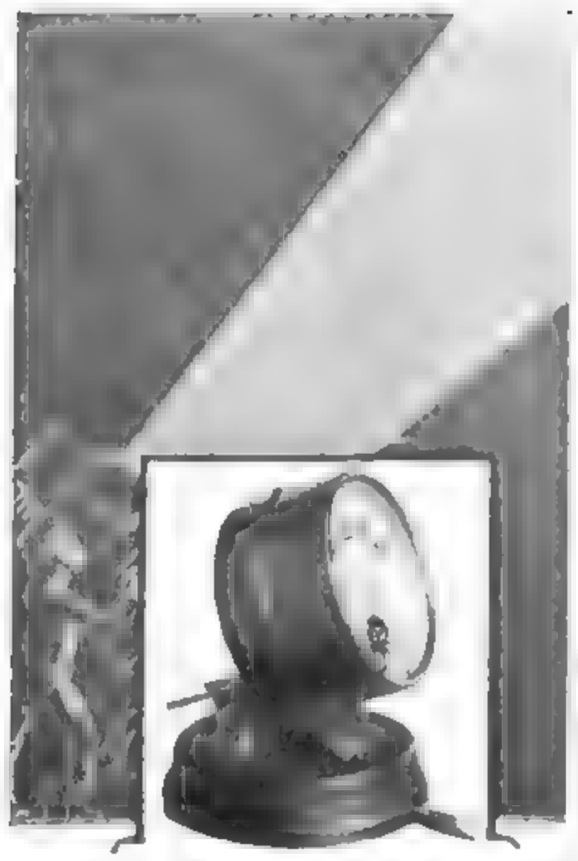


Find New Pleasure in the Air!

Bring all of it in with your Radiola, Victor or Brunswick-Balke Superheterodyne—but to do this you need a Weston "Pin-Jack" voltmeter with High Range Stand.

This is the most practical, double purpose voltmeter yet offered to the radio listener.

Just plug the voltmeter in on the panel of your radio set to regulate filament voltage and insure proper set operation. Remove the voltmeter and plug it into the High Range Stand and you at once have a convenient, portable, high-range voltmeter for testing "B" Batteries and the circuits of your set. Other sets can be adapted to use this unique device by simply mounting filament pin-jacks on the panel—these pin-jacks are supplied with each instrument.

With this device you can have absolute assurance of better set results.

You get marked economies by making tubes and batteries last longer—but more, you get a new standard of radio performance . . . and pleasure.

None of the broadcasting stations sending your pleasure to you can be operated without electrical measuring control instruments . . . neither should receiving sets be expected to give satisfactory results without them.

Thousands of Radio enthusiasts know Weston Quality Radio Products. Ask an Expert's advice, ask your dealer, ask us to send you Bulletin "O" explaining the contribution the Weston 506 "Pin Jack" Voltmeter and High Range Stand can make to your radio.

WESTON ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENT CORPORATION
Weston Avenue, Newark, N. J.

STANDARD THE WORLD OVER
WESTON
Pioneers Since 1888

watched the milling mob drift to the appointed place of execution under the lofty oak a hundred feet from the printing office.

In the center of the mob, on the end of an empty whisky barrel, stood the Chinaman. On the ground at the Chinaman's side, Honest Jim Bunker labored with the tangled coils of a long rope. Presently, squinting upward into the glinting sunlight which filtered through the branches of the tree, the drunken master of the execution heaved the rope over a low-hanging limb. He began to tie the noose of thirteen turns.

At this, conscious of a reckless courage which had been born with a new and desperate plan of action at this moment of defeat, Delano moved away from the scene. He ran back to the little printing office. His eyes fell on the twisted end of the broken chain which had bound the Chinaman. Against the inside wall on a rectangle of plate glass borrowed from the ornate decorations of the Paradise Bar, locked in an iron form, lay the type from which had been printed the last plea for the Chinaman's life. Delano lifted the form and banged a corner of it down against the plate glass. The type fell from the form in a jumbled mass. He threw the form to one side and scooped the type into the crown of his thin hat. He folded the felt brim of the hat around the type, and racing through the door he headed for the heavy bronze cannon, deserted now by its volunteer gunners. He seized a double charge of powder from a chest behind the gun and rammed it into the muzzle of the gun, compacting the explosive with the twenty-pound charge of lead type. From the pocket of his coat he grabbed a folded mass of the red-paper programs of the day's events, and these, together with the remaining copies of the handbill with which he had sought to save the condemned man, were wadded into a ball which he rammed into the cannon. He trained the gun fair at the crowd. He leaped to the breech of the gun and lighted a match.

"What I printed and what I said missed the mark, but damn you, you'll feel this!"

From where he stood he got a fleeting glimpse of the scene under the spreading oak. The noose with thirteen turns lay around the Chinaman's neck. Honest Jim Bunker was adjusting the knot under the victim's ear when Delano touched the flaming match to the powder spilled on the cannon's breech.

"You wouldn't read the words—maybe these letters of lead will reach you!"

The brown metal of the heavy cannon blurred before Delano's eyes, a rush of air swept by him, and his eardrums were battered by screaming lead type and by the crash of an explosion which banged back three seconds later from the rock walls of Furnace Creek.

He saw the mob under the hanging tree scatter like frightened quail, leaving behind them as trophies of his shot fifty prostrate figures, twisting and writhing with the stinging pain of punctured skins.

Then, voicing its promise of swift retribution in the rising chorus of its rage, the mob started for the lone figure beside the smoking cannon.

Delano became conscious of a great longing for the courage which Randall Bucklin's presence might inspire.

"I wish you were here, Buck!" he whispered.

He turned his head for a quick survey of the road along Hornet Ridge which led to the forested hills. Climbing up the trail out of Ounce Gulch, as if to answer Delano's whispered summons, came Randall Bucklin.

Bucklin was driving a pair of fettered men. He held their rope halter in his hand. In his right swung a long revolver.

By the time the mob had closed in on Delano, Bucklin and his two roped captives were less than a hundred feet away. Even in the haste of its mad rush toward its latest victim, the mob saw that the gambler's prisoners were Calhoun Pettibone and the alcalde's Mexican servant. Halting a little apart from the throng, Randall Bucklin yelled a command to Pat Riley, whom he had sighted running toward Delano. When the proprietor of the Paradise Bar stood beside him Bucklin handed Riley his weapon and the end of the rope which tethered the two captives.

"Kill 'em both, Pat, if they make a move! What's the local lay?"

"Delano just bombarded the Chink's necktie party wid lead type! He stung 'em wid the alphabet from A to Z. I got shot in the pants wid three letters that bit like hornets!"

Randall Bucklin leaped to a plan of action which had developed in his mind before Pat Riley ceased to speak. He raced to the edge of the mob and shouldered his way into the center of the riot. Gaining his place at Delano's side, he battered down outstretched hands that sought to lay hold upon the new victim of mob law. He stepped upon the timbers of the low gun carriage.

"Hold the deal!" he yelled. "You've missed the big play!"

In the comparative quiet of the moment following, Randall Bucklin found his opportunity to gain the mob's attention. "The greaser is the thief who robbed the big sluice! He's a horse thief and a road agent. He's the man that stopped the Hangtown stage six weeks ago and he's wanted for murder in Monterey."

"Where's your facts?"

"I've got the facts!" The venom that can distill from truth rang in Bucklin's voice. "I've got the facts and I've got the men! The greaser is Lopez. The other jailbird, your honorable alcalde, is bigger game. He's a convict—a Sydney duck with half his term unserved. He's the head of the Australian gang in San Francisco and there's a dozen murders behind him. Your fake alcalde is Fang Hogan! You've heard of him! Lopez robbed the big sluice and split the dust with the alcalde. Your poor little Chink is no more guilty than I am."

"And who the hell are you!"

Before Bucklin could reply, Pat Riley spoke for him, yelling from the edge of the crowd: "I'll answer that question! You know me well enough, and you know that there's no man that can say I ever lied to him. The old-timers amongst ye know that the biggest bank in San Francisco, the fastest ships sailin' out of that port and the soundest reputation for bein' a first-class citizen belong to R. B. Clark. Ye know the Clark Line clippers and the bankin' firm that never lost a dollar of your dust. I'm proud of the honor of introducin' Randall Bucklin Clark, wid the whiskers shaved off the face of him."

From where he stood, Bucklin bowed to the crowd. "I'm Randall Bucklin Clark," he said. "I came here, not as a banker, except at Pat Riley's faro table, and not as a shipowner. I came as a member of a group of citizens in San Francisco who are just now devoting their money, their time and their energies to stamping out the epidemic of violence which has suddenly menaced California. I have signed confessions from Lopez and Hogan ——"

The speaker was interrupted by a voice from the crowd: "The Chink is runnin' away down the slope! The blasted varmint is takin' the rope with 'im!"

The voice of the people roared a revised verdict: "Let him go, and good luck go with him!"

When the crowd had turned again to the waiting orator—"With the removal of Pettibone, alias Fang Hogan, your community is left without an interpreter of the law," Bucklin continued. "For your new alcalde I nominate the man who saved you from what might have been an unforgettable mistake—Eli Delano."

When the voice of the people, raised in riotous acclaim, had ceased reverberating from the California hills, the new alcalde led a stampede toward the Paradise Bar. Escaping the throng presently, with Bucklin beside him, Delano retreated to the office of the Harmony Echo. Chained to the printing press, guarded by half a dozen vigilant captors, lay the Mexican criminal and Fang Hogan.

Seeing the chained captives, Delano's companion spoke quietly to him: "Eli, it seems to me you've panned enough news out of the glorious Fourth to bulge the next Echo over the sides."

"Lots of news, but I'm short on type."

Just then, from its prominent place on the main street of Harmony, manned by a cheering crew, the heavy bronze cannon banged the first gun of a salute to the new alcalde.

CLOCKS OF THE OLDEN TIME

(Continued from Page 56)

top and some without; some with gilded rails at the sides and some without; but nearly all of them with the characteristic painted decoration on the square glass door at the base. Some have, as well, painted decoration on the part that corresponds to the neck of a real banjo. Simon Willard—1753–1848—is said to have made 4000 timepieces!

Aaron Willard, the brother of Simon, also made banjo clocks; and his are more ornate than Simon's. Aaron was fond of having naval battles, landscapes and the American flag painted on his glass doors. Other makers used the same designs. Lemuel Curtis, another Massachusetts clock maker, worked in Concord and got out an improvement on the Willard banjo. One of his much admired clocks is in the Red Lion Inn at Stockbridge.

Now it is very possible that if William Pitt had not put a tax of five shillings on every clock in England in 1797 there would never have been a banjo clock in America. The tax lasted only a year, but many people gave up using clocks, so the government did not make enough at this game to bother about collecting the tax.

The innkeepers, to convenience their patrons, placed conspicuously on their walls a new clock, a perfectly plain affair with a large, round dial and a long tail-like box for the pendulum; and this was known as the Act of Parliament clock, or the Parliament clock, for short. Nobody can look at this form without seeing a resemblance to the banjo; and it is not improbable that Simon Willard developed his improved timepiece from this form, particularly as his banjo appeared only three years after the Act of Parliament clock.

Almost beyond reach of collectors, unless by happy chance, are the table clocks that reached perfection about 1600, invented in Germany. These were in their day the new spring-driven clocks; and they were just as famous for the beauty of their cases. Many of these have intricate mechanisms which set automata into play. The table clock was portable and was often square, with a handle at the top for convenient lifting. Sometimes the case was of wood, with a perforated metal dome of basketwork. After the basketwork model came the bell-shaped top and then the arched dial. This clock lasted a long time—even through the eighteenth and into the nineteenth century, and it was often supplied with tunes—popular airs from Handel's operas, the Haymaker's Dance, A-Hunting We Will Go, minuets, rigadoons and sarabands.

It is quite amazing to see how fond our ancestors were of clocks with music-box attachments, chimes, and so on. Our old newspapers are full of advertisements. For instance, George J. Warner, 10 Liberty Street, New York, had for sale in 1795 "two

(Continued on Page 166)

Your printer can get Attention

for all your direct advertising *this new easy way*

Here is help, indeed! Simply to have a live mailing list isn't enough! Simply to have your product right and your prices right isn't enough! Simply to tell your story convincingly isn't enough! For unless your mailings *first* secure Attention—your product, your prices, your story may never be known.

Attention, then, is the first objective of each of your mailings.

How get Attention? There is a new way. So easy that it becomes a formula: *Simplicity and Strathmore Expressive Papers.*

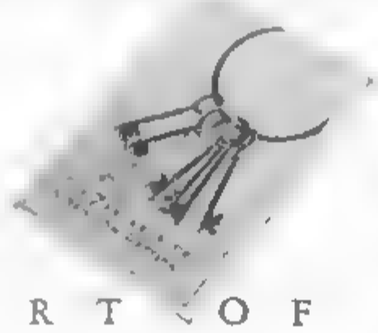
Your printer can help you; can *show* you. For your next mailing, ask him to submit "dummies" of Strathmore Papers.

Papers that say "STOP!" See for yourself how direct, how sincere, how convincing is Simplicity. See, too, how expressive, how arresting, how compelling are Strathmore Papers.

And the 4 groups of Strathmore Papers include inexpensive papers for everyday use as well as better papers for the finest printing.

More of this new way to do direct-advertising is clearly demonstrated in "The 7 Secrets of Attention Getting", a new book.

Write, on your business letterhead, for your personal copy... Strathmore Paper Company, Department 102, Mittineague, Mass.



PAPER IS PART OF THE PICTURE

THE EVERYDAY GROUP
Inexpensive papers. For Everyday Use. Books, Covers, Bonds, and Writings. These are quality papers at moderate prices for quantity runs.

THE PRESTIGE GROUP
For better or "Prestige" printing. In quality and price between the Everyday Group and the supreme Distinguished Group. Economical!

THE DISTINGUISHED GROUP
For the best or "Distinguished" printing. The very finest Strathmore Papers. Economical, too, for they lower your "cost per inquiry"!

THE DECORATIVE GROUP
Radiant colors! Delightful finishes! Novel effects! These papers, of wide price range, provide a Decorative background for your advertising.

Simplicity and Strathmore Expressive Papers

Bonds, Writings Books, Covers

Called by Press and Critics the Greatest

The BRUNSWICK PANATROPE

World's first purely electrical reproducing musical instrument

Al Jolson, world's greatest comedian, says: "Records by your new electrical method reproduced on your new musical instruments are certainly 'musical photographs.' The lifelikeness of this music amazes me."

Brunswick Panatrope & Radiola. Panatrope combined with either 6- or 8-tube Radiola Super-heterodyne. Finished in American Walnut.

THE Brunswick Panatrope is the new invention which gives *electrical* reproduction to the new electrical records.

Four institutions whose names are household words united in the development of the Brunswick Panatrope. They are Radio Corporation of America, General Electric Company, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, and The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company.

When this remarkable electrical reproducing musical instrument was first demonstrated in New York City and other music centers, it attracted more attention and comment than probably any other musical invention in history. The great metropolitan newspapers reported the first Panatrope demonstrations in front-page space. Critics as well as laymen were astounded at the unbelievably life-like music attained by this new method of reproduction.

Demonstrations of the Panatrope have continued in schools, colleges, and before public gatherings, until now more than four million persons have heard it. No musical event of its kind ever met such enthusiastic response and approval as have these demonstrations.

The Brunswick Panatrope offers possibilities for home entertainment unlike anything before it.

It has been called the greatest musical invention since the piano.

For radio, too

The Brunswick Panatrope may be had either alone or in combination, in one cabinet, with the Radiola Super-heterodyne. Thus it puts at your finger-tips all recorded music and the entertaining,

**$5000 for a name*

To find a suitable name for Brunswick's new musical instrument described on the opposite page, we offer prizes totaling $5000 (1st prize, $3000; 2nd prize, $1500; 3rd prize, $500) for the best name submitted with slogan not exceeding 10 words, describing its music. In the event of a tie, a prize identical with that tied for will be awarded each tying contestant. Contest closes December 15 at midnight. Write for free booklet giving all details. Address Dept. P-188

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., GENERAL OFFICES; 623 SOUTH WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

Musical Achievement of the Age

newsy programs of radio as well. The Panatrope may also be used as a loud speaker for your present radio set, with musical results equally superior to what you are accustomed.

This marvelous instrument is now offered in a variety of beautiful cabinets. It operates entirely from the light socket; no batteries or outside wires needed.

Another triumph

Brunswick has also developed another musical instrument, as yet unnamed,* for bringing out the music of the new records. In tone quality and its ability to reproduce the entire musical scale, we believe this musical instrument represents a very great advance over anything in existence, save the Panatrope. It does not utilize the electrical equipment of the Panatrope, and its prices are lower, ranging from only $115 to $300 (slightly higher west of Rockies).

Before you buy any musical reproducing instrument of any kind, or radio, hear the Brunswick Panatrope, the Brunswick Panatrope & Radiola, and the new Brunswick musical instrument as yet unnamed.*

Brunswick dealers will gladly demonstrate these instruments. If there is no Brunswick store near you, write us.

Great Artists of the New Hall of Fame

—those whom the present-day public proclaims to be supreme

MICHAEL BOHNEN
RICHARD BONELLI
KARIN BRANZELL
MARIO CHAMLEE
THE CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA
Nikolai Sokoloff, Conductor
GIUSEPPE DANISE
CLAIRE DUX
FLORENCE EASTON
ELSHUCO TRIO
LEOPOLD GODOWSKY
JOSEF HOFMANN
BRONISLAW HUBERMAN
MARIA IVOGUN
GIACOMO LAURI-VOLPI
EDITH MASON
LAURITZ MELCHIOR
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE ORCHESTRA
Gennaro Papi, Conductor
MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Henri Verbrugghen, Conductor
MARIE MORRISEY
ELLY NEY
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
Willem Mengelberg, Conductor
SIGRID ONEGIN
ELISABETH RETHBERG
MAX ROSEN
FRIEDRICH SCHORR
ALBERT SPALDING
RICHARD STRAUSS
JOHN CHARLES THOMAS
WILLEM WILLEKE

—these artists find in Brunswick's "Light Ray" electrical recording (music by photography) reproduced on the Brunswick Panatrope, the perfect medium for their art.

Brunswick

PANATROPES • PHONOGRAPHS • RADIOLAS • RECORDS

New Brunswick Records by the "Light-Ray" electrical method (music by photography) are now on sale every Thursday

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., GENERAL OFFICES: 623 SOUTH WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

3 Rings of PROTECTION around your business

to protect your time and your property and insure *uninterrupted business operation.*

Autocall *Underwriters' Approved*

Paging Service makes every important individual of your organization instantly available—it saves time and money—pleases customers—speeds up phone service—pays for itself daily.

Autocall *Underwriters' Approved*

Fire Alarm Service for interior use covers the requirements of all kinds of organizations, large and small, guards the safety of the workers and speeds up defense against the flames.

Autocall *Underwriters' Approved*

Watchman's Service insures uninterrupted protection by giving instant notice whenever a watchman, for any reason whatsoever, is unable to reach a registry box. By reporting any emergency instantly it supplements and doubles the actual protection afforded by a watchman.

For information on any particular system or the complete service, check the coupon and clip it to your business letterhead.

The Autocall Co., 509 Tucker Ave., Shelby, O.
☐ Send data on Paging System and free trial offer
☐ Send data on Industrial Fire Alarm System
☐ Send data on Watchman's Supervisory Service

Special literature for architects and engineers on request.

(Continued from Page 162

musical clocks with moving figures which play four tunes each on two sets of elegantly well-toned bells and show the hour, minute and day of the week." In 1796, Edward Meeks, 114 Maiden Lane, offered "eight-day clocks and chiming timepieces"; Kerner & Paff, 245 Water Street, had "musical clocks with figures and cuckoo clocks"; and there were many others. Joseph Bonfanti, 305 Broadway, advertised in 1823: "German clocks, some plain with music and some with moving figures," and French clocks, "some with music and will play different tunes, ladies' musical workboxes and musical snuffboxes." In the next year, Mr. Bonfanti drops into poetry, like Mr. Wegg, of Our Mutual Friend, and advertises

Large elegant timepieces playing sweet tunes,
And cherrystones, too, that hold ten dozen spoons,
And clocks that chime sweetly on nine little bells,
And boxes so neat ornamented with shells.

French clocks were very much in demand in the homes of the wealthy and fashionable. The French mantel clock reached its greatest beauty in the reign of Louis XVI; but very beautiful ones were made during the Empire period, combinations of marble and bronze and finely modeled figures of bronze gilt. A consignment of fifty, with the erect figure of Washington, was received in Baltimore from Paris in 1805, of which the clock now in the Baltimore Room in the new American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum is one of the eight survivors.

Two other historical French mantel clocks can be seen in the White House. These were purchased by President Monroe from Paris in 1817, when the President's House was refurnished. One clock represents Minerva leaning on a shield, which contains the dial and the works, the whole mounted on a square base decorated with bas-reliefs of military trophies. The whole clock is gilded. This cost two thousand francs. The other clock, also of gilt bronze, cost fourteen hundred francs, and has a standing figure of Hannibal.

Gold Mines in Bronze Clocks

It is pretty safe to say that all the clocks made in our country in Colonial times were grandfather clocks and wag-on-the-walls. After the Revolution some new models came in—the banjo, which Willard made so famous, and the shelf clock, which Eli Terry, of Connecticut, is credited with inventing. The Terry shelf clock is too well known to antique lovers to need description. It brought wealth to Terry and put Connecticut on the map as the clock-making state of the Union; and Connecticut has been ticking away ever since.

Chauncey Jerome, who ranks with Eli Terry and Seth Thomas in clock making, wrote in his little book about the American clock business in 1860:

> Mr. Eli Terry in the year 1814 invented a beautiful shelf clock made of wood which completely revolutionized the whole business. The making of the old-fashioned hang-up wood clock passed out of existence. This patent article Mr. Terry introduced was called the Pillar Scroll Top Case. The pillars were about twenty-one inches long, three-quarters of an inch at the base and three-eighths at the top—resting on a square base, and the top finished by a handsome cap. It has a large dial eleven inches square and tablet below the dial seven by eleven inches. This style of clock was liked very much and was made in large quantities and for several years. Mr. Terry sold the right to manufacture them to Seth Thomas for one thousand dollars, which was thought to be a great sum. At first Terry and Thomas made each about six thousand dollars per year, but afterwards increased to ten or twelve thousand. They were sold for fifteen dollars apiece when first manufactured. I think that these two men cleared about one hundred thousand dollars apiece up to the year 1825.

Jerome also invented a clock, which he thus described:

> In the year 1825 the writer invented a new case somewhat larger than the Scroll Top, which was called the Bronze Looking-Glass Clock. This was the richest looking clock that had ever been made for the price. They could be got up for one dollar less than the Scroll Top, yet sold for two dollars more. The Bronze Looking-Glass Clock soon revolutionized the whole business.

Jerome made a fortune with this clock! And it was so popular that Eli Terry and Seth Thomas had to stop making the scroll-top shelf clock and make the bronze looking-glass clock instead. In 1837, Jerome invented a one-day brass clock, which practically drove out of the market his previous invention; and by it he made twenty-five thousand dollars in 1841, which was thought to be a very large amount.

A Collector's Curios

The timepieces made by the early American clock makers have for many years been attracting antique lovers and collectors. One of the most famous collections, that of Mr. Lyman C. Flint, of Monson, Massachusetts, has very recently been sent to New York for sale. The Flint collection comprised three hundred and eighty-three clocks accumulated during the past thirty years and attracted many antique lovers to the Flint homestead, where Rufus J. Flint, the present owner's grandfather, placed in the entrance hall a grandfather clock of cherry wood, inlaid with ebony and olive woods in Masonic symbols, when the house was built in 1824.

The collection was composed principally of clocks that represent the history of clock making in this country from Colonial times. There is one, for instance, that was made by Nathaniel Mulliken at Lexington, Massachusetts, whose shop was burned by British troops. This is a wag-on-the-wall in a mahogany case, with a thirty-hour brass movement and one hand only; and it was purchased in 1750. Among the sixteen grandfather clocks, there is one with a thirty-hour brass movement, with a hand that turns backward. And there is a little grandmother clock of pine with wooden works and a one-day movement.

Mr. Flint collected a great number of Terry shelf clocks, many Willard clocks, including banjo clocks and lyre clocks, circular church clocks, Act of Parliament clocks, Friesland clocks, wag-on-the-wall clocks of various types, acorn-shaped clocks, steeple clocks, cuckoo clocks and lantern or bird-cage clocks.

Besides all these, Mr. Flint picked up a few curiosities, one of which is a Japanese clock which has no dial. The time is told by a piece of metal running up or down a bar furnished with little pointed brass plates that bear the Japanese symbols of the hours. The age and history of this clock

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are unknown. Another curio is a monastery clock, in which a little brown monk pulls a rope every twelve hours which rings the bells of noon and midnight. This clock was made in Germany or Holland and is of thirty-hour brass movement.

Then there is a little Swiss clock which shows mountain scenery with a lake and a castle. By the pulling of various cords a boat is made to rock on the lake, the wheels of a windmill are turned and a door opens in the castle from which the tones of a delicate music box are heard. In an oil painting, representing a battle between Turks and French, a tower in the background contains a tiny clock which strikes every hour and quarter hour.

When we look at a large collection of clocks like this and realize how man has been laboring for centuries to record time with accuracy, we begin to feel how much more important time is to man than man is to time. It really does not matter very much in the great scheme of the universe how man measures time or, indeed, if he measures it at all; for

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

When we contemplate what the astronomers have invented in the way of complicated clocks and chronometers to measure sidereal time and solar time and standard time, it is all so puzzling that we come to the conclusion that we had better leave it all to the clocks and hope and trust that they know what they are ticking off so solemnly, or so flippantly, according to the voices their makers have given them.

Regulating the Sun

The question of daylight saving is not a new one. The old makers of the clepsydra, or water clock, of the Persians and Romans and Greeks, learned that the hours of summer were longer than the winter hours and puzzled their brains as to whether they should retard the flow of the water or change the dial. What they should have done was to make solar time agree with their clocks, as did an old Quaker clock maker named Peter, who lived in that country where "Merry larks are ploughman's clocks." Old Peter's clocks would not agree with solar time; but old Peter calmly said, "The sun is wrong and my clocks are right." So his fellow citizens in the town of Manchester made up this little verse, which they told to all strangers until the old clock maker himself ran down forever in 1851:

There's the cottage of Peter,
That crafty old fox,
Who kept the sun right
By the time of his clocks.

Even if we go entirely by the sun, there is the same difficulty in attaining accuracy. The picturesque instrument that records no hours but the bright ones has to be mathematically set or the stealthy shadow will not mark correct solar time. Perhaps the sundial and the prophet Isaiah together were responsible for setting the fashion of daylight-saving time. Turn to your Bible—, if you have one—and read in the twentieth chapter of II Kings:

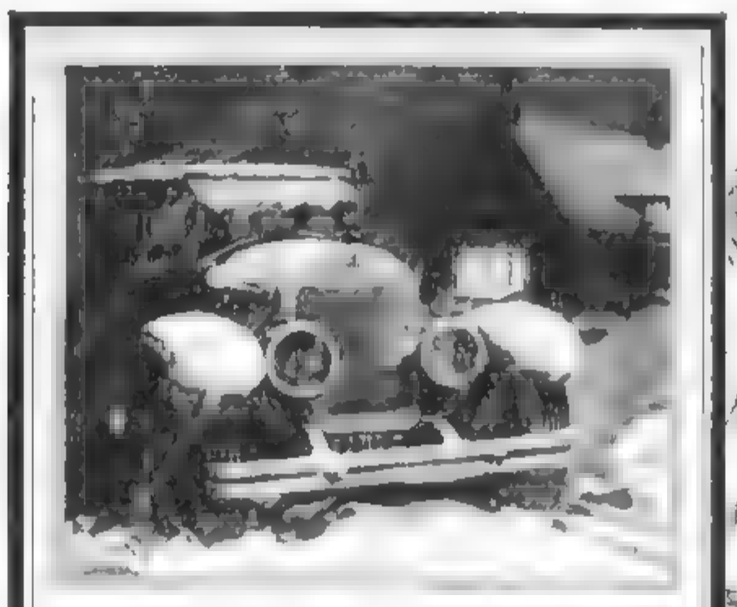
> And Hezekiah answered, It is a light thing for the shadow to go down ten degrees: nay, but let the shadow return backward ten degrees.
> And Isaiah the prophet cried unto the Lord: and he brought the shadow ten degrees backward, by which it had gone down in the dial of Ahaz.

We know now where to put the blame or the praise—whichever way we look at it—for having to set our watches forward and backward and to struggle with the change from winter to summer time. How some of us would like to call on Dickens' Captain Cuttle for the kind of watch he gave Walter Gay for a farewell present:

> "Wal'r, a parting gift, my lad. Put it back half an hour every morning and about another quarter towards the arternoon; and it's a watch that'll do you credit."

3 remarkable properties of RADIATOR-Glycerine ANTI-FREEZE SOLUTION

1. Won't evaporate
2. Low freezing point
3. High boiling point



Radiator Glycerine adds a new security to Winter motoring everywhere. For not only does it protect your car against freezing on cold days but it does not evaporate on the warm ones

Your motor car can be made ready *now* for any weather

A SINGLE treatment of Radiator Glycerine *now* will protect your car against freezing all winter if you make sure it is not wasted by leakage (see instructions below).

Glycerine will not evaporate, so you don't need to wait for cold weather, before servicing with it. Make your cooling system leak-tight. Put it in *now*, and be certain of your anti-freeze protection all winter without the fuss and bother of constantly replacing evaporated solution.

Your motor will run smoother and more efficiently because of Radiator Glycerine's higher boiling point.

Glycerine is safe. It won't corrode metal or eat the hose connections. It is economical because you don't have to constantly replace it.

Won't evaporate *—says the South*

Cold snaps occur even in warm climates. Here Radiator Glycerine is an ideal anti-freeze for motor cars. It won't boil away or evaporate even on the warm days, hence you know its protection is there when the cold snaps come.

Won't freeze *—says the North*

Radiator Glycerine will protect your car against freezing at temperatures as low as thirty below zero. And even at lower temperatures, it is still safe, for it does not freeze suddenly and destructively like water but gradually congeals without injury to your motor.

READ THESE SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS

Although the permanence of Radiator Glycerine makes it cheaper in the end, its first cost is greater than that of other anti-freeze agents, so it is important to prevent its waste. Above all, be sure the cooling system is tight. Remember glycerine takes advantage of minor leaks. Your garageman can easily tighten hose connections, cylinder head gaskets, and pump packing so there can be absolutely no question that the system is leak-proof.

Also don't waste glycerine through the overflow pipe *inside* the radiator. Never fill radiator higher than within 3 inches of the top of this pipe (Fords 4 inches). This allows the solution to expand without overflowing when heated up.

Remember only leakage or overflow can impair the permanence of glycerine's protection. No replacement for evaporation is necessary except an occasional replenishment of the *water* in the solution as in summer.

Use only pure distilled radiator glycerine solutions vouched for by a reliable maker and be sure your car is carefully serviced according to the instructions. You can then drive your car in all kinds of weather free from all worry over the possibility of a frozen motor.

Street cars save street space

2% of this thoroughfare accommodates 74% of the people

When street space is limited, when much of it is wasted, transportation is delayed, business is sluggish, property values impaired. Street congestion costs an estimated economic loss of $60,000,000 in Chicago's Loop District—a third as much as the city's annual taxes.

But of the people who pass through this section, 74 per cent ride on street cars and *use only 2 per cent of the street space.* Street cars save street space in every congested center

AFTER you say goodbye in the morning, street space presents the day's first problem.

Street space, or the lack of it, determines the time it takes to get downtown.

The struggle for street space causes traffic tangles that delay and annoy you.

Street space intrudes to affect the attitude you bring to the day's work.

But the more people who use street cars and motor buses, the more space that is saved.

You help put dwindling street space to wise use when you support measures to facilitate car and bus service, provide safe and ample loading places, insure the development of your transportation company.

WESTINGHOUSE is investing more engineering brains and resources in the electric railway field today than ever before in history because of the growing part that the street railway must play in meeting modern transportation needs.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY · EAST PITTSBURGH, PA.

Westinghouse

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GALLIVANTING JENNIE VEEVE

(Continued from Page 68)

Degree and let him Graduate, because he is Ready to Tackle Any Thing in the World then.

There is Nothing No Ornerier than a Hog. By the time I had run her two or three miles around through the brush I had lost my whole family and All of my Disposition and most of my Second Wind, so I sat down and waited for my Third Wind and the Family to catch up. We had Considerable Talk about it when they caught up with me and I told them I was Done, but Jane cried and said the Coyotes would catch her and eat her, which made me Laugh, just to think of Any Coyote in Arizona ever catching that Hog, so I started Hog Hunting again. I know there must be lots of Easier Ways of making a Million Dollars than raising Hogs.

I run her again some more, but she was too foxy for me, dodging around among the greasewood and cactus and cat claws, until I made up my mind the only way I would ever get her would be to kick her in the short ribs and knock all the wind out of her and then jump on her before she could find her breath again, so I tried it.

She dodged around a bush one way just as I did the other and I let loose a regular old-time Foot Ball Punt that ought to have made a Goal, but it didn't.

She was too quick on the dodge and I missed her, but I had kicked so hard it threw me off my balance and when my foot come down out of the air I stepped right on top of her and in the mix up she got tangled up among my legs some way and I fell over backwards, right into the middle of a Big Bunch of these here Jumping Ball Cholla Cactus.

. . . . . .

Note: A Paragraph is Left Out Here, Explanations Unnecessary.

Well, to save time and Argument and make a little Pig Story shorter, Jennie Veeve got loose, and My Wife says I had ought to be Ashamed of myself, talking like That in front of Jane, and a Great Big Man like me not being able to catch a Little Pig like Jennie Veeve.

. . . . . .

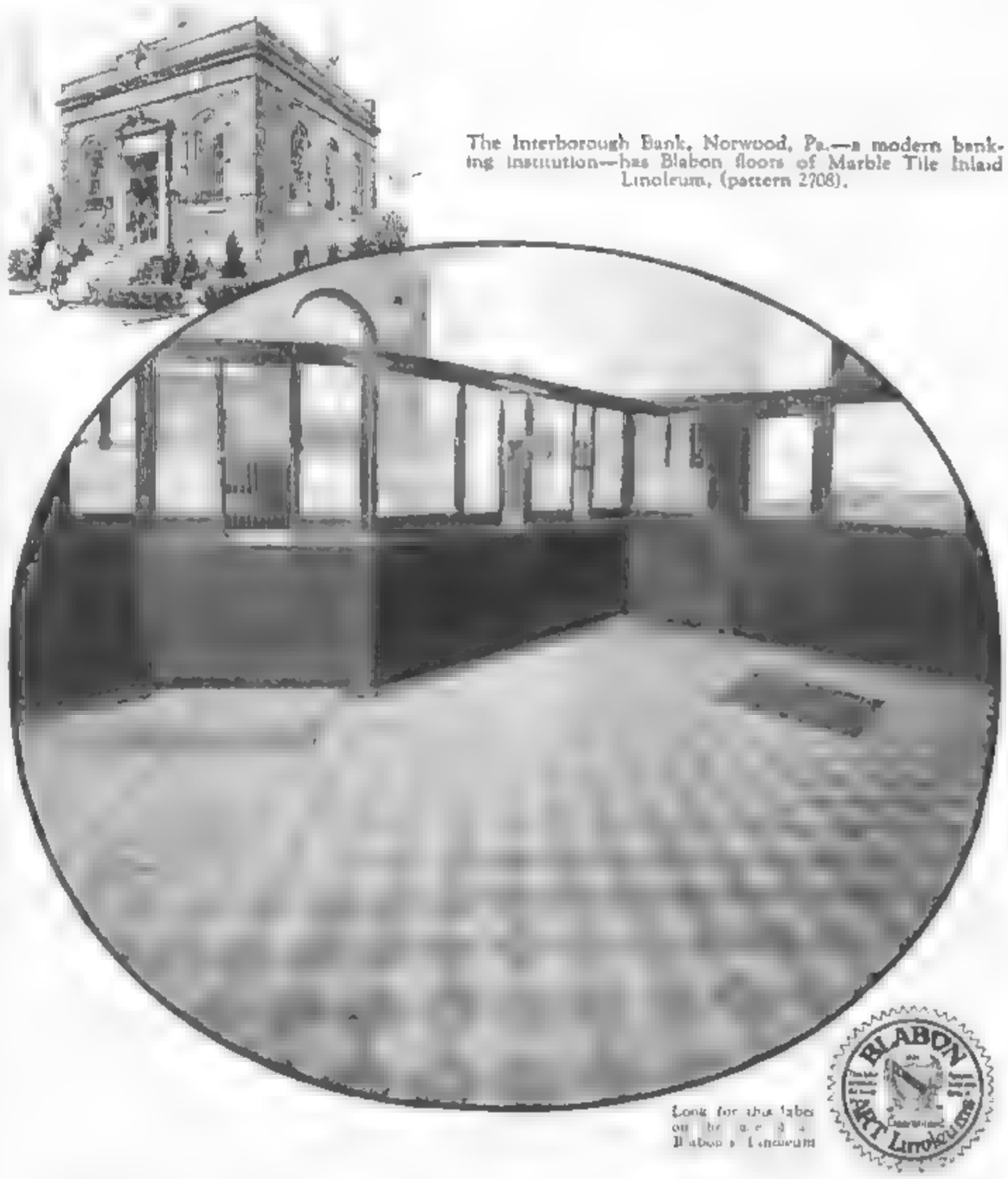
You'll have to Use your Imagination again. The idea! And it wasn't Me that wanted to get into the Pig Business anyway. And as far as Catching a Pig is concerned, I remember when I was just a Boy, how they used to turn a Pig loose at the County Fair Grounds and then turn a Hundred Boys after him and give the one that caught him a $5 Gold Piece; and Lots of times the Pig got loose, and here is My Wife expecting Me at My Age to catch a Pig like Jennie Veeve all alone and out in the middle of a Million Acres of Greasewood and Desert and No Fence around it! And Me with my Back all Full of Jumping Ball Cholla Cactus!

I don't know where Jennie Veeve went, but I had to stand up all the Way Home and My Wife had to cut my pants in two to get them off without killing me and I laid in the bath tub the rest of the afternoon trying to soak the Thorns off, and What I was thinking about Pigs almost made the Water Boil. Bacon is Cheap at 65 cents a Pound, when you can buy it all wrapped up and ready to Fry.

Along about sundown I heard the kids hollering and yelling out in the Back Yard, and there was Jennie Veeve out at her trough eating supper, grunting away and looking at us out of her sassy little eyes and never letting on like she had run fourteen miles through the brush that afternoon. Dog-gone her hide, I wonder How she ever found her way home again. Jane scratched her back and she just grunted and Jane says, "Ain't She Sweet?" And I thought to myself, She Would Be if you would let me Say it with an Ax.

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

Patient: "I Want a Tooth Pulled"
Dentist (Formerly a Barber): "Yes, Sir. How About a Little Filling Today? Crown? Why Not Have Them All Radiographed? Our Bridge Work is Very Nice"



The Interborough Bank, Norwood, Pa.—a modern banking institution—has Blabon floors of Marble Tile Inlaid Linoleum, (pattern 2708).

Look for the label on the back of Blabon's Linoleum

This Bank chose a Blabon Floor for its beauty and service!

Hazel H. Adler, author of books on interior decoration, gives valuable suggestions on harmonizing furniture and draperies with walls and floors, in our 36 page book, "Planning the Color Schemes for Your Home," beautifully illustrated in full color. Sent anywhere in the United States upon receipt of 20 cents.

When you visit the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition at Philadelphia, see the displays of Blabon's Linoleum at these locations: The Blabon Exhibit in the Palace of Liberal Arts and Manufactures; The Wall Paper House in the Palace of Liberal Arts and Manufactures; The Shippen House on High Street (Good Housekeeping's Model Home).

When the Directors of the progressive Interborough Bank at Norwood, Pa., built a new banking house, their choice of a floor rested upon Blabon's Linoleum; for the Marble Tile Inlaid pattern selected was so realistic that it gave the appearance of polished marble; and it had the advantage of being resilient, which makes it comfortable and quiet to walk upon. And a Blabon floor is so durable that it withstands the constant tread of feet, and lasts for years. Then, too, its smooth, crackless, sanitary surface appealed for its ease in keeping clean.

Banks, offices, and public buildings in increasing numbers are selecting Blabon floors because they are so practical in every way.

The newest Blabon creations—beautiful Flagstone and Slatestone designs in faithful shapes and colorings, obtainable only in Blabon's Linoleum—make the choice of Blabon patterns more desirable than ever

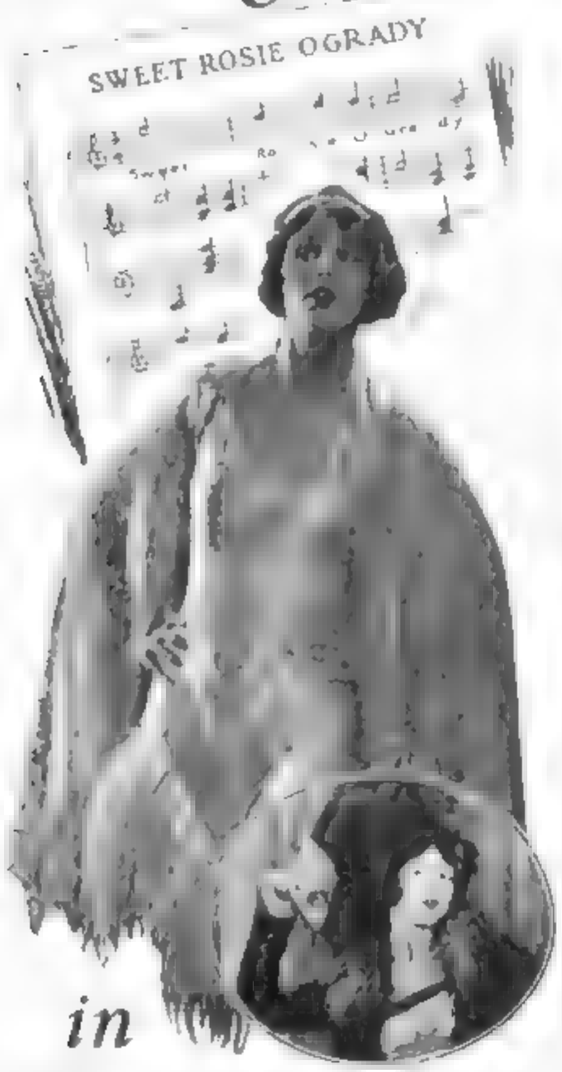
See these distinctive Blabon's Linoleums at home-furnishing or department stores. Then write our Advisory Bureau of Interior Decoration for suggestions without cost to you.

For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Our illustrated booklet, "The Floor for the Modern Home," sent free, upon request.

The George W. Blabon Company
Nicetown, Philadelphia
Established 75 years

BLABON'S Linoleum

Shirley Mason



in

"SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY"

WHEN a girl of the "four million" meets a boy of the "four hundred" there's action ahead. Romance, intrigue, comedy, thrills and frills. That's what you will find in this delightful picturization of the immortal song sung and whistled by millions.

Winsome little Shirley Mason is "Rosie O'Grady." A real Cinderella of the sidewalks, with a politician for a protector and a pawnshop for a castle.

A romance that begins in gingham and winds up in silks and satins. You'll revel in Shirley Mason's transition from a tomboy of the streets to the belle of society.

There's rich, rare entertainment in this latest Columbia picture. (Don't forget there's 24 of them.) Frank Strayer directed it. Your community theatre manager will tell you when it will be shown

Bert Lytell in "OBEY THE LAW"

A sequel story to "The Lone Wolf Returns." With Mr. Lytell again playing one of his delightful super-crook roles. It's high-powered, high-class melodrama. Romance and adventure in the upper and under world.

Adapted from a playlet by Max Marcin, famous author and playwright, who wrote the sensational stage and screen success, "Silence." Directed by Al. Raboch.

COLUMBIA PICTURES CORPORATION
1600 Broadway, New York City

COLUMBIA PICTURES

"A National Institution"

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Constructive Criticism

ABOUT five years ago someone told a certain young gentleman in business that he was too quiet, and that unless he raised his voice in comment now and then, his superiors would think he was either devoid of ideas or too timid to talk. Either conclusion, the adviser pointed out, would result in slow promotion, or even in no advancement at all.

Being somewhat literal as to mind, the young gentleman took the advice exactly as he heard it, without bothering to interpret it or think about it. As a result, he developed a habit of speaking out with great regularity. When several men in his office met to talk about an idea, he was the first on his feet, and he could always find something wrong with every plan that came up for discussion. Today, after a five years' trial of his speaking-up policy, he finds himself faced with the no-advancement situation which his adviser told him would reward his reticence. He wants to know what is wrong.

Other men in his company say he is known as a crab. He knocks every idea without suggesting a way to make it better. Since he opposes the ideas advanced by others, his own ideas are naturally blocked with great enthusiasm. Harsh judgment and harsh treatment? Perhaps. But there is just as much human nature in an office as there is in any other corner of life, and if associates have misinterpreted the motives of the ambitious young gentleman, the fault lies not entirely with the associates.

In this case some of the fault goes back to the well-intentioned adviser. He should have qualified his recommendation by saying that the minute a man gets up to talk in a meeting he needs to exercise ten times as much care in what he says as he does in casual conversation. Negative criticism always antagonizes, and negative criticism without some constructive suggestion is just plain faultfinding. Once let a man get a reputation as a negative critic and the only possibilities open to his progress are the purchase of 51 per cent of the voting stock of the company or resignation.

In speaking of the positive versus the negative attitude in business, an acquaintance told me of a recent talk he had with his boss. That executive holds that every negative idea should either be transformed into a positive one or forgotten entirely. For example, a division manager in the sales department of the firm wrote a memo intended for the office manager, protesting because mail for his division did not arrive until nine-thirty. Just a plain kick—a something-ought-to-be-done-about-this letter.

The division head showed the memo to his executive before sending it along, and the big boss added a paragraph suggesting that one of the office boys from that particular sales division be delegated to come in at eight-thirty each morning and get the division mail from the receiving room. The boy was given extra compensation, and the plan worked. The office manager got the impression that the writer of the memo was trying to help him, rather than find fault with him. The job was done, with everybody satisfied. There are plenty of times when the right sort of negative criticism clarifies a discussion, but if a thing is wrong there is probably a way to make it right, and a little thought in the direction of how to save the idea builds the kind of reputation that breeds promotion.

However, no laws have been passed prohibiting out-and-out positive suggestions. Among the anti-Babbitts the impression is fairly well established that boosting is a disease worthy of night work among the research laboratories in order that a curative or preventive serum may be concocted. To stand up and say you agree with something is supposed to savor of cartoon Americanism. Yet well-placed boosting, backed up with ideas, adds its bit to carrying things ahead.

—C. L. FUNNELL.

Why Don't They Sell Themselves?

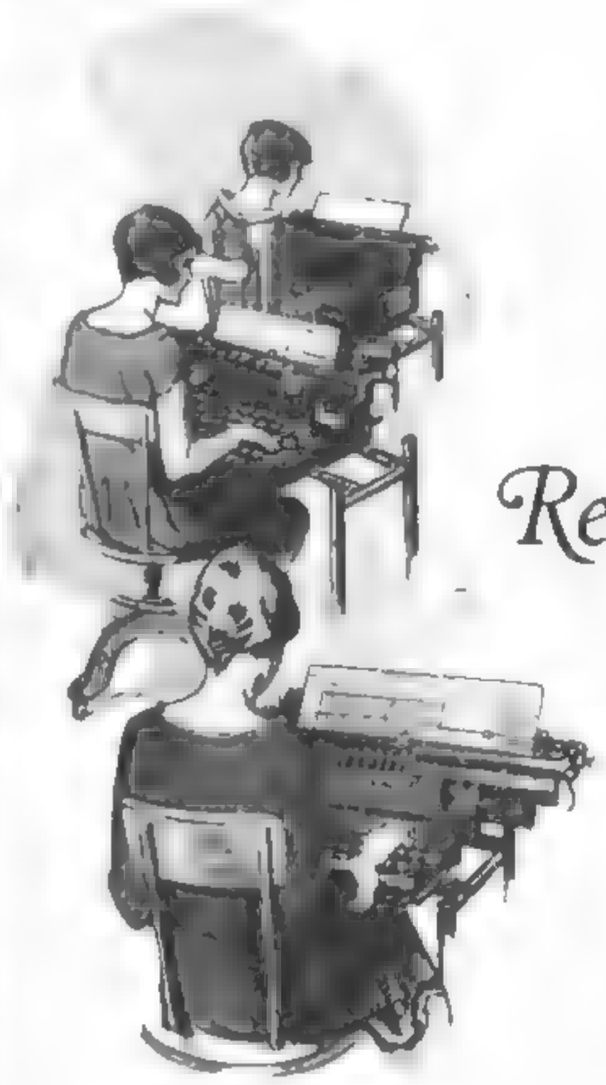
YESTERDAY'S Times carried our advertisement for an editor manager of our house organ, and all forenoon I have been interviewing applicants for the position. The periodical is small, and the man selected must combine within himself all the functions pertaining to its issue. He must be a man of initiative, not afraid of responsibility, and entirely capable of carrying on without repeated conferences with the higher-ups. We don't want a fellow who will be repeatedly at our elbows, saying, "Will this be all right? I don't want to go ahead —— Do you think ——"

The opening seems to have created a great deal of interest, and twelve men more or less qualified to edit our magazine have called upon me. What impressed me most was the lack of appreciation for the employer's viewpoint. The desire to lay hands upon the generous salary being offered was the paramount consideration in the mind of each of those men. Just what they were going to do to merit our choice was rather vague and hazy. They had had experience in similar work; they felt sure of making a great success out of the proposition—but how? Well, that was something they would ponder once they had been given the job. Not one of those men was prepared to tell me just how he would revitalize the publication and transform it into the business-stimulating medium for which we have been long hoping. The magazine is dead, and instead of being interesting to our retailers, seems to be one of the first pieces of mail to hit the wastebasket. What we are attempting to obtain is not a mere editor—one capable of bringing out the periodical on the twenty-third of the month—but a man with a selling sense; a man with fresh ideas and a capability to put them across. Until someone comes along and proves that he has a real constructive program, the job is going to remain open.

Not one of the twelve applicants—even though there must be someone in the group entirely qualified to fill the position—seems to have the ability to dramatize his talents or the skill of making us eager, even jealous, to obtain them. They don't seem to realize that there's a knack in selling themselves, just as there is in selling anything else. Were I on the outside looking in, and were I desirous of the position we now have open, I would employ a method which I have seen used half a dozen times, and which, provided a man really has the goods, never fails to place him in preferential position. Indeed, it was in this fashion that I became connected with the company of which I am now an officer.

Six years ago I came to the concern, which, for convenience's sake, I will call the Deering Corporation. It was a new company, well capitalized and headed by men accustomed to business success. The firm proposed to make certain accessories which have since become standard equipment on the majority of automobiles. The personnel was picked with extreme, almost meticulous, carefulness. The position of sales manager was considered of fundamental importance and remained open to the last. There were thirty-three men who had filed applications for the job. Then I appeared upon the scene to make the thirty-fourth. The proposition looked mighty good to me—a vigorous new company; an output for which there would be an increasing demand; a salary a third

(Continued on Page 198)



The contribution of Remington Bookkeeping Machines to the Electrical Industry

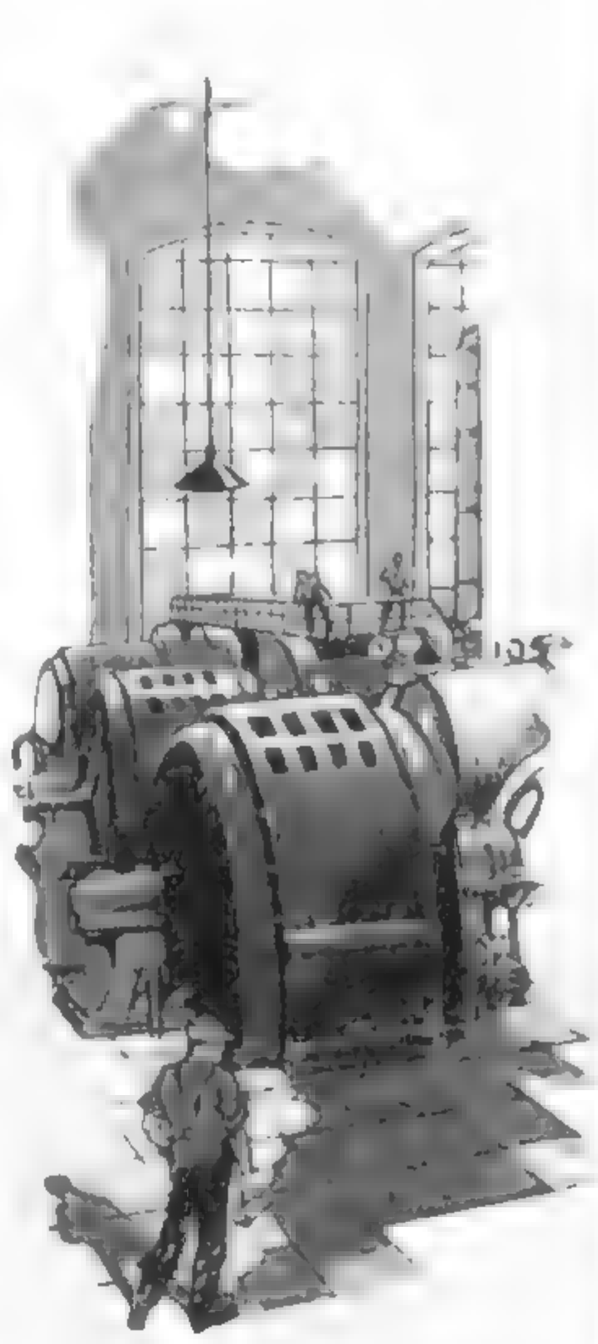
EVERY month the electrical utilities of the United States prepare the accounts of their 15,000,000 domestic customers.

During the year almost 200,000,000 bills are made out and distributed.

The cost of this gigantic bookkeeping amounts, in the case of the average consumer, to almost as much as the cost of making the electricity at the generating plant.

Through the Remington Accounting Machine, the cost of bookkeeping and billing has been reduced in hundreds of utility offices, and this saving has been a real factor in making the cost of electric service even less today than it was in our pre-war days of 1915.

This is only one of the many contributions which Remington has made toward business efficiency and economy in its 50 years of development and progress.



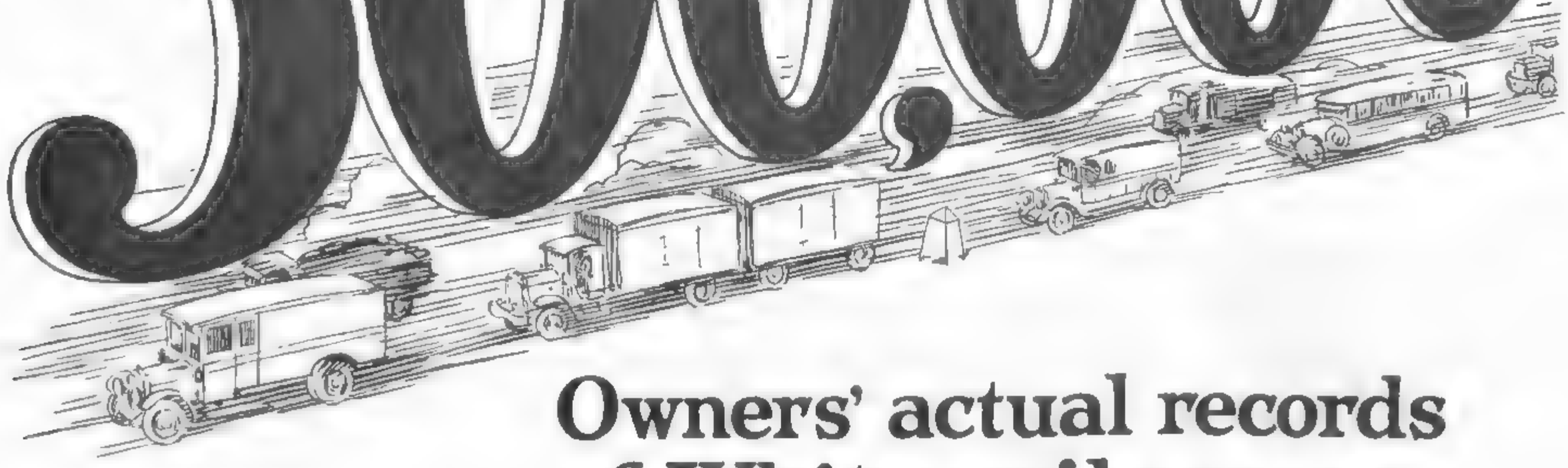
REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY

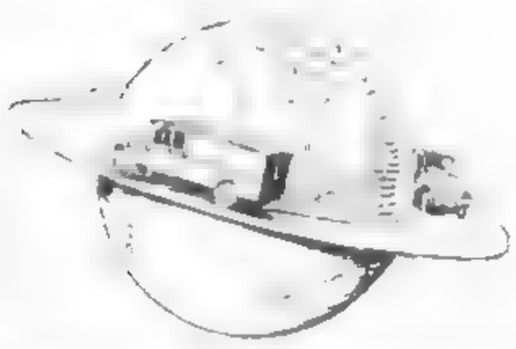
374 Broadway, New York

Branches Everywhere

Remington Typewriter Co. of Canada, Ltd., 68 King St., West, Toronto

300,000





300 000 miles is 12 times around the earth at the equator

It is more than the total miles of railroads in the United States

It is 100 times the distance from New York to San Francisco

Nowhere does the meaning of 100 000 miles stand out more clearly and forcefully than on the balance sheet. Here White is a synonym for profit.

Owners' actual records of White mileages~

72 Whites have run **500,000** miles and more each

384 have run between **300,000** and **500,000** miles each

951 have run between **200,000** and **300,000** miles each

1658 have run between **150,000** and **200,000** miles each

4959 have run between **100,000** and **150,000** miles each

giving the astounding total~

8024 Whites have run **100,000** miles and more each

Our new "300,000 Miles and More" booklet is just out, with the names of all the owners and the number of Whites each owns in each mileage classification. You will find leaders in all industries, firms in your own line of business, your neighbors, your business associates. We will gladly send the booklet free. Write for it

Before you buy a truck or a bus see the Whites at any of our 75 factory branches or 500 dealers. There is a White model to meet every transportation need.

	Truck Chassis	
Model 15	½-Ton	$2,150
Model 20	2 Ton	2,950
Model 51	2½ Ton	3,750
Model 40A	3½ Ton	4,350
Model 52	Heavy Duty	5,100

Several types of power driving booms and hoists available

	Bus Chassis	
Model 53	16 to 21 passengers	$4,250
Model 50-B	25 to 29 passengers	5,350

Additional models

WHITE and WHITE

200,000 100,000 miles and more

No owner will operate a truck or bus long enough to run 100,000 miles . . . unless those miles are money-earning miles

100,000 miles—White miles—mean more than an exceptionally long distance; more than an exceedingly durable, well-built, well-serviced motor truck or bus.

They mean unusual profits. They mean net earnings—in excess of all costs. They mean continued earnings long after the original cost has been written off the books.

200,000 miles mean all that—doubled. 300,000 miles mean all that—trebled. So on . . . . Picture the earnings of the scores of Whites that have exceeded 500,000 miles. Then picture what these mileages would mean in your own business, knowing your average mileages for a week or a month or a year.

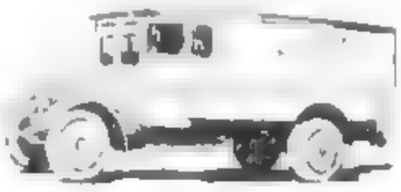
White 100,000-mile records are not isolated performances, not special achievements under especially favorable conditions. Whites, by the thousand, exceed 100,000 miles with a regularity that makes it standard performance. . . . . All models do it. They do it in all lines of business. They do it everywhere, under all conditions of load, road, weather and climate. They do it in fleets and in single installations.

More than 8,000 Whites have run 100,000 miles and more. More than 1,400 have run 200,000 miles or more. More than 400 have exceeded 300,000 miles. The original cost of most of these 8,024 Whites has been written off the owners' books. . . . . And these mileages are actual owners' figures. They do not include many hundreds of additional Whites that have passed 100,000 miles, but whose owners have not sent us accurate records. Neither do they mirror the splendid earning records of thousands of Whites that have been serving dependably for ten, twelve, fourteen years, carrying their pay loads, without reaching the 100,000-mile mark.

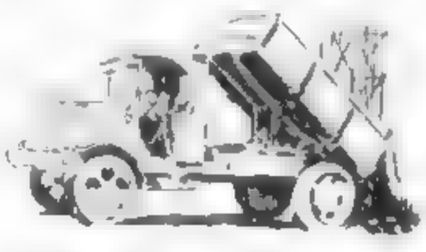
This record, published annually, stands alone. No other truck manufacturer has ever published such a volume of evidence of dependability, long life and continuous earning power. No other truck manufacturer can.

In light delivery service 100,000 miles means millions of packages delivered at lowest cost. Whites build business and swell profits.

Some White Busses have run more than 500,000 miles. More than 200,000 miles for a White Bus is usual performance. And they are all money-earning miles



Translate 100,000 miles into the terms of any sort of hauling—tons, yards, packages, cases or gallons—and the meaning is always money earned.

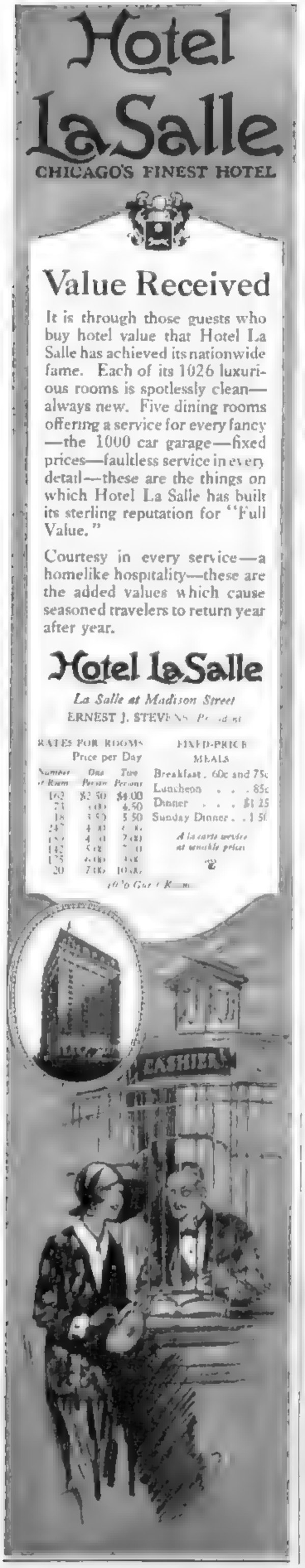


In service where loads are heavy and hauls are short it may take many years for a truck to run 100,000 miles. Hundreds of White Dump Trucks have passed this mark and are still earning.

THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND

TRUCKS
BUSSES

© THE WHITE CO., 1916


Hotel
LaSalle
CHICAGO'S FINEST HOTEL
Value Received
It is through those guests who buy hotel value that Hotel La Salle has achieved its nationwide fame. Each of its 1026 luxurious rooms is spotlessly clean—always new. Five dining rooms offering a service for every fancy—the 1000 car garage—fixed prices—faultless service in every detail—these are the things on which Hotel La Salle has built its sterling reputation for "Full Value."
Courtesy in every service—a homelike hospitality—these are the added values which cause seasoned travelers to return year after year.
Hotel LaSalle
La Salle at Madison Street
ERNEST J. STEVENS President
RATES FOR ROOMS
Price per Day
Number of Room
One Person
Two Persons
162 $2 50 $4 00
21 4 00 4 50
18 4 50 5 50
247 4 00
197 4 00 7 00
142 5 00
175 6 00
20 7 00 10 00
FIXED-PRICE MEALS
Breakfast . 60c and 75c
Luncheon . . . 85c
Dinner . . . $1 25
Sunday Dinner . . 1 50
A la carte service at sensible prices
1050 Guest Rooms
CASHIER

WHAT'S UP

(Continued from Page 13)

an hour with the earth does not mean anything unusual, except something to think about. When two objects are moving along at the same velocity they have no speed in relation to each other. Whenever a balloonist ascends in so-called still air at the equator, he goes 1000 miles an hour, and in the latitude of the United States, about 800; but this means only that he stays over the same spot. The high wind velocity discovered out near the rim of the heavier atmosphere is in excess of this ordinary and unnoticed speed.

An amusing thing occurred not long ago when a government department sent up a number of small sounding balloons from various parts of the country with self-registering instruments to collect some wind current and barographic data. One of the instruments had a cylinder with lamp black carefully spread over it and a needle which automatically recorded the air pressure by making scratches upon it. Instructions were written and placed in each balloon that whoever should find the balloon after its descent should send the instruments to Washington to the proper office. One of the balloons came down in a rural village in West Virginia and was picked up by a model housewife. The good lady put her find in a basket, took them home, where she decided to examine the curious-looking things before sending them away. She was satisfied until she came across the lamp-blacked cylinder. Then she called in a neighbor:

"Look at that, will you!, Just like a bunch of men to send out a dirty thing like that—all covered with soot. If they had more women in the Government at Washington things would be a lot cleaner."

The cylinder was as clean and shiny as a new tin pie pan when it got to Washington.

Another thing that has been learned from observation by journeys off the earth is the height of storm areas. Storms are of a fairly shallow nature, seldom reaching above the 15,000-foot level. Aviators have often gone above storms into air that was as calm and smooth as lake water at noon. This information signifies that air travel at high altitudes could be carried on without the worry of bad weather and storms. It is the usual policy of airmen, however, to land or fly around storms, rather than rise above them; but this is a precaution against getting lost while the clouds obscure the earth beneath.

An Inferiority Complex

The business of flying above a storm is a perilous one unless the air voyager knows his meteorology. By spectacular experience it has been discovered that at the edge of storms the winds are erratic, but two winds which can nearly always be found are the down sweep and the up current. In front of storms, the down-sweeping wind may blow an aircraft to the ground, and behind this a wind occurs which blows almost perpendicularly and will take an airplane or balloon upward regardless of the will of the airman. Aviators experience an uneasy feeling when they get into one of these rising currents of air with an airplane, and they turn the nose of the machine toward the earth with the motor on and they rise anyway, like a balloon.

Not a great amount of knowledge outside that of air currents has been learned by observers who have ascended through storms—particularly electrical storms. One of the big reasons for this is that most folks are scared nearly to death by the experience, whether they admit it or not. No mortal has been born with a soul so hard-boiled that he can look a thunderbolt straight in the eye and get jarred with the explosion and still retain a cool, calculating, scientific mind. This cannot be done on the ground, and when suspended thousands of feet in the air, with the long white-tongued lightning licking the black clouds a few feet away, the sensible human being is weighed down by an inferiority complex. Under such circumstances, aviators frequently make a vow that they will never fly again if they only manage to live to land again.

The early writers of balloon adventures seldom mentioned their fears. An aeronaut, in describing his journey, would dwell upon the majesty and beauty of the experience; but the more skeptical readers today are inclined to believe the beauty and majesty broke forth most profusely after both the author's feet were planted upon the ground. These pioneer aeronauts, however, did often mention the difficulty in keeping the cold perspiration mopped from their faces; but they brought it in as if that was one of the natural results of going up in the air.

A Time for Courage

But great credit must be given the early aeronauts who paved the way for greater explorations of the upper air. One of the first scientific reports on the upper air, as found from balloon ascensions, came from a man who was said to be an impostor. He reported a wild tale about how he and his fellow air traveler went up so high that they struck air as cold as the dead of winter; that electricity was all positive at the height attained; that the air did not contain as much oxygen as it did near the ground; and that both he and his companion swelled up so big they could not put their hats on their heads.

This aeronaut's story needed verification. It sounded fishy—especially the swelling part—and it was not long before the natural philosophers, as the early scientists were called, took up the work of investigating the air in balloons.

Gay-Lussac and Biot, two French philosophers, made a celebrated voyage on August 23, 1804, and recorded certain observations that formed the basis of subsequent knowledge. One writer described the voyage as follows:

"They rose with slow imposing motion. Their feelings were at first absorbed in the novelty and magnificence of the spectacle which opened before them; and their ears were saluted with the buzz of distant gratulations sent up from the admiring spectators. In a few minutes they entered the region of the clouds, which seemed like thin fog and gave them a slight sensation of humidity. The balloon had now become quite inflated and they were obliged to let part of the gas escape by opening the upper valve, and at the same time they threw out ballast to gain greater elevation. They now shot up through the range of clouds and reached an elevation of about 6500 English feet.

"These clouds, viewed from above, had the ordinary whitish appearance; they all occupied the same height, only the upper surface seemed marked with gentle swells and undulations exactly resembling the aspect of a wide plain covered with snow.

"The two philosophers now began their experimental operations. The magnetic needle was attracted as usual by iron. A voltaic pile consisting of twenty pairs of plates exhibited all its ordinary effects, gave the pungent taste, excited the nervous commotion and occasioned the decomposition of water. By rejecting more ballast, they attained an altitude of 8600 feet. At this great height, the animals which they carried with them appeared to suffer from the rarity of the air. They let off a violet bee which flew swiftly away with a humming noise. The thermometer had fallen to 56 degrees Fahrenheit, yet they felt no cold; they were, on the contrary, scorched by the sun's rays. Both had their pulses much accelerated."

The two scientists had much difficulty in recording the oscillations of a suspended magnetic needle. Finally they discovered that their balloon was revolving and this was the cause of the eccentric action of the needle.

"At an altitude of 11,000 feet," continued the early writer, "they liberated a green linnet, which flew directly away; but soon feeling itself abandoned in the midst of an unknown ocean, it returned and settled on the stays of the balloon. Then, mustering fresh courage, it took a second flight and dashed downward to the earth, describing a tortuous yet almost perpendicular track. A pigeon which they let off afforded a more curious spectacle. Placed on the edge of the car, it rested awhile, measuring, as it were, the breadth of that unexplored sea which it designed to traverse, and then launching into the abyss, it fluttered irregularly and seemed at first to try its wings in the thin element; until, after a few strokes, it gained more confidence, and whirling in large circles or spirals, like the birds of prey, it precipitated itself toward the mass of extended clouds, where it was lost from sight."

At 13,000 feet the two scientists found the temperature was 30 degrees Fahrenheit. Shortly after this height was reached a descent was begun. When they came to earth nobody was near to catch their balloon, and as a result the car was dragged a long distance across fields and fences.

"It has been reported," the chronicler wrote further on this voyage, "that M. Biot, though a man of great activity, and not deficient in personal courage, was so much overpowered by the alarms of the descent as to lose for the time the entire possession of himself."

Not long after this flight of the two Frenchmen, other trips were made up in balloons to find out how high a man could go and live. Some went up until they died and others nearly froze stiff.

Three men, named Tissandier, Spinelli and Sivel, made a trip to about the 28,000-foot level in 1875, and only Tissandier lived to tell the story. It seems that the last ounce of strength which the men had when they were already at a great height was used to throw a sack of sand overboard. They shot up like a Fourth of July skyrocket. After reaching the top, the balloon started falling at a frightful rate.

Flying to Eternity

"To tell what happened afterward," said Tissandier, the survivor, "is quite impossible. I felt a frightful wind. We were still 9700 feet high. There remained in the car two bags of sand, which I threw out. I looked for my knife to cut the small rope which held the anchor, but could not find it. I was like a madman, and continued to call, 'Sivel! Sivel!' By good fortune, I was able to put my hand upon my knife and detach the anchor at the right moment.

"The shock on coming to the ground was dreadful. The balloon seemed as if it were being flattened. I thought it was going to remain where it had fallen, but the wind was high and it was dragged across the fields. The bodies of my unfortunate friends were shaken about in the car, and I thought every moment they would be jerked out. At length I seized the valve line and the gas soon escaped and the balloon lodged against a tree. It was four o'clock. On stepping out I was seized with a feverish attack and sank down and thought for a moment I was going to join my friends in the next world."

It is very probable that the two balloonists who passed out forever during the ascent recounted here had heart trouble. Air exploring at high altitudes is no job for people with weak hearts. This vital organ is given a most critical examination today and no person is allowed to become an aviator or balloonist under government auspices unless it is hitting on all cylinders.

Several years before the high balloon ascent in which the men died, a trip was

(Continued on Page 176

The Mohawk Valley in Central New York from a painting by Russell Patterson

THE beautiful Mohawk Valley, where New York Central's four-track main line cuts through the Appalachian barrier, provides the only low-level pass for railroad travel between Chicago & New York
The water-level route is the comfortable route···

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES
BOSTON & ALBANY··· MICHIGAN CENTRAL··· BIG FOUR··· PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE···
NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

Twentieth Century Limited ··· *Chicago* ··· *New York* ··· *New England*
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(Continued from Page 174)

made above 29,000 feet by Glaisher and Coxwell, and they lived to tell about it.

On September 5, 1862, Glaisher and Coxwell weighed off in their balloon at Wolverhampton and kept going up until they went unconscious at 29,000 feet. In describing this experience Glaisher wrote:

"I laid my arm upon the table, possessed of its full vigor, and upon being desirous of using it, I found it powerless. I tried to move the other arm and found it powerless also. I then tried to shake myself and succeeded in shaking my body. I seemed to have no limbs. I then looked at the barometer and whilst doing so my head fell upon my left shoulder. I struggled and shook my body again, but could not move my arms. I got my head upright, but only for an instant, when it fell upon my right shoulder, and then I fell backward, my back resting against the side of the car and my head on the edge."

High-Altitude Smoke

"In this position my eyes were directed toward Mr. Coxwell in the ring. When I shook my body, I seemed to have full power over the muscles of my back and considerable power over those of my neck, but none over my arms and legs. As in the case of my arms, all power was lost in an instant from my neck and back. I dimly saw Mr. Coxwell in the ring and endeavored to speak, but could not. In an instant intense black darkness came and the optic nerve finally lost its power. I was conscious, with as active a brain as at the present moment while writing this. I thought I had been seized with asphyxia and that I should experience no more, as death would come unless we speedily descended. Other thoughts were actively entering my mind, when I suddenly became unconscious as in going to sleep. I cannot tell anything of the sense of hearing; the perfect stillness and silence of the region six miles above the earth is such that no sound reaches the ear."

Glaisher's companion, Coxwell, was having similar difficulties. His arms had gone dead, but being close to the valve cord, he managed to set his teeth upon it, bulldog fashion, and went to sleep. As he sank, the cord was pulled and after so long a time the balloon descended and the men survived.

Oxygen is taken aloft by modern air voyagers who intend to go to extreme altitudes, and this gas is breathed, or smoked, as needed. Experience has shown that 20,000 feet is about the best time to begin smoking the oxygen tube.

Aviators are given special tests for altitude. This test is called the rebreather, and through it the Government knows exactly the theoretical height to which every pilot and observer in the Army and Navy can go with safety. In this test, the airman is placed at a table on which little lights appear like those on a telephone switchboard, and the trick is to touch them with a stylus and punch them out; a motor underneath the table starts roaring and it must be stopped by pushing a foot pedal; and while this sound-and-sight trial is on, the man wears a sort of gas mask through which less and less air is fed. A doctor listens to the heart during the performance and a psychologist watches the man's features. They all faint away at about 30,000 feet. A man who can hold out to this altitude is given a rating of AA. Some perfectly good aviators cannot stand a test of more than 10,000 feet.

It will always require special physique to explore the highest parts of the atmosphere. But plenty of things are to be learned down at altitudes within reach of all. If the air currents could be charted up to 15,000 feet, much would be gained. Many useful meteorological facts have been found at comparatively low altitudes. For example, observations made with kites over the northern section of the Atlantic Ocean disclosed that the fog here seldom extends above 1500 feet. This is important for aviation, as it means that any airplane can climb above it. The action of air currents and heat radiation around clouds is also a low-altitude study. The peculiar action of balloons when they touch a cloud indicates the condition of the surrounding air.

A spectacular thing happens when a balloon tries to go up through a cloud or come down through one. The gas bag in ascending beneath a cloud will rise in a normal way until it touches the damp vapor of the cloud, when the gas quickly contracts and the balloon drops. In coming down, the balloon falls toward the clouds, but just a few feet before touching, the hot rays of the sun, which are deflected upward from the cloud, heats the gas and the balloon shoots upward. This is called bouncing off the clouds, and it gives the mental impression of a rubber ball being bounced.

By traversing the lower air in balloons, the air currents around hills have been checked. It is very interesting to watch a balloon approach a hill and go over the top. The first man who drifted toward a hill in a balloon, when he was not high enough to cross the top, knew he was bound to strike it. As he was just about to go against the hillside, his amazement grew as he felt and saw the gas bag being carried up the sloping sides many feet away from ground itself; the balloon went on to the top of the hill and then, lo, it began going down on the other side with about the same room to spare as going up. Thus it was found that hills and mountains have their ghosts around them in the form of air. The air blows up and over hills in about the same way as water flowing over rocks.

A short distance above hills, however, the air has been found by aircraft to be very rough. The air flows like eddies in a stream of water, and aviators are always leery of the air above hills or canyons. A few years ago a spectacular flight was made into the Grand Canyon by an aviator and a motion-picture photographer. The aviator was so busy keeping his airplane steady that he did not have time to be frightened, but the poor photographer, with nothing to do but turn a crank, became paralyzed with fear and was too weak to operate the camera. That flight was a fizzle so far as pictures were concerned, but later flights were made and pictures taken as well as the air currents checked.

Trade Winds of the Air

The business of checking air currents is becoming most important with the advance of aviation. With all the weather observatories in the world, they are too few to meet the growing needs of aviation, or even of correct forecasting. Observations made at sea in the north Atlantic within the past ten years indicate that at an altitude of 500 to 1000 meters a strong eastward wind blows approximately one-third of the time. This means that at this comparatively low altitude it would be advantageous for aircraft to start flights toward the east across the Atlantic. For westward flights in the north Atlantic, the percentage of days with favorable winds is very small. But by sounding the winds farther south it has been discovered that a southern route can be taken by aircraft crossing the Atlantic westward with a high percentage of days when favorable winds prevail. This route extends from Portugal to the Lesser Antilles and is considerably longer than the northern one, but the aerial trade winds cannot be moved.

Aviators in bombing practice learned a peculiar thing about winds. They found that in ascending, the wind changes its direction in the way the hands of a clock move, toward the right. Research discloses that in the Northern Hemisphere, the wind gradually changes direction clockwise and in the Southern Hemisphere it changes in a counter-clockwise direction. This is due to the rotation of the earth. Not very much is known about the number of changes the wind makes before the extreme altitude is reached where it blows constantly toward the east. There is a big field for research in this line.

It is astounding how much has been accomplished within a few years in altitude work. For example, in September, 1915, the British Government issued a confidential report on aeronautical research for prosecuting the World War in which the statement is made: "A height of 18,000 feet is the greatest altitude in contemplation. This is . . . higher than any dirigible can ascend, and is 50 per cent higher than anything at present made use of in military flying. . . . 18,000 feet will be herein referred to as maximum altitude."

In less than ten years from the date of that report, airplanes had gone to twice the prescribed maximum altitude, and in less than two years airplanes were fighting above the maximum altitude.

The Higher the Colder

Enough has been learned about the atmosphere around the earth to make a rather sharp division of it in two parts. A layer of the air up to about twelve kilometers, or 7.45 miles, sometimes called the troposphere, has considerable moisture; it has clouds, the temperature falls with altitude—about 6 degrees centigrade per kilometer—and the winds are variable. The layer above twelve kilometers is called the stratosphere. Up here the temperature appears to remain from 55 degrees below zero to 80 degrees below. In other words, it gets so cold and no colder.

But this temperature for the stratosphere may not hold at still higher altitudes. Much discussion has been given the matter, but as no sounding balloons have ever been sent above fifteen or twenty miles to verify matters, the discussions have been chiefly theoretical. Some scientists believe the temperature may be around 225 degrees below zero centigrade at sixty miles; this being based upon observation of the aurora borealis and upon the hypothesis that frozen nitrogen surrounds the earth's atmosphere. Other scientists, basing their conclusions upon observations of meteors that blaze their way toward the earth from outer space, contend that the temperature fifty miles or so off the ground is about 30 degrees centigrade, or almost summer heat. The only way that seems practical at present to verify these opinions is to send rockets up with self-registering thermometers. Balloons can probably never be made to go so high. The only things besides balloons that man has ever made go to high altitudes were the shells from the Big Bertha guns which the Germans used in shelling Paris from a distance of seventy-five miles. The shells of this gun went up twenty miles in their trajectory.

At tremendous heights, the rays of the sun penetrate objects like needles. Aviators who have gone up above the 30,000-foot level have learned to cover their skin with a heavy coat of grease. With no shielding atmosphere to help much, the rays blister the unprotected skin. The ultra-violet rays appear to do most of the damage.

One very fascinating thing connected with the space relatively close to the earth, but bordering upon the astronomical, is the possibility that other satellites, similar to the moon, but very much smaller, are swinging around the earth with great speed. These satellites would be large meteors which just missed the earth as they struck at it and got caught by gravity and continue to revolve in orbits. Many astronomers believe that if the earth has not caught some meteors in this manner, it is a rare accident. As explorations into the upper air continue, the chances of discovering such bodies increase. Such a body may have been seen once.

On this occasion a number of aviators at a Texas flying field were carefully watching airplanes fly over a hut where an apparatus checked the course of flight across the sky, when an object resembling a balloon at great height was observed. It was hard to pick up. But when field glasses caught it, it showed no resemblance to a balloon, and it had a dark triangular streamer, resembling a shadow. The time was about ten o'clock in the morning and the date about June twelfth, in the year 1921. The object did not appear to move and it was high in the southwestern sky, with its shady streamer extending toward the west.

*One of the aviators, who was astronomically inclined, took it upon himself to call all meteorological stations in the vicinity to find out if they had sent a balloon up or had seen the object in the sky. No sounding balloons had been sent up that could correspond with the observed object and the meteorological people had not seen the small body that the aviators had noted.

Two or three days later, when New York newspapers reached San Antonio, Texas, where the flying field was located, a story was noticed that many people in the metropolis had observed a strange object in the sky on the same day and at the same corresponding hour that it was seen at San Antonio; but the newspaper writers dismissed the matter by explaining that it must have been a balloon at an immense height.

The object may have been a celestial body or it may not. If it was, it may be seen again if the light conditions and its orbital position are properly combined. If another observation of such a body should be made, the time of day, hour and minute; apparent direction after continued watching; and the length of time it is in view should be noted and sent to the nearest astronomical observatory. Or, if the location of an observatory is not known, the information should be sent to the United States Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C.

Living on Man's Curiosity

Such discoveries are usually made by accident. The sky is very big, and not many people go around gazing into it all the time. Regular astronomers nearly always have their telescopes trained upon objects with which they are more or less acquainted. The discovery of a body swinging at the earth at close quarters might possibly furnish a key to the contents of that region of space beyond the atmosphere. Whenever a person sees a strange object in the sky, he should call the attention of several other people to it. It is so easy for some people to "see things" that isolated stories of unusual phenomena are sometimes swallowed with a pinch of salt.

Journeys up into the sky have always held a fascination for people, and commercial aviation has been largely kept alive through this curiosity of folks to go up and see what it is like. Women are just as keen as men, if not more so, on going up to the clouds. This desire of women to explore the air once nearly disrupted the army air service. It was shortly after the war when this took place. A young pilot would be needed for some important military duty and he would be found off somewhere carrying up a townful of women. Orders were then issued that no more women would be carried up in government-owned aircraft. Later, the orders were modified so as to permit the wives and mothers of aviators limited flying privileges.

But all the government flying fields are constantly besieged by ladies requesting flights in government airplanes, and frequently ladies get angry when turned down. Several months ago a roll-topped young lady, accompanied by a bell-bottomed escort presented herself at a government flying field and practically demanded that she be taken up for a flight. The officer in charge explained to her that only the mothers and wives of aviators could be taken up in the machines.

She became very indignant and retorted: "You mean to tell me that I have got to become a mother or—or the wife of an aviator before I can fly?"

"That is the policy, as enunciated, madam."

"Then just keep your old airplanes. I don't intend to do either one soon."

*The author was the aviator who took particular note of this object, and this is the first public announcement ever made

This popular recipe disproves the theory that delicious foods are hard to digest

In the crisp shell of a fritter . .

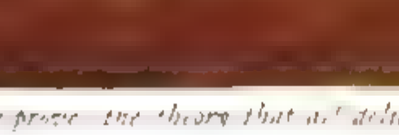
IS THE BANANA A FRUIT OR A VEGETABLE?

WITH your first taste of a banana fritter comes a new delight and a real wonder.

The new delight is the flavor—all the delicate yet unmistakable banana flavor—that blends so well with every food and clashes with none. Your wonder is whether this all-food fruit is a fruit or a vegetable.

It is really a little of both. It is a fruit, but it is replete with carbohydrates, the starchy food elements which are the most important source of energy.

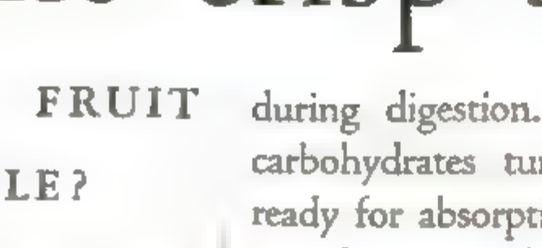
All carbohydrates must be turned into sugar before or during digestion. As bananas ripen, their carbohydrates turn to fruit sugars almost ready for absorption into the system. Ripeness brings to bananas their fullest flavor, as well as ease of digestion.



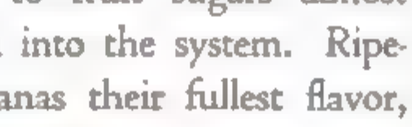
Partially Ripe Banana—Yellow with green tip ... in this stage bananas are best used for cooking as a vegetable

Buy bananas by the dozen, or by the hand. Remember that this tropic fruit dislikes cold. Avoid the refrigerator chill that impairs the ripening process.

Yellow Ripe Banana without trace of green
At this stage the fruit has a delicious flavor and is readily digested.



Bananas still have their same delightful flavor when served in this way—with the tart flavor of sliced oranges.



Fully Ripe Banana Flecked with Brown
The fruit is now at its best for flavor and nutrition. It may be eaten freely by everyone, even adults with weak digestion, as well as very young children

Let bananas ripen in a bowl or dish at room temperature. When every trace of green is gone, even from the tip, and brown spots appear in the yellow sides, a banana is fully ripe. Then serve bananas as fruit, salad, or dessert. You will find dozens of appetizing ways to serve them in the new cook book, "From the Tropics to Your Table." Just fill in and mail the coupon below, and this recipe book will be sent free.

FREE: *Mail coupon today for book of recipes*

UNIFRUIT BANANAS

A United Fruit Company Product
packed and sealed by Nature in a germ proof package. Imported and distributed by

FRUIT DISPATCH COMPANY
17 Battery Place, New York City

Please send me recipe book, "From the Tropics to Your Table."
Please print your name and address

Name

Street No.

City *State*

H

THE TREES SAID TO THE BRAMBLE, "COME REIGN OVER US"

(Continued from Page 31)

Her secret defense of him was plausible. The world's critical case was gratuitous for the simple reason that he had not spent the money. Instead he had left it to her. She was to do with it what she pleased. From this she evolved the notion that he had expected her to spend it in some honorable, useful manner. This of course she never said to anyone but herself.

It was she who proposed to her radical friends the idea of the Lothian College. They were to organize and conduct it in their own way, freely; she was merely to house and support it. Her theory was that earnest thinking, however it begins, will ultimately find some way of truth. She didn't care what else they taught if only they taught thinking.

When they came to make away with certain dilapidated tenements to clear a site for the building, she was appealed to on behalf of some old craftsmen, who complained bitterly at being dispossessed. They could not find cheaper places; they were unable to afford more expensive ones. All Old World people they were, who had brought with them nothing but the cunning of their hands and found it not very salable. That is, they did not know how to sell it. Among them was a solitary Bohemian coppersmith of rare skill. She sat for hours watching him draw a sheet of soft copper into any shape his imagination desired—a teapot, for instance, all in one piece without a seam, by beating the metal gently with a hammer on a curious horn, one kind of blow when he wished to thicken it and another kind when he wished to thin it. Not alone the art; the material by its color, malleability and texture excited her fancy. She induced him to teach her.

Out of this experience grew her guild of handicrafts, which became a mild passion. She gathered up those old workmen, placed them comfortably, then opened a shop in Lower Fifth Avenue for the display of their things. She put a sign in the window:

Money May Be Exchanged for These Beautiful Objects.

That made them easy to sell.

The Lothian College gave her a kind of prestige she did not really like. She found herself certified among rich patrons of the masses; the best doors of that cult stood open to her.

In the full phase of a luxurious, highly competitive civilization, society breaks at the top. The old rich become weary of their own world, which has no divinity of caste to begin with, and abandon its values to the new rich. Then two main roads lie open. One is the jazz road, with manners adapted from the underworld, short, dangerous and jolly. The other is for grave, respectable natures and leads back to a footing with the herd. It is the longer road by about twenty years, and has the further advantage that it offers many beautiful sites for monuments on which may be inscribed the particulars of one's noble interest in his fellow man. Fame, in short. This is really the smart, exclusive road, not only because it is the more difficult but because also it is more expensive. It is a road to the people, but not a people's road.

Jael went about in this society for a while exchanging amenities with it, and was amused to see anarchists, revolutionaries, violent dispraisers of wealth, partaking of its hospitality in fine houses, scornfully at ease there. Then she began to see it cynically. What a blurred design! How involved the meaning, if any meaning it had! How much more honestly vivid the human tapestry must have been with the Scribe, the Pharisee, the Samaritans, a certain rich man, a certain poor man, Herod, Pontius Pilate, John the Baptist and the Great Disturber out of Galilee, each as such! Besides, it was tiresome. The same talk over and over, endless in monotony, endless in reason, always inconclusive. She was at that age of the mind when the thirst for certitude begins. Surely all things could be settled, one at a time. Yet nothing was ever settled, all thinking seemed a process of absurd upheaval, as if digging up the mental universe were a pastime for its own sake, with no treasure in prospect.

Jones Street was in that aspect an adventure of the mind. She resolved to create there a truly radical atmosphere, free of posture, cant or conventional restraint. She did not wish to talk, only to listen. Women were not discouraged, men were preferred. Few women liked it, as a matter of fact; men did. It was comfortable, they were well fed, nothing was expected of them, any humor was respected; and above all, she stimulated them to display their powers of mind.

But the more she listened the more perplexed she was. It amazed her to see how two men of apparently equal mentality would reason from the same premises to opposite conclusions. If three reasoned together there were three conclusions; if the number was four there were four conclusions. It was so as to everything—an economic matter, a social principle, a work of art, an interpretation of historical facts. Worse, the more intellectual their reasoning was the more uncertain they were of their own conclusions. In that case they were not dogmatic; they would admit that they might be wrong and probably were; yet starting all over again each would come inevitably to the same place as before, and hopelessly, as she saw, for each mind had a fixed direction. Reasoning did not determine the result; it was the certainty beforehand of the one result that determined the character of the reasoning. Anything could be proved, therefore nothing was proved.

For a long time she suffered the humiliation of believing their powers superior to hers. This was from the repetition of a strange, disconcerting experience. There was often a point at which she lost them entirely. As they ascended higher and higher on the slopes of the upper mind, she trudging along behind, suddenly they disappeared as in a mist. Then she had no idea what they were talking about. Their words made no pattern of sense. When they descended again into view—that is, to her plane of comprehension, they were always a little awkward and self-conscious, like mystics fresh from a vision. She wondered if perhaps they agreed, off in the mist without her.

She was tormented by the fear that there was a rift in her mind corresponding to what musical people mean by a hole in the ear—total deafness to a certain tone interval. At this time she conceived a worshipful respect for man's gift of abstraction. Man's power, alas, was in the movements of his mind; woman's in the movements of her heart. Therefore she was on the wrong road. Still she was not sure.

One day, between a Cézanne and a Matisse, both notable examples of a kind of perception for which the critics had been obliged to invent a new language, she hung a hideous chromo, processed upon glass, from a Sixth Avenue furniture shop, price $2.98. Two of the great art critics were in to dinner that evening. They were startled, then tentatively facetious, and very curious. They kept looking at it and she held her tongue. At length one of them asked her seriously what she saw in it.

"I don't see the picture," she answered; "if that's what you mean. I haven't any notion what the picture is like."

"What do you see?"

"That bit of red," she said.

They got up and looked at it closely. "That?" one said.

"Yes," she said.

"But it doesn't belong there."

"Silly," she answered. "Now you are looking at the picture."

She would say no more; and they were shaken. For all their patter of critical wisdom they were not sure. There was the possibility she had seen something they could not see. She had taken them in; and it occurred to her that she might have produced precisely a similar result by standing suddenly still in Broadway and gazing hard at an imaginary elephant floating in upper space.

Again she did it with the literary critics. They were surprised to find on her tables all at once a great quantity of old dime novels, of a series written entirely by one man who had recently died. His achievement, disclosed for the first time in the obituary news, was that he had written one novel a week regularly during nearly thirty years, in all about fifteen hundred. They asked her what she found in them.

"The pure line of the tale," she said gravely. "The story itself and nothing else. No surface, no writing, no obstructions whatever. An amazing example of the unconscious method. You know, of course, how the man worked. Listen!"

She read to them bits here and there, daring as she went on to choose the most banal passages, and they were deeply impressed. One borrowed some of the novels to read carefully, and then wrote a profound literary essay on her text—the pure line of the tale.

After that she was sure they never agreed in the mist and suspected, too, that they never knew themselves what they were saying, never understood one another when they departed from her into their heaven of intellectual obscurities. Yet always some doubt. She cherished the story of the man in the Cape Cod fishing village who, thinking to make a place for himself at the stove in the grocery store, said he had heard there was a whale on the beach. It worked as he thought. One man got up and went to see. That gave him the chair he wanted. But then another got up and went to see. Neither came back. Then a third went. Presently the man who invented the whale was alone by the fire; and when he heard the crunching footsteps of people passing the door in the direction of the beach, he, too, went out in the cold to see. Maybe, after all, there was a whale.

Her case was somewhat different. She stood fixed in doubt about her own whale. Nevertheless, if she had been certain of its nonexistence and of their absurdity, still she would have gone on with them in the same way, never letting them know. It was men she liked, not their minds. She liked their sounds, their funny ways, their quarrels, their ungrown-up demeanor when she caught sudden glimpses of them as little boys. Seeing them so she discovered how much older women are than men from the moment they are born.

There were no romantic attachments; never had been any. For this there were two reasons, one on each side. The only free and natural way she had with men was to challenge their minds. Not otherwise could she challenge them at all. What other women did, she saw. She could analyze it. She understood it. As for herself, she could not manage its first most trifling gesture.

Only once had she ever tried. That was in childhood. She was seven. One rainy day as she sat in her window reading, a boy of the same age appeared in the window of the adjoining house. He was fat and wore glasses. A visitor, perhaps. She had never seen him before. He came the next day at the same hour to ogle her. The third day she expected him, and she threw him a kiss. He returned it. On this small motive she built a romance that filled the world. Every day for two weeks they gazed at each other. Then they met in the street. She waited for him to speak. He only glanced at her and went by. She ran after him and plucked him by the sleeve. He was eating peanut brittle. For a minute he stood staring at her with a shortsighted squint, his mouth too full of the sweet to speak, then turned and went on without a word. Ever afterward the sight of peanut brittle produced in her a tremor of dread and a sensation of reeling.

When she was eighteen she began to imagine men looked at her in a certain way and was hysterically furious. Later she learned what that was. When she was twenty objects of feminine loveliness excited extravagant emotions in her. Later she knew also what that meant, and one use of Miss Lillibridge was to remind her that no trace of it was left.

In every situation it was her mind that saved her. The mind of her one self could gaze down on her elemental other self, seeing it as a lake that was meant to be a torrent. She could see the bottom of the lake. Disagreeable things lived there, slowly groping about, eldritch, terrifying things, until she conceived them to be natural creatures distorted by the view, as everything under the water is; distorted also, and perhaps much more, by the accident of having got themselves trapped there.

And the other reason why there were no romantic attachments, the one on the other side, was that these men with whom she did surround herself were intellectual. High thinking cools the blood. Or is it that only the cool-blooded think that way? The frustrated female of her craved not the mentality of man so much as the hot-bloodedness of him, more that, as a desperate fact, than even the character, the shape or the color of him.

For her coming to live in Jones Street there was one explanation Fitzjerald had either missed or found it impossible to mention. In a fastidious mood she detested it. Yet with no disguise of social or aesthetic interests she would have passed at least a part of her time there or in a street of that character. Those groping creatures in the lake of her elemental self required it. They became active, even demonish, when she denied them entirely. They craved contact with vulgar, odorous, commonplace life. Here it was thinly sheathed, sometimes for a moment stark naked, and so oblivious that one could get close up. Its emotions were not in deep wells; they were artesian, suddenly overflowing to the surface. Then the quarrel, the oath, the blow, the caress, the swift, blinding uncoil of the lurking serpent.

There was a time when she did her own shopping for fruits, vegetables, olive oil, and so on, solely for the unacknowledged pleasure of observing a Corsican whose shop was around the corner. He had the look, the easy walk, the animal dignity of a bandit. There was insolence in the way he carried his clothes, especially his trousers. His wife was exquisitely pigmented, and although she was fat she was not stuffed and her movements were all the more voluptuous. They were always together and yet almost never spoke. Jael understood the tense, basic meaning of this wordless relationship.

The sight of it thrilled her. One evening as she was passing the shop over which the pair lived, she heard the woman screaming. Her bandit was beating her. Jael was neither scandalized nor horrified. Her blood leaped and her throat was dry. One might have thought she was very angry. She would have thought so herself if she had thought about it at all. But her emotions begged not to be analyzed.

The next day she saw them together again in the shop, as if nothing had happened. The woman bore no visible marks; he had evidently been careful. Jael regarded him with intense interest. She was particularly fascinated by his hands, one holding out to her a paper bag and the other, palm upward, waiting for her money. They were thick, soft hands, not ugly. As she came to her own door a few minutes later she was conscious of having walked very fast; and then of a phantasy she had

(Continued on Page 184)

For Your Car— Certified Material and Design

. . . . Those black, pencil-like sticks of carbon that the man uses to fix the street light. . . . They are the "electrodes" which produce the hot, white light of the arc lamp. . . . Massive electrodes, bigger than a man, produce the fierce heat that makes liquid steel in Timken electric furnaces. Electric steel is purest. In total output of electric steel Timken ranks first.

This great supply of fine steel goes into Timken Bearings for all types of machinery, including 91% of all makes of motor vehicles in America. These Timken-equipped cars and trucks give you the supremely durable material which Timken has developed from universal experience with 160,000,000 Timken Tapered Roller Bearings. As soon as you know, then, that a car or truck is Timken-equipped throughout, you can be sure that you have the best steel to carry the load in transmissions, differentials, pinion and worm drives, rear wheels, front wheels, steering pivots and fans.

Likewise, vital matters of design also are certified for you by Timken Bearings. The Timken Taper idea and Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* scientifically ward off the wear of friction, shock, speed, torque, and side-thrust, without complication or excess bulk. Therefore Timkens preserve strength and quiet to the utmost, while holding down first cost, operation expense, and maintenance.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
C A N T O N , O H I O

Daggers of Flame dart up around the Giant Electrodes projecting through the top of Timken Electric Furnaces. These furnaces employ the highest temperatures known commercially.

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

The famous
DIXIE SCROLL DESIGN,
woven in the familiar
DIXIE BLUE,
identifies for your protection
the Original and Only Genuine
5c Ice Cream Dixie

It was left to the vision and enterprise of the National Dairy Products Corporation to form the first organization of National scope in the Dairy Industry. Through its members among Ice Cream plants and Dairy plants located in all sections of the United States, this vast organization was the first to make and nationally distribute a complete line of dairy products.

It is a gratifying recognition of the spontaneous popularity of DIXIES that the following great member-plants—each a leader in its field—are freezing and distributing their well-known brands in 5c DIXIES

RIECK-McJUNKIN DAIRY CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

HARDING CREAM COMPANY
Omaha, Nebr.

HYDROX CORPORATION
Chicago, Ill.

CARPENTER ICE CREAM CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

CHAPELL ICE CREAM CO., Inc.
Chicago, Ill.

CLOVER FARM DAIRY COMPANY
Memphis, Tenn.

J. T. CASTLES ICE CREAM CO.
Irvington, N.J.

LILY ICE CREAM COMPANY
Memphis, Tenn.

MOORE BROTHERS COMPANY
Oil City, Pa.

THOMPSON ICE CREAM CO.
Chicago, Ill.

UNION ICE CREAM COMPANY
Nashville, Tenn.

CASTLES ICE CREAM CO.
Perth Amboy, N.J.

Ask for your favorite brand of ice cream packed in a DIXIE *—and look for the maker's name on the* DIXIE *lid!*

5¢

Yum! Yum-m! Ice Cream in a new form

The Masters of the Ice Cream Industry offer you their good ice cream in a delightful new form!

Those men by whose genius Ice Cream has been made America's most wholesome, most popular dairy-food, are now giving it to you in DIXIES. The Leaders of the Industry in every section of the country are once more showing the world *why* they are the *Leaders*—going the limit to give America the best. By putting their ice cream in DIXIES, they keep it one-hundred per cent good, one-hundred per cent pure. Frozen in DIXIES and sealed tight, right at the plant, their ice cream retains all its full-bodied flavor, all of that melt-on-the-tongue creaminess which made mother's home-made, fresh-from-the-freezer ice cream such a dream.

And for that individual portion of two flavors of delicious ice cream packed in a dainty, appetizing, handy DIXIE—you pay the enormous sum of one nickel! And a little wooden spoon goes with each DIXIE. A treat? Why, it's a *sensation*—it's the biggest treat ever offered to the finicky American palate!

Ask your ice cream dealer for DIXIES, *and if he hasn't your favorite ice cream in* DIXIES, *send us the manufacturer's name and the name of the brand.*

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP CO., INC., Easton, Pa.
Original Makers of the Paper Cup

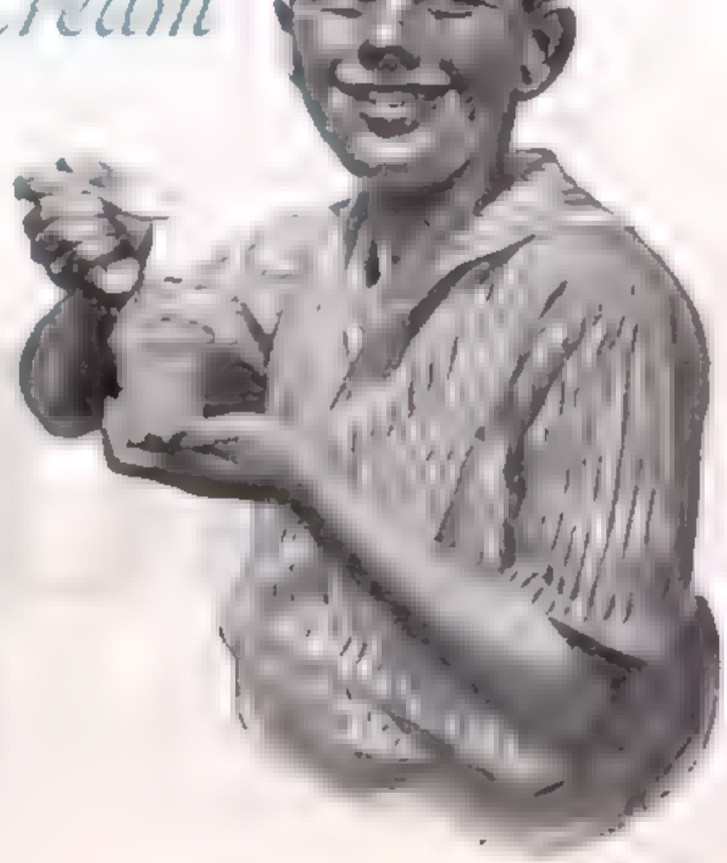
DIXIES

Packed with your favorite Ice Cream

5¢

What is a DIXIE?

A dainty, inviting, individual container for good things to eat and drink. In addition to DIXIES for ice cream, Individual DIXIES for drinks are found in the stations and coaches of railroads, in offices, theatres, hotels, restaurants, at the better soda fountains. And at most drug, stationery and department stores you can get DIXIES in convenient cartons for home or picnic use.



TOMATO VITAMINS

Hiking– and the next best appetizer

Snider's Catsup adds the zest of all outdoors to your food

HOW good everything tastes when you're really hungry! Say, after a five mile hike. Or with a generous helping of Snider's Catsup to put an edge on appetite.

Snider's adds that outdoors zest because it is made of tomatoes grown out in the sunshine and ripened on the vine and bottled the same day they are picked —nature's rare flavor *fresh-kept.*

But the freshness of Snider's Catsup means more than appetizing taste. It is a sign of health —that the rich supply of vitamins found in the tomato, the world's leading vitamin food, has been *fresh-kept* too.

Use Snider's Catsup as an appetizer and also to help make up for the lack of vitamins in many foods, giving you more of that vital spark which your system demands. Here's a case where health says to appetite, "Eat all you want."

Snider's

TOMATO PRODUCTS

Important Booklet—free. For better health and appetite read the story of vitamins and tomatoes. Address Snider, Temple Building, Rochester, New York

(Continued from Page 178)

been making. It began with the thought: What I should do with him if he were mine! Then either he was hers or she was his, and it had to be decided. They were alone on an island. The struggle was terrific, brutal, dangerous. If he conquered her she would be his slave; yet she was afraid he might not.

"How interesting!" she said to herself. "My own phantasy. Therefore I could do anything I pleased with it. I might have hit him on the head with a stone, but I didn't."

After that she stopped going herself for fruits, vegetables, olive oil, and so on, perceiving clearly why she had been doing it.

It was 6:30 when she turned the last page of her French novel. Yawning, she tossed the book in the fire, then sat down at her desk and wrote a note for Miss Lillibridge to find. This was the note:

Get Mr. Capuchin at his hotel before noon and have him in to tea. Tell him I am interested in his newspaper.

Then she went to bed, saying to herself aloud, "What a blessing it must be to have a one-story mind."

V

WALKING home from Jael's house, Fitzjerald passed again through Washington Square. The wind was upside down, with its maximum velocity along the ground. The waste and wear, leakage and leavage of a city's cast-off day were running on the gale to the second and third cornice lines. Chewing-gum wrappers, metallic dust, scurrilous particles, absurdities of waggish matter; also editorial opinions, dogmas, syndicated news of the world, comic strips and propaganda. Soiled diurnal foliage of the Caxton plant, the printing tree, uncontrollably deciduous.

"Matter returning to idea," he thought, and began again that struggle with his mind.

Movement—that was idea. Wind—that was idea. Woman was idea, purposefully cosmic to begin with, afterward overlaid with ideas of manner and vanity, and now a thing with twinkling legs passing there in the light, silk to the knee, fur from there up. Civilization—that was idea, including everything, even that mortician's gilded advertisement silently swinging on a bronze-metal bracket at the corner. Object unique, existing in its own humor, complete, well defined in space, raised out of the void, as everything was, once invisible as a principle, then a seed, a shrub, a tree, a board of common commerce, now a painted reminder of the hideous enigma. Where to from here, oh, giddy lumber? Atrocious word. "Mort," from *mors*, meaning death; "ician," a suffix, meaning skilled therein. Therefore, one skilled in death. Death specialist inside. Not a worse word, perhaps, than undertaker, only that everybody had got used to that one. . . .

There he caught himself. He was doing it again, what he had been doing all day, all his life. Leaving the point to pursue its reflections, always missing the elusive essence. He began all over.

The illusion that is things; the reality that is idea before things. That was the thought. He would hold immovably to the center of it; press there until the door opened. Those electric lights, hairlike filaments gleaming at incandescent heat in tiny vacuum holders—they were idea. How fragile and yet how cunning to be thus invincible! The wind, with all its breath, unable to blow one of them out; with all its strength unable to bend one of their beams, nor could if it knew the secret. Suppose that idea were lost; suppose it had never been born. What difference would that make? Business of living and dying and getting a little more and a little worse civilized all the time—that would go on just the same. Another aspect of idea would stand in that one's place. He himself, struggling to express idea in a certain form, was himself idea. Take it that he should fail. The idea he struggled with would nevertheless exist. It would appear in some other aspect later, as a mechanism, a slot machine for suicides, a mathematical or cookery formula.

But he could not touch it with his senses.

He thought of those writers whose method it is to stare at the thing until they are rid of their minds—if they have minds to begin with—and then rise from the deep with some absurd irrelevancy that does somehow reveal a new aspect of the thing's character. He thought of the woman who once said to him the smell of Fourteenth Street made her think of fried clothes. Preposterous! Yet that was the smell of Fourteenth. More, it was Fourteenth Street itself.

Yes, women could do it. They were natural imagists. Being pure idea, idea played freely through them. They were not frustrated by intellect. Intellect! Piffling encumbrance. Man's power of abstract thinking—what did that prove? It might only prove his weariness. His mind was a monkey fumbling at a lock, eager, petulant, trifling, turning away at the wrong moment, staring into space trying to think what it is he can't remember. If the door flies open—yes then what? Then he can go out and in again. . . .

Above—as suddenly, for a moment, it might be visible through wells in the lower maelstrom—the sky was clear and hard. The moon was there, rakishly peering down. Manhattan's vast upper image was a dim illusion, a painted fiction concave to the point of view, fastened only by the footlights, those frail unwinking ideas, in place of something else unthought of, holding like a frame of reference in whirling space, pledging witness to the probability that what was remembered of solid forms in three dimensions would be true again tomorrow.

"A witches' night!" Fitzjerald thought. That set him off once more.

What guilty objects, those old newspapers, astride the wind, moving in a plane of dimness above the lights! They might seem to be making obscene gestures, like witches.

Witchcraft had been real because it was an idea—an idea the witches had of themselves; an idea people had of witches. Notions of good and evil; notions of magic; notions of flying; *videlicet*, ideas. Here were ideas literally flying. Vehicle, once printed matter, or, that was to say, trees converted into wood pulp, instead of the New England broomstick or the imaginary animal of the Scottish witch. It was the Scandinavian witches who flew on trees—trees as they grew. One might see, too, that these objects had a sense of direction, some trick of dirigibility, hither bound from Bank Street, Grove Street, Waverly Place, Third Street, Jones Street, all those bias environs west and south where every cult of disaffection had its coven, priest or priestess. As who than he should know them better?

Youth in its radical, self-conscious phase, and not very vital, else it would not have time to invent for itself a symbol of flame to worship. Much of that. Ego stuff; innocuous. . . . Then those making it a point of difference with society to live romantically in obsolete tenements under some fanciful sign of protest. A good deal of that; boredom, mostly, increasing with wealth. . . . Artists pretending to be scornful of puritanical opinion, to which they were not indifferent, since they spent all their strength to shock it. . . . Writers, too, bulging their eyes at the keyhole, reporting life as a peep show. Not that they were dirty. The great ancients were dirty, only they did not know it. . . . Free unions wearing the soiled garment of revolt because otherwise they should be naked. They must pay respectability the homage to keep feud with it. Silly stuff! . . .

Others, however, such as ego-mad communists; self-chosen saviors of the proletariat, avoiding work; anarchists, jealous of the law's protection; pacifists, dreaming of a war to exterminate militarists; idealists, living grossly; Jack Cades, thinking themselves Cromwells; political refugees from Europe, thinking themselves Lenines and liberators. Economic perverts, living by what they denounced, trading on the evil eye, setting their incantations adrift on wood-pulp paper, pretending in their ideas to possess the sorcery to plow a rich man's field with toads and reap barley from his thistles.

Imagine them overcome by faith in their ideas, as the witches were by their belief in the power of the blood-suckled creatures they kept in their imp pots. Then the parallel. On a night like this their ideas take possession and carry them off to a devil's Sabbath where anything you will is true. No harm to the witches, old or new. They were sure to come awake again where and as they were. No harm to the furtive old man, walking carefully and looking always behind him, who came every morning an hour before dawn to gather up all the old newspapers in Washington Square, folding and sorting them particularly. No harm either to capitalistic society, never to be destroyed by spells and curses, never from without, but only, if ever, from within. . . .

But how infantile, how circular, this human intelligence! What was it the old witches bargained with Satan for? Power—the power to redistribute good and evil in the world. This had turned out to be a power of evil only; because, first, it was an impotent power, except as it might act upon human fear; and because, secondly, its possessors, unable to do good, became wholly intent upon doing evil to others in envy, malice and disappointment. And so, still, in this day of artificial light. What was the faith of old witches? Faith in the power of a phrase to change realities. "Thout, tout, throughout and about." Merely that, and anything might happen as you wished it. True, still, in the age of applied science. What was then, as now, the greatest common delusion? That you could overcome the disagreeable facts by the simple rite of denying their existence. And the greatest of all human passions? The passion for martyrdom. . . .

For a moment he was pleased and even a little admiring of his mind. What he had just been thinking was not altogether bad. Not bad at all. Good, in fact—very good. He would turn it to some account in an essay. Then his critical faculty reviewed it and it went to pieces. It was bad—intrinsically bad. Not that any part of it was false, but that as a whole it represented a fatal confusion of the substance that was idea with the evanescence that was thing. This always happened. It was his curse. Nothing he did with his creative power ever escaped the destructive acid of his critical judgment.

VI

CAPUCHIN returned to New Freedom moving the waters before him. He had in his pocket a blind draft on a New York bank for fifty thousand more than enough to buy the only important newspaper in the state. At the last moment he had had the inspiration to boost the figure that much; afterward he justified it neatly on the ground that the excess was working capital. He meant to put it all in. With him to New Freedom went Dwind, to write him a banking law—loaned for that purpose by the Lothian College—and Semicorn, to do what should turn out to be best. On the train Capuchin talked a great deal, all the time, in fact, and Dwind became irritated by it. He wished to be meditating.

"How long have you known Jael?" Capuchin asked him.

"Miss Saint-Leon?" said Dwind, in a tilted tone.

"I mean ——" said Capuchin, his face slightly crumpled.

"I knew her in college," said Dwind, leaving a proper interval for the other's abashment.

But it was much easier to step on Capuchin than to get off. His secondary reactions were positive. Why shouldn't he call her Jael? Why should others give

(Continued on Page 186)

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ELEVEN PLANTS
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(Continued from Page 183)

themselves airs about taking that privilege? He had called her Jael at tea, and he had got more out of her at one stroke than Dwind had got in his whole life.

So he returned, saying, "A very strange woman, Jael"; as if he had known her from childhood.

"Why do you say so?" Dwind asked.

"I was only thinking," Capuchin replied, and said no more. He had been thinking she was strange. It was about the draft. When he went in for tea the first thing she said was: "How much will that paper cost?" With great presence of wit he mentally added fifty thousand and named the whole figure.

"As a loan or as a gift?" she asked.

This was too unexpected. "As a loan," he said. "You might take a mortgage, only as the law is that would have to be reported. I thought perhaps my note would do. Then nobody need know whose money it is."

"Your note will do," she said, and began to write the draft. As she handed it to him, he said, "What if I had said as a gift?"

"I should have considered it," she answered.

He held the draft, twisting and looking at it. "Of course," he said, "it would not have occurred to me—I mean, as to the—I was thinking only of a loan, but if ——"

He could think of no way to say it that would not seem rather bald. She frowned while he hesitated, then smiled a little and said they would leave it as it was. And ever since he had been calling himself a fool and wondering at her hardness in that one moment. He almost told Dwind, wishing somebody's opinion on what would have happened if he had said as a gift. She might only have been trying him.

VII

THE capital of New Freedom was a flat, checkerboard town of six thousand people, clinging to a railroad tangent. It had a trolley line, three banks, one eight-story office building, an Odd Fellows Hall, two movie theaters, nine gas stations, electric lights, a chiropractor, a tourist camp, a country club, no trees, three-quarters of a mile of boulevard with lights down the middle and geometrical spaces indicated for botanical effects. In first appearances there was no indication of a revolution having taken place. Everything was running. People were going about as usual. They seemed suspicious of strangers, however, and that certainly is not standard equipment in the Western specification. There were other signs when you came to see them and the view deepened.

At the Chamber of Commerce the publicity man was clearing out his desk, moving, going away to look for another job of boosting. No more funds for that purpose here.

On an easel in the hotel lobby was a notice: Rotary Club Luncheon Postponed.

One at all sensitive to the atmosphere of a bank would have known at once, just inside the door, that the sky had fallen. And one used in such matters must anyhow have noticed the figure of Anx. Plaino standing in the window of the First National, twice its size thus magnified by the rage of Jeremiah, that was on him. In the other window, the First National was on the main corner, with two plate-glass windows in front; the other was a tombstone, chiseled as follows:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF THE
FREEMEN'S LEAGUE
BORN WITH A POSTDATED CHECK
NOW GONE TO FIND ITS REDEEMER
DIED (BLANK)

Against the plate glass, to be read from the outside, was this singular communication to whom and all concerned:

When the date is filled out on the bottom of that tombstone any man willing to work may borrow money at this bank on his experience and character. Few will have anything else to borrow on. As we started with nothing, so, when the time comes, we can begin all over again. Until then, Yours truly,

ANX. PLAINO

He was a violent old party, though not quite so fierce as his face, which was all crossed with red and purple veins. He had put his bank's assets deep in the salt and was there to stand a siege of any length; no compromise desired. His loan window was shut and locked.

Capuchin had wished his absence to be treated with dignified mystery. Only the governor was supposed to know where he was or when he should return. Nevertheless, at the station, besides the governor, were fifty or sixty men, mostly members of the legislature, each one impatient to have his recognition; also two hundred or more curious idlers. The instant he alighted he was surrounded. Many hands were outstretched, some holding papers or waving them to catch his eye. There was a confusion of voices. To all this he was deaf and blind.

Pointing to the name on the end of the railroad station, he said to the governor, "Why hasn't that been changed?"

"They say they won't," the governor answered.

"Who says they won't?" Capuchin shouted. "Give them twenty-four hours or we'll change it ourselves. We'll pass a bill to make them elevate their tracks. Tell them that. They won't, eh!"

Then he divided himself between brushing himself off with his pocket broom and shaking hands all around but with an absent, exasperated air. He stopped and beckoned the governor to come close.

"Don't put anything like that in writing," he said. "Understand? Intimate it. That's enough."

The governor nodded, winked knowingly, and made off. He walked as one does in a furrow, lifting one foot higher than the other, loosely.

Capuchin had forgotten to introduce him to either Dwind or Semicorn. He had forgotten them in fact. He looked around for his bag, which someone had already taken up, and started for his office. The distance was only two squares, and he was an hour making it. As he silenced the importunities of one by saying, "All right—all right. We'll see about it," or "Fine idea! Bring it to me when I'm not so busy," and pushed a few steps on, another would break in and again he would stop.

One read to him a long typewritten treatise on single tax and simply could not be stopped. Capuchin put the paper in his pocket. Another had a bill for free seeds, another a bill for gas and fertilizer to be distributed by the state at cost, another a bill to abolish the state agricultural college on the ground that it had the capitalistic view of production. Everyone seemed to know that he had no hours, no habits, no time at all, and that the way to get his attention was to dangle an object before it. If it was an interesting object he could not resist the impulse to examine it; and to hold his attention it was necessary only to keep the object moving, until a more interesting one got interposed. Then he turned to that one, forgetting the other instantly.

A voice behind him said, "D'j'u see the speculators boosted wheat two cents?"

Off he went at once on the economics and ethics of grain speculation, treating it not as a subject but as an object. He could see the speculators at their nefarious work. He saw them putting up the price of wheat to discredit him and the Freemen's League.

Another voice asked, "What are we going to do about it?"

That was a new object. Instantly he visualized the future of New Freedom. The word was integration. He pronounced it as if he had originated its sound and meaning. They were going to integrate the activities of New Freedom, integrate agriculture and industry together, base one on the other, as it should be, and so achieve economic liberty, spiritual freedom and common prosperity. It had been once like that in a crude way on the farms of their forefathers.

Everything they wanted, those forefathers, they raised and made for themselves. The community self-contained; that was it. Farming at the base, then their own grist mills, sawmills, tanneries, boot-and-shoe shops, spinning wheels, looms, forges, soap kettles, smokehouses. Labor contentedly integrated; secure from exploitation. Modernly it had to be achieved on a large scale; a whole state regarded as one community. But there was the model in full principle; no speculators; no middlemen; no unfair exchange. Idyllic existence magnified.

As he talked the object became clearer, even vivid. Much of this he was seeing for the first time. His inspirations came to him in that way, under stress of vocal meditation, and when he spoke in this mood he had a far-away look in his eyes.

His office was still where it was at first, in the publishing plant of the Freemen's League organ. As at last they came to the door, his chief organizer broke in with a report on the state of the League, and that stopped him again.

"Go right in," he said to Dwind and Semicorn. "I'll be through here in a minute."

For an hour more he stood there on the pavement, talking, listening a little, making decisions, giving instructions, while Anx. Plaino, as he well knew, was looking on from across the street.

With a dismissing gesture of both hands, he broke away and dashed inside.

His private office was a room not more than ten feet square. There were two wooden chairs and a sectional bookcase with a hat and some old shoes in it. His desk was half buried in papers, books, pamphlets and letters that had slid off; what had not slid off had slipped the other way toward the center, leaving a trough, or little valley in which he worked. Semicorn was there alone.

"Where is Mr. Dwind?" Capuchin asked.

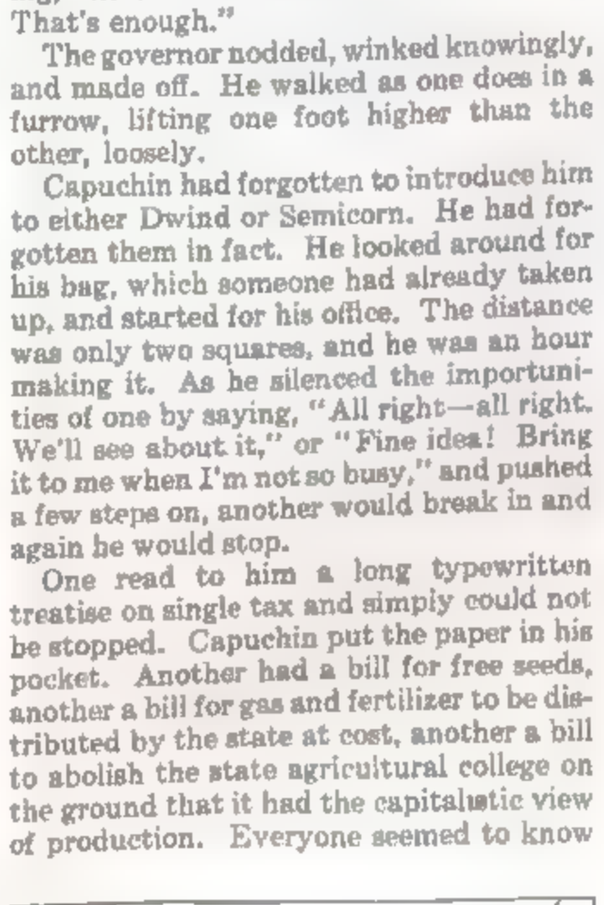
"Gone to the hotel," said Semicorn. "What am I to do?"

Capuchin pressed his temples and covered his eyes, trying to remember everything.

"What are you to do, Mr. Semicorn? Yes." He looked up, then began dusting his person briskly. "Pending further events, Mr. Semicorn, you will be my fido akatees. That is to say, you will stick around. I need somebody with me all the time. Maybe you can think of a way to keep these people off. You see how it is. I never get any time to think. Come with me now."

He led the way out through a back door. He was going to buy the newspaper. That he could not forget.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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Make it a point, on your next shopping trip, to see the Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair—and to sit in it. Or mail the coupon for a free booklet, which shows just how this chair will harmonize with the rest of your living room furniture. THE C. F. STREIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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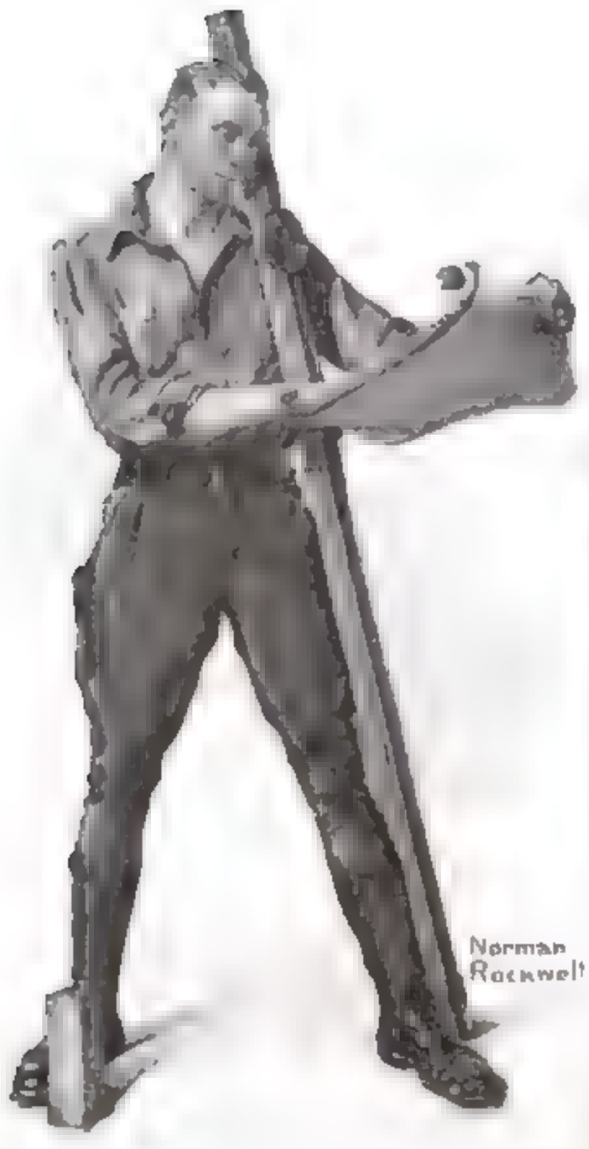

Don't talk to Eric about wide open spaces.

His idea of a real thrill is a Saturday night once a month in a tank town where there's cactus on Main Street and perhaps one place where they've got ice enough to get a drink, good and cold. Sometimes, when he gets a week-old newspaper from the coast, he has a lot of fun reading "What the Well-Dressed Man Will Wear." But his own scarred and work-stained wardrobe is eloquent testimony of what should be worn where there are bridges to build, mountains to scale, rattlesnakes, alkali and sage brush.

On the frontiers of nations or of commerce, breeches, the trousers that are made to tuck in boots, are the standard equipment of men who do things. (*)

"10c a Button: $1.00 a Rip" originally was just a slogan—a homely, but sincere expression to the public of honest manufacturing intent. Today, the slogan is a monument to a promise kept unswervingly for more than forty-six years—it is one of the *tangible* differences between Dutchess Trousers and other trousers.

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POUGHKEEPSIE (Dutchess County) NEW YORK

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"Going on Nineteen" in FLANNELS
"Mr. Tracy of Tracy, Tracy & Tracy in KNICKERS
"I'm a Big Boy Now, Pop" in COLLEGIATES
"Young Whippet" in DRESS TROUSERS
"Hair Splitter Evans" in WORK TROUSERS
"As Good as He Looks" in SPORT TROUSERS
"That Darn Bennett Kid" in BOY SCOUT KNICKERS

COCONUTS

(Continued from Page 11)

Story shook his head. "Figures don't mean anything to me," he replied. "Wadlin's my man for that."

Marr grinned. "I do my own figuring," he declared. "Then there's no mistake."

"Wadlin doesn't make mistakes," Story replied. "He wouldn't be here if he did. I can't waste time on such details."

The other chuckled. "All right. But you, Wadlin, see what you make of this. Give me a number with two digits."

Wadlin glanced at Story, and the other nodded; and Wadlin said quietly, "Ninety-nine!"

"Right," Marr agreed, and wrote on the paper before him. "Here you are," he said, and showed Wadlin what he had written. Wadlin glanced at the paper, saw there:

297
99

"Now give me another figure with two digits," Marr commanded. "You give me two numbers and I'll write two, and they'll all add up to two-ninety-seven."

Wadlin smiled faintly. "Ninety-nine," he repeated; and Marr wrote the digits down, and then hesitated, and then grinned ruefully.

"Shucks, you know it," he protested.

Wadlin shook his head. "Two-ninety-seven is ninety-nine plus one-ninety-eight," he said crisply. "Half one-ninety-eight is ninety-nine. You would subtract my number from ninety-nine and write the result as your number; do that twice. Obvious."

"Wasn't obvious to me," Marr protested, stared at the little man. "Say, are you satisfied with your job?"

"Yes," said Wadlin, and Marr grinned again and rose.

"Well, I'll move on," he announced. Glanced at Story. "Bidding on the hospital?" he inquired.

"I propose to," Story assured him.

"Wasting time," Marr declared. "I'm taking that myself. Let it alone."

Story smiled, and the other departed. Story glanced at Wadlin. "All right," he said. "Where were we?"

"Roof supports," Wadlin replied.

Story bent to his papers again. "We'll have to cut it fine to beat him," he commented. "He'll take a loss to get it; risk the inspection. All right, let's go on."

Wadlin looked at the other man's bowed head in a curious, appraising way.

"He'd probably pay you more than you're getting here," Story added, without looking up. "I don't want to stand in your way. You're getting all you're worth to me."

"Naturally," Wadlin replied.

"It's doubtful whether I'll ever pay you any more," Story insisted.

"Points of support. Reënforcement," Wadlin prompted; and they returned to the business in hand.

They were working on the matter of the hospital contract. The plans had been drafted by the state department which had the matter in charge; the specifications were exact and rigid; the amount of detail involved was enormous. Another than Wadlin might have been lost in the maze of figures, but the little man moved happily among his notes and his calculations, and Story, having put the matter in his hands, refrained from interference. The bids were to be opened in the offices of the department at noon on the twenty-fifth of February.

Dana, Story found, would not bid. "Too big for me, with what I have on hand," the other man said. Asquith would bid; but Asquith's banking background was weak. Story had no fear of him. There might be an outsider, someone not yet heard from; but if there were such a man his figure was not likely to be low, or if it were, the bond for performance must discourage him. Marr, Story felt sure, was his only real rival.

By the middle of February Wadlin had completed his calculations. He laid, one morning, a neat slip of paper on Story's desk. Story picked it up, read:

"At prices current, wages current, total cost to you of construction, including office charges and all other items, will be $393,462.10."

Story studied it for a moment, looked up at little Wadlin with a stern eye. "You understand," he said, "I'm relying on your figures."

"The figures are correct," Wadlin replied precisely.

"If you've any doubt, say so. I can hire a man to check them for a hundred dollars."

"I have no doubt."

Story nodded. "All right," he said in dismissal, and Wadlin withdrew. Story began to calculate. His thoughts were vague and general. The labor situation was stable; no apparent likelihood of trouble; the market on materials gave no indications of approaching fluctuations. He might discount the possibility by advance purchases.

"Call it four hundred thousand," he thought. "Allow fifty thousand for mishaps. Four hundred and fifty. Say a profit of fifty thousand. Five hundred thousand. That's a fair price on the building too." Sat still for a while, considering—considering not figures but the human factor—Marr.

"He can build as cheaply," he confessed to himself. "He'll scamp if he has to. He can bid four-fifty. If I do that I'll have to scratch for my profit."

Rang for Wadlin again. "Have you a copy of these figures?" he asked, twisting the scrap of paper in his hand.

"All totals destroyed," Wadlin replied; and Story nodded and ripped the paper into little shreds and dropped them into his ash tray, touched a match to them there.

"It's a question of Marr," he said, half aloud; and Wadlin seemed for a moment about to speak, then held his tongue. There was, if Story had looked that way, a curious devotion in his eyes. After a moment the little man turned and left the room.

But that night when he got back to his boarding house there was an abstraction in his manner not usually to be seen there. He set down his daily records. Two-o-two-three calories. Three hundred and twelve steps from the subway platform to his room. He noted this discrepancy; he must have lagged a little on the way. Stumbled, it may be. Fifteen steps from his seat in the car to the foot of the stair. Eleven minutes, twenty-one seconds waiting to be served in the restaurant. Spoken to by the waiter and by the lodger in the hall. Total words—fourteen by him, five by the waiter and the lodger. Time in the office eight hours, seven minutes, fourteen seconds. Time in transit one hour, fourteen minutes, twelve seconds. Time eating—breakfast twelve minutes, three seconds; lunch thirty-six minutes, even; dinner forty-eight minutes, nine seconds. Expenditures ——

Set all these matters gravely down. Yet in the end seemed not content. He put his records away and for a while sat thinking, his pencil making idle rows of figure 7's on a blank sheet of yellow paper. And in the end he went to his shelves and took out a book in which were pasted newspaper clippings, sheaves and sheaves of them; and he began painstakingly to read them through. Found at last one that held his eye.

Before he went to bed that night he made a note of the facts that he had lost three ounces during the day and that he had stayed up an hour and ten minutes and twenty seconds later than usual. But these circumstances seemed not to distress him; there was a certain contentment in his countenance as he lay in the darkened room before he went precisely off to sleep at last, as his long habit was.

When his own tasks next day were done he deviated from his long routine; instead of going directly to the restaurant where he was accustomed to dine, and then to his room, he sought out the building in which Marr's office was, and inconspicuously waited there for Marr to emerge. Later he followed Marr. It might have been apparent to a spectator that Wadlin was trying to discover where Marr went, what the other man would do.

The hospital bids were to be in on the twenty-fifth, to be opened at noon that day. On the twenty-third, in the afternoon Wadlin approached Story, sought an interview; and when they were face to face the little man said diffidently:

"I wish to tell you that it is possible Marr will not bid on the hospital."

Story looked at the little man attentively. "What makes you say that?"

Wadlin did not reply. "If I am not in the office on the morning of the twenty-fifth," he said, "I will telephone you. I should know by then."

Story rose. "I say," he challenged, "what are you about? Are you planning something?"

"A mathematical recreation," said Wadlin precisely. "I will try to telephone. I hope his bid will not be in on time."

And for fear of saying more than he meant, he turned and took himself away; left Story to sit uncertain there, to weigh the possibilities in what Wadlin had suggested.

Marr was a bachelor and his home was in an apartment uptown. But it furnished him only with lodgings and breakfast. He had a tremendous appetite for work, was as like as not to stay in the office till uncertain hours; and this was particularly true when there was pressing business afoot, as it now was. At such times, however, he came down to dine in a small restaurant on the lower floor of his office building before returning to his evening stint of calculating and of planning. Wadlin had observed this habit of his.

On the evening of the twenty-fourth when Marr thus came into the restaurant the place was almost deserted. Only here and there at isolated tables solitary diners sat.

Marr was a gregarious man; he preferred company when there was company to be had; and Wadlin had seen him at such moments as this and survey the room, seeking some acquaintance among the persons there. When Marr thus looked about the room this evening he saw Wadlin at a distant table. The little man had not yet been served; he was absorbed in some task; he bent over a notebook open on the cloth and labored therein with calculations. Marr chuckled, brushed past the head waiter and crossed to the table where sat the little man; he clapped Wadlin on the shoulder, and when Wadlin looked up with dull and inattentive eyes Marr asked heartily:

"What are you figuring? Hospital? Late for that, isn't it?"

"I don't expect you're through figuring yet," Wadlin responded somewhat tartly.

Marr nodded. "Can't get the last word from the subcontractors till tomorrow morning," he agreed. "But my part of it's all done." He glanced at Wadlin's notebook. "That doesn't look like specifications."

Wadlin said somewhat morosely, "Just a problem that interested me."

"Stuck, are you?"

"I haven't found the key yet," Wadlin confessed. "The method of attack."

"What is it?" Marr insisted. "I never saw a problem yet that would stick me."

The waiter came to take his order; and their conversation was interrupted. But when the man was gone Marr returned to the point. "What's your difficulty?" —

Wadlin protested. "Oh, it's just a trick thing."

"Let's have it," Marr insisted "Let's have it."

(Continued on Page 188)

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BOOKKEEPING. ADDING. CALCULATING MACHINES

(Continued from Page 186)

The little man still hesitated, said at last reluctantly, "Why, I had it at noon from a man uptown. Haven't been able to get it yet." Marr made an impatient, peremptory gesture; and Wadlin said vaguely, "It's just a problem in indeterminates, I think."

"What is it, man?" Marr cried. "Let me in on it. I'll straighten you out in no time."

"I don't want to bother you," Wadlin argued. "It's not as simple as it looks. I've been at it six hours and more."

"What is it? What is it?" Marr demanded. "You act as though it were confidential."

So at last Wadlin told him. "Well," he explained, "according to the way the thing was given to me, five men and a monkey were shipwrecked on a desert island, and they spent the first day gathering coconuts for food. Piled them all up together and then went to sleep for the night.

"But when they were all asleep one man woke up, and he thought there might be a row about dividing the coconuts in the morning, so he decided to take his share. So he divided the coconuts into five piles. He had one coconut left over, and he gave that to the monkey, and he hid his pile and put the rest all back together."

He looked at Marr; the man was listening attentively.

"So by and by the next man woke up and did the same thing," Wadlin continued. "And he had one left over, and he gave it to the monkey. And all five of the men did the same thing, one after the other; each one taking a fifth of the coconuts in the pile when he woke up, and each one having one left over for the monkey. And in the morning they divided what coconuts were left, and they came out in five equal shares."

He added morosely, "Of course each one must have known there were coconuts missing; but each one was guilty as the others, so they didn't say anything."

Marr asked sharply, "But what's the question?"

"How many coconuts were there in the beginning?" Wadlin meekly explained.

Marr laughed. "Why, that's simple enough. You just ——"

But their victuals were served; the table was filled with viands; they could find no room for calculations. So when they were done Marr said, "Here, you come upstairs to the office and we'll work this out. It won't take long."

"I'd like to get it," Wadlin agreed, "before I go to sleep. There must be a formula, some way to work it."

"Won't take five minutes," Marr declared; and Wadlin said meekly:

"Well, I believe the record is fifty-eight minutes. But I've been at it hours."

Marr laughed. "Went at it wrong," he insisted. "Come along upstairs."

In Marr's office the big man bade Wadlin sit down; himself took pad and pencil. "Here, I'll show you," he explained. And, while Wadlin watched him with some attention, he wrote swiftly:

"x—original pile; a, b, c, d, e—shares of each man."

And he proceeded to form equations:

$$x = 5a + 1$$
$$x = a + 1 + 5b + 1$$

And on in the same fashion, till abruptly he stopped and hesitated. "And that equals the remaining pile," he said. "How much was that?"

"We only know it was divisible by five," Wadlin replied gently.

"Call it y," Marr said carelessly; and Wadlin started to speak, then held his tongue, while Marr proceeded with the processes of substitution. Till presently Marr's pencil came to rest again, and he scratched his head.

"That leaves us two unknowns in one equation," he said reluctantly; and Wadlin nodded and commented in a meek tone:

"I ran up against that too."

"No known quantities in the darned thing," Marr protested.

"No," Wadlin agreed.

"Why, it can't be solved," Marr cried, but Wadlin dissented.

"It's been done," he assured the other man. "You see, you do know the monkey got five coconuts, and you do know there were five men. It's been worked out, but I don't know just how to go at it."

For a moment there was silence; then Marr cried, "Wait a minute; I see it now." And began to write again.

Wadlin watched him with a contented little smile.

They sat late that night, the lighted windows in Marr's office the only gleam against the tall front of the office building. By and by Marr took off his collar; once or twice he rose and strode up and down the room; for a while he labored with a slide rule. And during the first hour or two there were moments when he was discouraged, ready to abandon the task. But at such moments Wadlin had always a suggestion to offer.

"Five must be a factor, somehow," he would say. "I think the number is some kind of a power of five."

And when that line of search was exhausted he would propose that they seek to make a formula.

"There must be one," he urged; "one that would fit all such problems."

Their formula, when they got one, covered four lines of figures and letters, running clear across the sheet; when they solved it—and that took an hour and ten minutes—the result they got was 7; a manifest impossibility.

They checked the formula for errors and found four, and made a new one which would not solve; they strove and panted and perspired; and little Wadlin, with the utmost gravity, made long calculations which came to nothing; solved tremendous equations which gave an absurd result at the end. Sheer weariness drove them at last to temporary surrender; they started uptown in a taxicab, and Marr offered to drop Wadlin at his boarding house.

"I'm not sleepy yet," Wadlin confessed as they were about to part. "A thing like this interests me. I'll probably work till I get it."

"I'll tell you," Marr suggested impulsively. "Neither am I. Come on up to my place and we'll wring this thing's neck somehow. No pile of coconuts can stump me. What do you say?"

"I'd like to get it," Wadlin agreed.

So they went on together, and at Marr's apartment they had coffee and cleared a table and set to work again. But Marr was sleepy, his head continually drooped; and Wadlin at last said, "You rest a minute, sir. You've been doing all the figuring. I've got a new idea I want to try out."

There was a madness on Marr by this time; he shook his head. "No, no, I'm going to get this if it takes me till daylight."

Nevertheless, he did relax in his chair, watching through half-shut eyes Wadlin's flying pencil.

There was a tiny glint of light against its varnished side; it moved erratically yet rhythmically to and fro. By and by a sound came from his chair, and Wadlin saw that the big man was asleep.

He sighed a little, and very quietly he buried his own head in his arms. He was sleepy too. When later he awoke, cramped and stiff and cold, there was daylight in the windows, and Marr was slumped in the chair across from him, snoring heavily. Marr's chair was deep and comfortable; Wadlin brought a blanket from the other room and covered him over. Then he drew the heavy blinds. There was a clock upon the mantel; and he crossed and gently stopped the swinging of the pendulum; and he returned to his chair and kept ward there for a while. Once he looked at his watch and saw with satisfaction that it had run down; Marr's must have done the same. After the clock on the mantel had been still for an hour or so he started it again.

When Marr still slept the little man bethought himself of the telephone; it was, he discovered, in a cabinet in the hall, and he shut himself into the closet and in muffled tones put through a call to Story. When he was done he swathed the bell in his handkerchief so that it would not ring. Came back to the other room.

By and by Marr stirred and roused himself and groaned and opened his eyes to see Wadlin's pencil flying still. The room was dark, the lights burning; the window hangings were heavy.

He said huskily, "Hello!" Roused a little more. "Say, I've been asleep."

"I've almost got it," Wadlin told him. "At least, I've got an idea. You see, we overlooked the simplest thing. We started on the notion that this thing had five for a factor, but four is a factor too. That helps, don't you see. Four is a factor, and so is five; and so twenty is a factor."

"Then the number, if you subtract one, has twenty for a factor," Marr agreed, his interest reviving. "Say, I've been dreaming about coconuts. Millions of them. Fool thing to take us so long." He paused a part toward him. "There aren't so many numbers that have twenty for a factor. Only five in each hundred," he pointed out

"I think we could work it out by experiment that way," Wadlin assented. "But I'd like to do it by formula."

"I want to do it any old way. I'm not ashamed to use by-guess and by-gorry. Brute strength or anything," Marr commented. "Look here, Wadlin, the number remaining must have twenty for a factor too."

"It's the first number that we want," Wadlin reminded him.

Marr began to calculate again, his pencil moving; the point broke and he sharpened it. For a time there was silence between them.

And once, after a long while, Marr looked at his watch, and saw that it had run down; and he wound it and set it according to the clock on the mantel.

"I've got to get downtown by eleven," he said, half to himself. Wadlin made no comment at all.

The little man heard once or twice a muffled burr as the telephone labored to be heard. But it did not penetrate to Marr's ears. And Wadlin was growing very sleepy; it was a tremendous relief to him when at last the time came to say:

"Wait! Now! I'm on the track now, sir."

And in the jubilation over their belated success Wadlin held himself gravely; weary now, full of a vast contentment, and some scorn too.

Then at last Marr discovered that the clock was slow; and so flung an undertone standing curse at Wadlin before he raced hopelessly away downtown.

Marr came storming in that afternoon. Wadlin was there in Story's office; he stood calmly while the big man trumpeted his wrongs.

And Story listened and smiled a little, but made no other comment at all.

Marr told Story he would make it his personal business to drive the other man out of the contracting field; and he swung at last upon Wadlin and poured out his wrath upon the little man.

"You'll get yours too," he promised. "This town will be too hot for you."

Wadlin said quietly, "It's one tale you're not like to tell." He was, in his still way, enjoying himself.

"I don't have to tell it," Marr retorted; but he flushed shamefully. "I've other ways."

"Someone else might tell," Wadlin reminded him warningly.

Marr swelled with speech unuttered, and Wadlin smiled, and Story chuckled and said gently, "Good-by, Coconuts."

The big man stood for a moment trembling, then with a cry he bolted through the door. After he was gone there was a little silence. Wadlin was waiting, and Story was thinking, and it was Story who spoke in the end.

"I got it at a comfortable figure, Wadlin," he said. "I banked on your word that he wouldn't bid. He came in late, and I refused to consent to accept his bid. There'll be a bonus for you."

Wadlin shook his head. "No need of that, sir," he replied.

Story looked at him thoughtfully. "You know," he said, "I don't see just why you did it. Marr had offered you a good job. And he's a mathematical shark, loves figures as well as you do. And I've no interest in such things. I should expect you to want to work for him, tie up with a man like that."

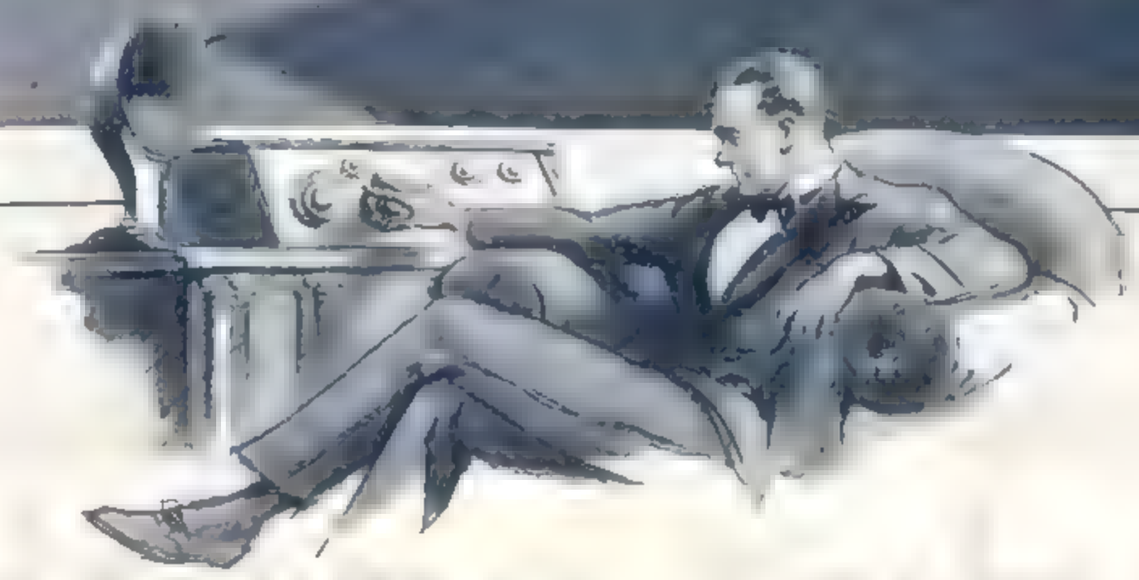
Wadlin hesitated. "Why, no," he said slowly. "You can hire men like me for things like that. He oughtn't to waste his time on them at all."

And Story, considering the matter at his leisure later, found something curiously appealing in the little man's humility. It occurred to him that a man may serve a mistress and despise her still.

If he be a little man.

The Lone Sentinel Island, St. Lawrence River—Thousand Islands

A new type of construction now gives Ray-O-Vac radio batteries—famous for their unusually *low internal resistance*—even *more staying power* than before.



This is the master Ray-O-Vac "B" 45-volt-battery, for all multiple-tube sets, sets requiring more than 16 milliamperes. It gives 45 volts, with one tap at 22½ volts. *Price* $5.00

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Natural, rounded tones

cannot come out of even the finest loud speaker unless the "B" current that produces them comes from a power unit that has *low internal resistance* . . .

OF course there is a difference in loud speakers. Some receiving sets are better than others, too.

But after all, the thing that really makes radio reception possible, is *electricity.*

And there is a difference in the power units that produce the "juice" to operate the tubes and loud speaker.

For the best reception, the "B" current should have as little internal resistance as possible, because such resistance is always amplified by the set along with the radio signals themselves. Resistance in the "B" power unit is often multiplied 10,000 fold so that by the time the signals reach the loud speaker they are distorted and the music sounds unnatural.

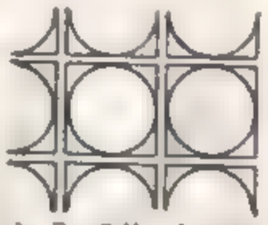
Ray-O-Vac batteries have a minimum of internal resistance. It is only one-sixth to one-third that of other types of "B" power units!

New construction gives 10% to 15% longer life

But better reception is not all that Ray-O-Vac batteries offer set owners. They also reduce operation costs because they last longer.

The hot pitch poured over the tops of the cells in old-style batteries—and which was thought to be necessary to hold the block together—has been successfully replaced by a new and greatly improved type of construction. No longer does the excessive heat of molten material rob the electrolyte in the cells of the moisture so necessary to form the gases that give life and power to the battery.

Section through old-style construction. Solid pitch fills spaces between cells allowing no room for expansion of the electrolyte. Short circuits usually result



In Ray-O-Vac batteries each cell is in a square section, with waterproof acid-proof sidewalls, top and bottom. Expanding electrolyte cannot contact with other cells because the corners of the square compartment allow it room for expansion

Each miniature cell in Ray-O-Vac batteries is now housed in a waterproof, acidproof and sealed carton, so that if the electrolyte eventually breaks through its zinc container it cannot come into contact with another cell, form a short circuit and cut off the life of the battery.

Instead, the electrolyte goes on producing current until almost the entire zinc can is consumed. That is why the new Ray-O-Vacs have over 10% to 15% longer life than even the old Ray-O-Vacs which were always famous for extraordinary long life.

And without the needless pitch top, Ray-O-Vac 45-volt "B" batteries are nearly four pounds lighter than old-style batteries.

Ask for Ray-O-Vacs by name and look for this carton

You cannot determine the internal resistance and staying power of a radio battery by merely testing with a voltmeter. The surest way to know that you are getting radio batteries that have both staying power and low internal resistance is to ask for Ray-O-Vacs and identify them by the carton shown here.

Ray-O-Vac batteries are sold by radio and electrical dealers, hardware stores, and auto supply shops everywhere. If the store where you usually buy does not carry them write us for the name and address of a nearby dealer who can supply you.

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SHADE *SERGE SUITS*

POMP AN' GLORY

(Continued from Page 50)

"You nestle elsewhah," she said irreverently. "Don' nestle on mah do'step. Dat is, not yit. When I gits ready fo' you I lets you know."

"I've come to pay a pastoral call." Mr. Nestle's voice, addressing the panels of the door, was still pleasant, even wheedling, but it had a strained tone. It was hard to stand before a closed door, knowing that a recalcitrant sinner sat stubbornly within. He had promised the winning of Flo not only to himself but to his congregation, and he was determined to succeed, though many had failed. He laid his hand on the latch; it moved, but the door remained shut.

"Aunt Flo, we're going to have a meeting, beginning July first."

There was no audible answer, but Flo said in her heart, "'Zactly when de celebration begins."

"It'll last a week," said Mr. Nestle more loudly.

"All de time ob de celebration," said Flo. "So de members can't see de airplanes an' ride de flyin' horses and spread deyselves to a good time."

"Aunt Flo!" Mr. Nestle shouted.

Flo pressed the tree with a spasmodic motion. "Now he comin' to de pomp an' glory!" she said. An anticipatory chill ran up and down her spine; she was angry and frightened and awed and admiring. She dripped perspiration, and a cool, spiteful little wind which rose suddenly blew over her. It left her little body shivering and shaking like a leaf of the mighty tree.

The voice of Mr. Nestle was a trumpet: "Flo, the time is coming when you'll have to give up the vain pomp and glory of the world." He too had great words. "Better give it up of your own free will. Listen to the word of the preacher and the command of the Lord. Don't stay outside the fold until it's too late. The Lord has had patience with you a great while. Now step over the line and come in."

There was no answer. Mr. Nestle uttered something unintelligible and stepped down from the doorstep.

"Now Lo'd!" cried Flo in her soul. "Help me to move slow, but not too slow!"

She heard the fence quiver as Mr. Nestle touched it in stepping over; she heard his rapidly receding footsteps.

"I likes him well enough," said she. "'Cept when he talks 'bout de vain pomp an' glory. Ise not ready to gib up de vain pomp an' glory. When I jines de chu'ch I jines. I nebbeh steps back ovah de line when Ise once in. But I ain' ready to step in yet."

Like a gray moth she fluttered from the tree. She, too, began to hum, but her song was older:

"Go down, Moses, tell ol' Pharaoh
To let mah people go."

Having tied the rope once more round the gate, she went up the street.

"Ise gone fo' de day, preacher," she said aloud. "I visits de sto's, I visits de ol' families, I invites myself out to dinnah and suppah. I makes de roun's. Bes' of all" Flo grinned, a wicked, a defiant grin—"bes' of all, Ise goin' to hear de news of de pomp and glory, how many people is a-comin', how many bands is a-playin', how many plain people, an' how many generals, how many sojers, how many autos. I hears de President is comin', but dat I don't believe. But generals is comin'—how else will dey fight? Once dey was a monkey heah in a celebration, and once dey was a man what let his bea'd grow from wah times on because de Democrats was out from dat on. It hanged to his knees. Oh, my soul, de time'll pass slow!"

At the corner she stood still and addressed an invisible something.

"You win', you stop shakin' me!" she commanded. "I don' feel you on mah face, but I feels you in mah bones. You stop shakin' me!"

II

FLO walked up the street, supporting herself on her staff. She traveled slowly, having spent a half hour in traversing the few blocks between her house and the center of the town. The air was not clear and warm as it should be in the middle of June, but damp and heavy. A cool wet wind had been blowing; with twilight came a mist; and now at dark rain was beginning. The lamps in the stores shone with a double light. There were gleams like eyes on the pavements and the footing was insecure. On the bricks before the College Church, Flo walked with especial care.

"I knows dis place," she muttered. "Heah whah I comes to help durin' de battle. In dis chu'ch dey cuts off ahms an' laigs, an' I helps 'em. I carries out buckets ob blood. I can't tell ——" Flo stood perfectly still, looking up at tall white pillars. The passers-by were few and those who saw her paid no attention. She went her own queer way and did not like interference. "I can't tell if Ise standin' heah in de battle or now. Dat win' what blows fru mah bones is still blowin'. I shakes like de leaf, an' trembles an' trembles like de pig-foot jelly."

Leaning on her staff, she took a few steps.

"I goes to de butchah and de bakah and de tan'lestick makah. Den I goes back to mah house and makes mahself a hot potion an' goes to mah bed. I outens de light and creeps in, all wahm. I don' want no preacher comin' roun' now. Mo'nin', Ise well."

Putting one foot before the other with great effort, she advanced. Her face was ashen, but no one could see her face. Her body shook, but under her shawl and in the darkness of twilight, no one could see that it shook.

Her jaws tapped softly together, but she had few teeth to give sound to their tapping. At the corner of the square she stopped again.

"What's de mattah wid me is dat Ise hungry," she said with profound relief. "What de mattah is Ise a fool. If I'd 'a' let Annie Garrett in, she'd fetched me victuals. But Ise so 'fraid ob dat Nestling man wid he vain pomp an' glory dat I shuts out mah neighbo's."

Round the square she tottered, her steps growing each moment more feeble, and up the street. She smelled a welcome odor on the air and felt her way into the butcher shop. There a loud voice said, "Hello!"

"Helio, yo'sef," answered Flo. She reached the counter and leaned against it.

"You haven't been here for a week."

"No, sah," answered Flo, always smiling.

"Your voice sounds tired."

"Ise hungry," explained Flo. "Dat's why Ise heah—Ise hungry. Ise hungry an' Ise po', and I coun' you as mah bes' friend in dis worl'."

"Oh, you do!" The butcher lifted a knife and turned toward a good cut of meat. He was a generous soul and he knew Flo's teeth were poor. "Gettin' ready for the celebration?"

The wind had begun to blow more strongly in Flo's body, but this question seemed to lay it for the moment.

"I is."

"President's coming. General Pershing's coming. Six thousand soldiers are going to repeat Pickett's charge."

"Yes, sah." Flo's tone was stronger; it begged, "More! More!"

"Two carnivals. Perhaps a circus. Hasn't been such a time in the old town since 1913."

"Yes, sah!"

"Twenty airplanes."

"Oh, mah soul!"

If the butcher had not been whetting his knife he would have noticed that Flo's voice was suddenly not only tired, but tremulous, as though the wind which blew within her were dying away through quivering reeds. He went on moving his great arm gracefully.

"And tanks!"

"Yes, sah!"

"And blimps. Do you know what a blimp is, Flo?"

When Flo did not answer, he turned his head and saw no Flo. He took three steps and looked down over the counter. A mass of old clothes lay in a heap, beside it a staff. Across the floor rolled a worn basket.

"My heavens!" he cried. "What ails you?"

A clerk returning opportunely from his supper helped to turn Flo into a comfortable position on the sawdust-covered floor.

"Is she dead?" asked the butcher. "Here she stood, and there I stood. She was talking just as free and lively. Flo! Flo!"

"I'll get water," offered the clerk. "She's not dead. She's burning up with fever."

(Continued on Page 197)

"Preacher, Am You Gone?" Asked Flo

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Home owners prefer 40-40-20 because it gives a pure, lustrous, permanent white, yet costs no more than other good paint. It covers well, brushes out easily and leaves an excellent surface for repainting when this finally becomes necessary.

40-40-20 was perfected six years ago by The New Jersey Zinc Company after exhaustive laboratory research and experiment. It has been tested in every conceivable way for wear and weather resistance.

40-40-20 is made by a constantly increasing number of paint companies. These manufacturers, listed on this page, are authorized to use the registered trade mark 40-40-20 on their labels. They prepare 40-40-20 in white and many beautiful tints mixed ready to use, or in paste form for the master painter's use.

Manufacturers of 40-40-20 have dealers all over the country who can supply you with the genuine. Ask your paint dealer for 40-40-20. A copy of the booklet "When White is White," which tells the whole story of this remarkable paint, will be sent you free upon request.

The New Jersey Zinc Company · 160 Front Street, New York City

THE GROWING LIST OF AUTHORIZED MANUFACTURERS OF 40-40-20

THE ALLENTOWN MFG. CO	Allentown, Pa.
THE W. A. ALPERS CO	Cleveland, O.
AMALGAMATED PAINT CO	New York City
ANAHEIM PAINT & PAPER CO	Anaheim, Cal.
ATLANTIC PAINT & VARNISH WORKS, INC	Wilmington, N. C.
BLUE RIBBON PAINT CO	Wheeling, W. Va.
E. R. BOHAN & CO., INC.	Los Angeles, Cal.
BRADLEY & VROOMAN CO	Chicago, Ill.
BREINIG BROS., INC.	Hoboken, N. J.
JOHN G. BUTLER COMPANY	Savannah, Georgia
CALIFORNIA PAINT CO	Oakland, Cal.
CAMPBELL & WISWELL, INC	Boston, Mass.
CARPENTER MORTON CO	Boston, Mass.
COLUMBIA VARNISH CO	Los Angeles, Cal.
CONDIE BRAY GLASS & PAINT CO	Kansas City, Mo.
COOK PAINT AND VARNISH CO	Kansas City, Mo.
THE DEAN & BARRY CO	Columbus, Ohio
THE DEBEVOISE CO	Brooklyn, N. Y.
DENNY, HILBORN & ROSENBACH	Philadelphia, Pa.
HENRY A. DEWEY CO., INC	New York City
DUMONT PAINT MFG. CO., INC	Jamaica, N. Y.
EGAN & HALSMAN CO., INC	Long Island City, N. Y.
FELTON-SIBLEY & CO., INC	Philadelphia, Pa.
A. J. FIELD PAINT CO	Newark, N. J.
THE FLORMAN MANUFACTURING CO	Pueblo, Colorado
THE FOY PAINT CO	Cincinnati, O.
FRAZER PAINT CO	Detroit, Mich.
SAMUEL H. FRENCH & CO	Philadelphia, Pa.
HANLINE BROS.	Baltimore, Md.
HILDRETH VARNISH CO	Brooklyn, N. Y.
A. C. HORN CO.	Long Island City, N. Y.
HUGHES PAINT CO	Los Angeles, Cal.
IMPERIAL PAINT CO	Long Island City, N. Y.
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INTERSTATE CHEMICAL CO	Jersey City, N. J.
JOHNSON McKIM JOHNSON CO.	Linden, N. J.
OLIVER JOHNSON & CO., INC.	Providence, R. I.
FRANK M. KENNEDY PAINT & COLOR CO	Newark, N. J.
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KNOX VARNISH CO	Boston, Mass.
J. F. KURFEES PAINT CO., INC	Louisville, Ky.
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THE LORAIN LEAD & PAINT CO	Lorain, Ohio
MACMILLAN PAINT CO	Detroit, Mich.
THE MAHONING PAINT & OIL CO	Youngstown, O.
THE MARIETTA PAINT & COLOR CO	Marietta, O.
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M. J. MERKIN PAINT CO., INC	New York City
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THE NATROCO PAINT & VARNISH WORKS	Tonawanda, N. Y.
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NORFOLK PAINT & VARNISH CO	Attleboro, Mass.
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ADLER Collegian

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Fair Price — Adler Quality — National Prestige! in Two-Pants Suits

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The result of this change is a complete line of Two-Pants Suits of nationally recognized quality retailing at $35, $40, $45, $50 and $55. The quality of these new Adler Collegian Two-Pants Suits is exactly the same as heretofore, unimpaired in a single detail. They include the latest models as well as those appealing to the conservative man of business.

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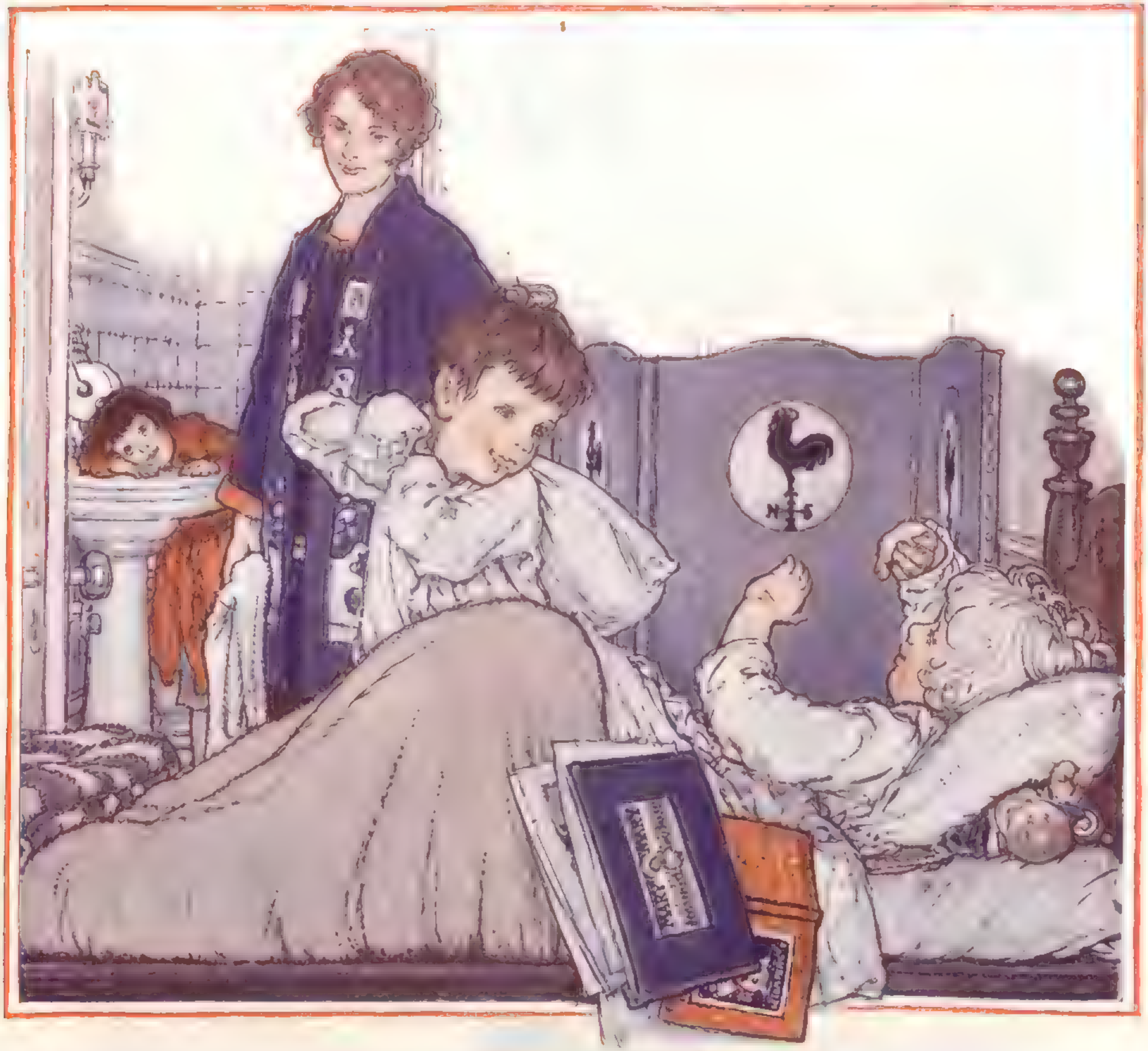

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(Continued from Page 192)

"What'll we do?" asked the butcher.

"Send her home. Phone the minister. They've got a good minister—Reverend Nestle. He'll look after her."

Mr. Nestle arrived promptly, and together he and the butcher lifted Flo to an improvised bed in the butcher's wagon. Flo opened her eyes and smiled feebly.

"Whah's I?" she asked.

"You're sick, Flo. We're taking you home."

"Ise all right," she protested. "Ise hungry, dat's all, an' there's a wind blowin' fru me." She saw among the white faces one black face, pleasant, determined and—to her appalled eyes—triumphant. Her jaw dropped.

"Mah time's not come yet!" she cried feebly.

The butcher stepped to the driver's seat. "Your time's come to get home to bed," said he. "Here, reverend, you sit by me."

III

FLO lay in bed in her cabin. Usually her bed was a mattress on the floor with a thick spreading of old comforts, but now she lay on a cot with a white pillow under her head and a white gown and white sheets against her body. The cabin was clean, and its accustomed state was not cleanliness. It was afternoon, and a sweet, warm air waved the blind at the window. The blind was new; it moved easily, and it admitted no light once it was pulled down.

Flo lay with her hands clasped across her breast. There was a fullness and roundness about her cheeks and a healthy brownness of color which she had not had for months, but her eyes were closed and life seemed to have departed.

In the doorway, in a comfortable chair, sat Mr. Nestle, tall and black, with a Bible open on his knee. Sometimes he looked at Flo, sometimes across the fields, sometimes he read his book. When he looked at Flo his eyes brightened; in spite of her immobility, she was better, and he believed that she was rescued at last from all likelihood of eternal burning. When he looked at the fields his eyes brightened. A city of tents was taking shape; he could see hundreds of dots on the green surface. From that direction, but very faintly, came the sound of voices. It was said that there would be fifty airplanes, but that could not be. But suppose there were thirty or even twenty, sweeping like mighty eagles! It was said that there would be war games and bombing!

When he read his Bible it was with determination. He was young, the air was very soft and sweet; it was hard to tear his eyes from the fields and the sky. He glanced quickly at Flo to see whether she had observed his wandering gaze, but her eyes were still closed. Her symptoms of recovery might be deceptive and she might, after all, slip away without having crossed the line; then, besides losing her, he would suffer another defeat. He had begun to doubt the wisdom of appointing meetings during a celebration, and he had but one drawing attraction—Flo, repentant after decades of pride and stubbornness.

Flo had not yet moved her body, but she had spoken in a feeble voice. He needed to hear her speak for his own reassurance.

"Aunt Flo!" he said.

There was no answer.

"Aunt Flo!"

"Yes, sah." Flo did not move her eyelids, nor did she seem to move her lips, but there was a sound.

"I'm going to read from the Psalms."

"Yes, sah," said Flo with sudden vigor. "Praise de Lo'd!"

Mr. Nestle looked startled, then discomfited, then pleased. It was not possible that one so old and so recently escaped from the jaws of death could mock!

"We'll have you out for the meeting," he said, relieved. "We'll take you on your bed."

"An' when de meeting?" asked Flo.

"Day after tomorrow."

"Yes, sah," said Flo. "Read on."

Mr. Nestle put on his spectacles, which were very large and had very black rims. He read slowly and with feeling. The shadow of the sycamore was heavy and he turned his shoulder toward the door. There was a quiver of Flo's eyelid. He read on and on, taking delight in the resonance of his voice. Flo moved her right hand, then her left. First one foot, then the other described a wide arc under sheet and blanket. Mr. Nestle finished a Psalm and removed his spectacles.

"Are you comforted, sister?"

"Ise 'fraid Ise paralyzed," answered Flo.

"You mean you can't move?"

"Dat's what Ise 'fraid."

A cloud came over Mr. Nestle's face. "You're better."

"Ise betteh an' Ise wo'sah. I don' whistle no' mo' when I breave, an' I don' hab no chills. But dey's a stillness in me dat is not ob dis worl'."

"Flo," said Mr. Nestle earnestly, "you ain't been brought through such sickness to be lost. But you've got to pray. You've got to pray for yourself. You've got to pray now, with me. Are you willing?"

Again the words proceeded from the lips of Flo without motion.

"Ise willin'."

Mr. Nestle knelt. "O Lo'd!" he began.

"Amen!" answered Flo.

"Thou knowest what is in our hearts!"

"Yes, Lo'd!" Though a renegade from church, Flo knew the liturgy.

"Thou knowest our deepest desires!"

"Amen!" echoed Flo, her voice trembling.

The air blew in softly, the preacher went on and on; Flo lay motionless; the shadow of the sycamore deepened. The wind changed its direction slightly and grew a little stronger. It carried the voices from the camp ground and also a dim, faint, deep hum which seemed to come from the sun itself. Flo heard it and her eyes opened as if set with springs, and quickly closed. The preacher heard it; his voice faltered, his own eyelids quivered, but remained closed. He spoke in deeper, louder tones.

"Help this sister, Lord!"

"Help!" muttered Flo. The glorious, mysterious sound came nearer, nearer.

"Get her to the meeting, Lord! Lift her up to the heights! Let her leap the ropes, let her step over the line!"

Flo said nothing at all. Her body tingled, burned, thrilled. Voices! Shouts! The deep hum growing nearer, nearer!

"Amen!" said Mr. Nestle.

Flo did not say amen, and he looked at her sharply. At the same moment he rose to his feet and put his Bible into his pocket. She slept—it was better so. Better that no allurement should trouble her last days. If she heard the planes, she might weep, or she might beg to be taken where she could see them, or her spent heart might long again for the fleshpots now forever denied her.

Closing the door softly, he stepped through the little yard and over the gate. Across the street a group of colored women watched for the arriving planes. They glanced at him and away, half hating him because his presence reminded them of the meetings they were expected to attend.

"How's Flo?" they asked.

"Better."

"She can never get to the meetings."

"Yes, she can," declared Mr. Nestle. "She can be carried on her bed."

The women turned toward him with one accord. The hum of the airplanes was louder and in another instant the fleet must come into view; but airplanes were for the moment forgotten. Into each pair of brown eyes came a look of admiration for the preacher and anticipation for the emotional treat which he promised.

"Twenty preachers have worked on Flo and done nothing," said one woman.

"Twenty!" echoed another. "Forty!"

Inside Flo's house was silence, immobility. With the door shut, the temperature rose to a delicious height.

"Preacher, am you gone?" asked Flo.

She swung her left hand round her head, she swung her right. She sat up and slid from bed. She stood first on one foot, then on the other. She revolved her head, to right, to left. She bent it back, she moved it forward. Rest, cleanliness, milk, broth, good coffee—all had worked a healing and stimulating work.

"I shuah am revived," said she. She walked to the window and lifted the shade. She heard the airplanes coming and breath threatened to choke her. But she did not look up, not yet; her eyes sought the earth, not the air.

"I can get to de back ob mah house while de folks is at dinnah," she said. "Dere is de lilac bushes what I can creep behin'. Den I gets roun' de ba'n, den I drops below de hill. Den Ise free, free!"

The roar of the airplanes grew heavier; there was one in advance like a magnificent bird

"Him am de wil' goose what leads de flock!" cried Flo. "Him ——"

Her hand went out with the swiftness of lightning and pulled down the shade.

"Mah soul!" she cried, moving swiftly toward the bed.

Confused and a little ashamed, the preacher opened the door; in the hurry of departure he had forgotten his hat. He lifted it from the chair and stood looking at Flo, so still, so motionless.

"Flo!" said he. Flo did not answer.

He lifted his heart and his voice; in his earnestness he returned to soft old ways of speech:

"Let her lib till we carries her ovah de line!"

IV

THE sun rose high in cloudless heavens. It was the first of July; Gettysburg had known many warmer July firsts, but none more beautiful. It had never since the battle known so much commotion. On the field camped six thousand soldiers; round the avenues and through the town drove already, though the celebration was not to begin until three o'clock, five thousand automobiles. At the edge of the camp two mammoth balloons tugged at their ropes, quicksilver in the sun. Waiting stolidly, like elephants that would eventually do the hard work, stood fifty tanks. Now coming slowly to rest, now rising in soaring flight, floated twenty airplanes. The sounds of the human voice and of automobile horns never ceased; there was the rattle of musketry and the spitting of a rapid-firing gun. The troops had been instructed in the history of Pickett's charge; it was to be repeated as exactly as possible with one-third of the numbers originally enguged and without the venom of hatred or the spur of fear. Over all, declaring all preparations a play, rang the music of the calliopes from the carnivals. There was not only one carnival or two—there were three.

Flo lay in her bed, motionless, her eyes closed, sheet and blanket drawn to her chin. A new red handkerchief was twisted round her head like a turban. She lay counting it and other blessings.

"I has a good rest in bed. I has de doctor and de nurse—dey ain't goin' to cha'ge me nothin'. I has de good food. I has sheets an' pillow cases an' de head han'kerchief. I has mah house cleaned. De Lo'd took care ob me."

At high noon Mr. Nestle came in. The room was dim after the bright sunshine; it seemed at first as though there was no one there. "Flo!" said he sharply.

It pleased Flo to be addressed twice.

"Flo!" said he again, advancing into the room.

"Yes, sah," answered Flo feebly.

"Where are you?"

"Heah in mah bed, conservin' mah strength."

"That's right," said Mr. Nestle. "Have you had your dinner?"

"Yes, sah. Mis' Garrett, she bring me mah dinnah. Now all I asks is res' an' quiet."

"You think you can drive to the church and sit in a comfortable chair during the meeting?"

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You will find the work easy and pleasant, and, above all, profitable.

Commission

For every subscription that you secure you will be paid a generous commission.

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In addition you will be offered a monthly bonus, based on your production. This alone may run as high as $200.00 a month.

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"Time'll tell," said Flo.

"I'll be here at four, then we'll make the arrangements."

"Yes, sah," said Flo. "So do."

"The devil is busy." Mr. Nestle was troubled by his own response to the sunshine and the shouts and the noise of the calliope.

"I heah him," said Flo. "I heah him tootin' he ho'ns and blowin' he loud brayin'. Sometimes he go flyin' ovah mah bed."

"Those are airplanes." Mr. Nestle was comforted by Flo's alarm. "Shall I get someone to stay with you?"

"No, sah," answered Flo. "When he blows his ho'n and toots, I shets mah eahs. When he flies ovah me, I dodges undah de bedclothes. I ——" the nearest calliope began to play an ancient and heroic air, known to the intelligentzia as Malbrouk s'en va-t-en Guerre, known to Flo as The Bear Goes Over the Mountain. A thrill coursed through the whole of her body. To herself she said, "One mo' minute an' I flies to pieces!" To Mr. Nestle she said, "I needs to sleep if Ise goin' out tonight."

"That's so," agreed Mr. Nestle. "At four o'clock I'll be back. And pray, Flo; the Lord will answer."

"I nebbah prays in mah life's I prays today," said Flo.

Mr. Nestle opened the door and stepped out. "She'll be all right," he said to someone across the street. "We'll leave her sleep."

"Dat's kin'," said Flo, sitting up in bed. The upper part of her body was dressed, not in the clean and pleasant garments provided by her friends, but in the clothes which she wore on the street.

"Dat's bery kin'," said she from the middle of the floor. It was now apparent that she was fully dressed, even to her shoes. "Mah haid's all right. Mah bones is all right. Dis gib me a new lease on life. I kin walk bettah dan befo'."

She descried her familiar shawl and sunbonnet and put them on. There, too, was her staff, leaning in the corner. There, too, was her basket.

"I takes you along, ol' basket," said she "I sort ob leans on you on one side and de cane on de oder, and I puts some refreshments in you fo' de way. If I only gets off! Now's mah chance, while de folks is at dey eatin'."

A tiny but not feeble figure, she slipped out the door. The great tree helped her with its shadow, the time of day helped her, her tininess and thinness helped her. She stepped across the yard on tiptoe, she glided round the corner of the house, she slipped behind the lilac bushes, round the big barn, over the hill. She found a path, trod by her and other colored persons who went in search of dandelion or rock salad or berries, and, safely in it, she stood perfectly still, the cool earth pleasant to her feet. Before her lay the camp, with six thousand moving figures, the glorious globes of silver, the great elephantlike tanks, the soaring eagles, all glittering in the sun. In her nostrils was the odor of cooking food, in her ears was the crack of musketry, the sound of voices, the roar of planes. The six thousand were her friends, the camp mess should feed her, the devices of war were spectacles for her pleasure. Behind her lay Gettysburg—she thought of it also.

"Come da'k, somebody goin' to fetch me back," she said aloud. "Pe'haps I ride on one of dem airplanes, or in one of dem ballooms. Somebody a'ways look aftah me. Den Ise ti'ed an' gwine sit on de steps ob de College Chu'ch an' see all de tourists, and all de sojers an' all de ladies. Tomorrow Ise goin' be all day at de ca'nivals. De news'll be out den; no more hidin' dat Flo ain' goin' step ovah de line yet."

She looked up at the sky.

"I praise de Lo'd dat He answah mah prayer," she said, before she stepped out on the familiar path, her skirts trailing, her lips smiling, her eyes shining through tears. "I praise de Lo'd dat He ain't let me step ovah de line, but dat He bring me back to de vain pomp and glory ob de worl'."

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 170

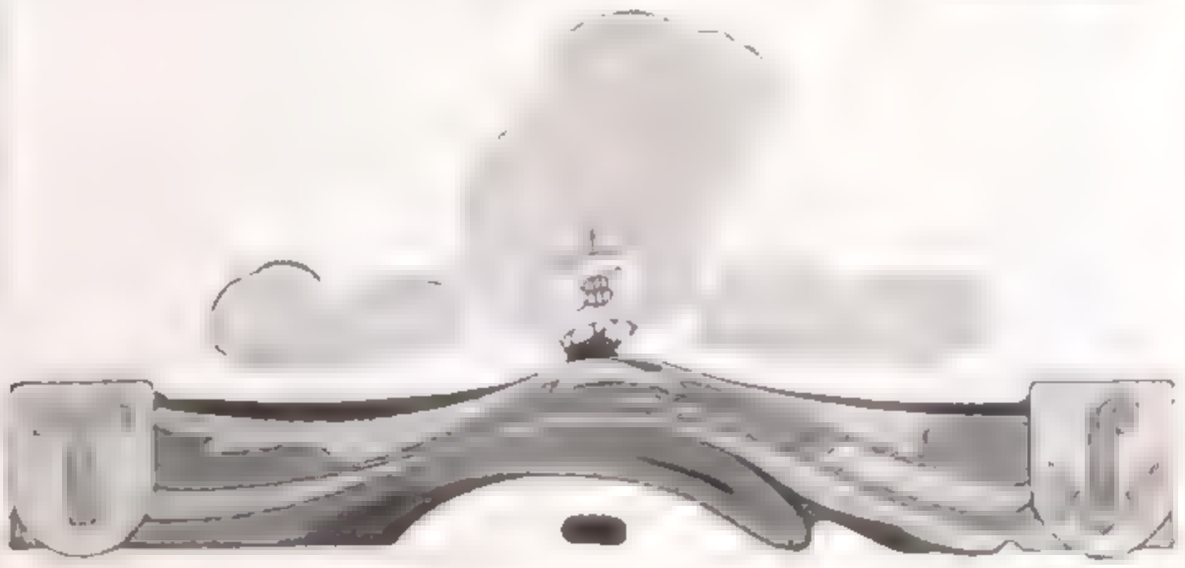
more than I was then receiving. Never had I been more desirous of anything; but in addition to wanting it, I was quick to realize that I would have to do something out of the ordinary if I were to realize my ambition and be the successful applicant.

I had been told in what territory they intended to begin their initial campaign, and with this information as a basis, I set about preparing a statement of just what I would do if they made me their sales manager.

When I returned to the offices of the Deering Corporation just two days later, I bore along with me a comprehensive plan for the sale and distribution of the company's prospective products. It was no mere superficial summary, but told how many salesmen I thought would be needed, how I would route them, how often they should call upon a retailer, and even made observations upon the kind of advertising that had been found most efficient in the sale of similar products. It was accompanied by charts, estimates and maps, and represented six or eight hours of serious thought.

My method must have created something of a sensation. Not one of my competitors had thought of going after the job in this way. Here at last was something concrete; here was a man who actually had a sales plan, and who wasn't asking that they buy the proverbial cat in a bag. Two days later I was notified that I had been named to the position. If I had not used this method I might be vice president in charge of sales for the Deering Corporation, but in my estimation the chances are a thousand to one that I wouldn't. I am certain that a dozen of the applicants were as well qualified, if not better qualified, than myself. Their failure was the failure to create a truthful impression in the mind of the prospective employer. That was the failure of the men I interviewed this morning, and is the failure of a great many men who, in spite of hard work and adequate talents, somehow don't seem to get along.

J. LEROY MILLER.



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A. STEIN & COMPANY CHICAGO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO

TRANSFER

(Continued from Page 15)

was getting! Look at the satisfaction in accomplishment. And so forth. But, at that, the kid had picked as nice a way as any, asking for his raise—hinting at his own increased worth through little George's just deserts.

"I'll see what I can do," I told him.

Nothing too definite, you know. Great snakes, a man has got to keep his salary total somewhere within reason or he'll have the plant manager climbing up his back! Hell, my own raise was overdue three months!

Well, Charlie got another gang together, and before long had the steel framework for the first furnace and its checker chamber al. set up, and with great glee we chased the bricklayers in. And with the coming of the masons came that element of conflict to a head, without which, so I'm told, no tale is ever worth the time it takes to tell it.

Not a new conflict, this. They tell me there are only seven story situations, anyway, conflicts included—all tales elaborated from these seven. True or not, we would make no claim of new conflict for this record, anyhow. Construction men would give such a claim the laugh. The slant-eyed engineers that laid the mighty wall to keep the Tartars out would laugh. So would the good construction lads that swung those man-sized jobs along the Nile. So would the prehistoric field chiefs, who high authority now seems to think fled the disintegrating continent of Atlantis to rebuild empire on Andean heights, harsh and forbidding, most unlikely site for empire, but far above the terrible engulfing sea. Even those shadowy pre-Incan building superintendents who by some long-lost engineering magic perched their Cyclopean fortresses high on the dizzy pinnacles of Peru would laugh at such a claim. For old, hard-earned, rut-traveling experience pitted against the zeal of fresh-ideaed youth is no new thing. It is as old as Babel; old as the first big job men ever tackled. A pity it is so, for when these two pull together they make a team unbeatable.

Hard-earned, rut-traveling experience is nearly always the aggressor in these conflicts. Youth on the job is seldom arrogant. Youth on the job has nearly always a very humble respect for old experience. But a time comes when youth will stand for no more condescension, no more sneering dismissal of its fresh and ofttimes good ideas, no more ignoring of its eager want to help, its great desire to show what it can do. And then youth, like as not, declares itself in no uncertain terms, and with such phrases as "dried-up old fogy," and the like, come often enough real enmity and the resolve on the part of old experience to chase youth off the job—no trifling piece of chasing, as old experience has many a time found out.

So it was with Simon Sleeman and young Simms. Sleeman had been at Conemaugh thirty years, Charlie a couple of months. And Sleeman smarted under the unforgivable presumption of that kid in beating him in the race at the gas valves. He need not have smarted. That he did showed that his vision was warped by prejudice, for that was no fair race. The masonry at the gas valves was complicated work. Flues and valve seats and uptakes and arches. Much cutting and fitting and keying and chipping and building up to lumber forms. Much working in constricted passages and chambers, where only one mechanic could be placed. Little straight work. No mass work. No wonder Charlie caught him, following with the installation of the valve machinery. I said as much to Sleeman, seeing how he felt, but it didn't help. Charlie was crowding him.

I think the general superintendent, who was Sleeman's patron saint, must have noticed this and said "How come?" to Sleeman. The general super may have been a bear cat at production, but when it came to sizing up construction he was a perfect washout. But Sleeman didn't know it, and Sleeman would have sold out to the devil, provided that bit of trafficking had not already been completed, to avoid a criticism from his guardian saint. He was out, then, to get Charlie, fair or foul

I disliked that fat-jowled, thick-paunched, hook-nosed satyr the moment I laid eyes on him. But he came to me from the general superintendent with the wish that it would fit with our plans to let Sleeman take charge of the masonry on our job instead of putting on a special bricklayer foreman for the new construction work. And, although I had experienced plenty of previous grief mixing production and construction organizations, the wishes of general superintendents are commands.

Oh, Sleeman knew his stuff, all right! He really had a splendid reputation as a steelworks mason. His reputation as a man what did that matter? The Bessemer linings at Conemaugh Coke and Iron averaged ten more heats of life than those of any other converter plant in the district. And while the neighboring plants up river and down river shut their blast off for repairs, the stacks Sleeman had lined just kept on making pig. The merchant-mill reheating furnaces seemed to hold up forever. And when a roof burned thin and fell in at the old open hearth it made a date for reckoning plant history. In our construction work we were obliged to cut out much masonry that Sleeman had put in years before, and it sure was rock of ages. It kept three blacksmiths busy sharpening drills and bull points that those adamantine old foundations dulled.

Oh, Simon Sleeman knew his stuff, all right! But, just the same, Simon Sleeman was a fat, lascivious old goat. Heaven knows that most of the mill men in the old days were no spirits of chastity and light. So tough the work, so hot, so long, so never-ceasing the tremendous labor, that only the most violent wild flings could provide this hard-burned brotherhood recreation. They worked twelve hours a day, twelve hours a night, in sparks, in fumes, in constant jeopardy. They did a twenty-four-hour turn every other week. They labored seven days a week, three hundred and sixty-five a year. No holidays—except for their occasional tear. But what a lovely holiday when they took it!

No man can work that steady and that hard. Any man will break. A need for change unconquerable will come. One day's change a week will meet that need. But the old steel men had to take theirs all in a lump. And when that irresistible need for change reached culmination they tore the rope right and they painted the community in which they lived and moved and had their hard-boiled being violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red, not to mention fifteen or twenty other hues undiscovered by the spectrum.

Mostly, they took it out in booze. But booze, as is well known, breaks down all other moral barriers against license; and many a man in booze would, as we used to say, go down the line who was on the square, sober. Pitiful. And yet this could be said: Theirs was no creeping, sneaking, furtive lechery.

But Sleeman was of other stuff. He never tore the rope. He never joined the boys in a wild bar-mirror-wrecking party. He never joined a roaring march against Bloody-Nosed Bill's place, where the puddlers from the upriver mill hung out, nor recreated his weary body and soul in the nerve-soothing cracking of heads that always followed. These were rhinoceros recreations, bull-elephant pastimes, grizzly-bear gestures of playfulness. And Sleeman was a fat and filthy goat. He was a home defiler. But he certainly could lay bricks.

And now he set himself to lay bricks faster than Charlie Simms could set up furnace frames; to build and fill up checker chambers faster than Charlie could set up the chamber binders.

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Electric Appliances

"Gee! I'm full o'pep an' Eskimo Pie!"

I'm rarin' to go all the time. Mother says I get so much calories from Eskimo Pie, an' dad says it's the berries to give a fellow zip. Doc Lawrence says one Eskimo Pie steams you up as much as a chicken sandwich or two boiled eggs or a quart of milk —but who cares? Way I look at it is that it is good for what ails you. Makes you so glad you're tickled all over when you sink your teeth in that crunchy choc'late coatin' an' on down into the surprise party of ice cream inside it. Wow! Oh, that taste! Eat 'em? I could eat Eskimo Pie till my eyes bug out an' my ears ring an' when I couldn't hold any more I'd hire some one to keep eatin' for me! No wonder there's patents an' trade marks on Eskimo Pie—it's too good to take any chances on us gettin' the worst of it on an imitation.

NOTE TO DEALERS

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Open-hearth furnaces are essentially mere great fire-brick retorts; a huge hearth in which the molten metal lies and is refined, thick refractory walls and an arched roof to hold in and reflect the heat of the flaming fuel gas. But so tremendous are the strains due to expansion and contraction from the terrific temperature changes that the whole thing must be inclosed, bound, tied, in steel; set on a strong steel floor, confined in a great cage of rolled buckstays and water-cooled steel castings. This cage is first set up, the furnace proper built inside. And Sleeman set himself to fill these cages up with bricks faster than any half-baked, transit-squinting college boy could set them up. And here the gas-valve competition was reversed. Here steel first, masonry chasing it. And here the masons could be piled into the job, shoulder to shoulder nearly. Regardless of efficiency, of costs, speed his only end, Simon Sleeman jammed the first furnace frame with men. He had it nearly done before Charlie got the second framework ready for him.

I let it ride, and watched young Charlie meet the challenge. One of the considerations on which I had acceded to the general superintendent's wish that a plant man do the construction masonry was that I would not be responsible for the masonry costs. So I let it ride and watched the fun. Charlie went to that competition with the masons as though it was a splendid game. Charlie knew he was on the short end. But that made no difference to Charlie. He was not out to get anybody. He was merely out to beat Sleeman if he could, in this good, fair game of building things. If he got beaten it was all in the game.

But game? With Sleeman, it was far from any game. With Sleeman, it was far from any sporting proposition. It was a mere matter of twisting an ankle, thumbing an eye, kneeing a groin and having it over with. Catch up to Charlie somehow, and then go crying to the general manager, the patron saint. Should he lay off all them bricklayers till young Simms got another furnace ready for him, or what? A game? Slit Simms' gullet! Run him off the plant! Unless the old hands showed up these theoretical young squirts of schoolboys for the scatterbrains they were, like as not one of them would be putting in the brickwork for the new structural-mill layout that rumor said would follow when the open hearth was done.

I watched that little conflict. I even fostered it, as may be done to the benefit of the job. Rivalry is great stuff for the job so long as you watch and see that no throats actually get cut; so long as you stamp down hard on the first sign of dirty work. I let Simon Sleeman get away with some things pretty rough, for I felt sure that if Charlie Simms got mad he'd turn out twice the work he did good naturedly, which was a consummation devoutly to be wished. That's what young engineers are on the job for—to turn out twice the work they have been doing. But when Sleeman took George Illic away from him, I almost had to call the turn. Considering how he did it, that was almost too raw.

As I expected, when the race grew tight, Charlie brought George up out of the valve-chamber cellar to the furnace floor. That former job was well in hand and running smoothly, and one of George's men could handle it. George was needed on the furnaces, and so he soon was setting up the steel while Charlie spent more time getting the material in and straightening out shop errors, and the like, and planning ahead. And between the two of them, in spite of the fact that bricklayers and helpers were so thick in the first furnace that they were stepping on one another's necks, Charlie and George got the second frame together with a couple of days to spare before the masons finished with the first.

And then one morning I noticed Sleeman talking pleasantly with George Illic. I could see what was coming—anybody could. Anyone could see that little George was Charlie's main reliance. Take George away from him ——

It was the way that Sleeman did it that made me want to take a hand; the way he took sneaking advantage of Charlie's young idealism, breaking the rules of the game, fouling while Charlie was going the rules one better when it came to sportsmanship.

There was a rule at Conemaugh which is, as far as I know, a general rule in steel. No department head may give a better job to a man in another part of the plant's organization. It's a rotten rule, but you learn it. I learned it.

A lad dead sick of thinking by machinery came to me one day and asked for a vacancy as material checker that existed on our job.

"It pays only a hundred bucks," I told him.

"That's five more than I get," he said. "But what counts most is outside work. Our doctor says I need it. Besides, I'm sick of cranking a calculator. I hate it. I'll never get anywhere at a job I hate. When can I go to work?"

"You'll have to work a notice for your boss," I told the lad, "and get a transfer from him then, from your department to construction."

And in a day the storm struck. I got a call from the head of the accounting department, who evidently had not failed to take the matter up with others in authority before he took the matter up with me. The general superintendent gave me a small talk on organization, and I got a request to drop in soon to see the plant manager.

"But the lad came to me," I told the accounting boss. "I didn't seek him. He said the doctor told him he had better get a fresh-air job."

"He can get a lot of fresh air after half-past five," the accounting boss informed me. "I'll bet he goes to the movies every night instead of taking a nice long walk. You should have turned him down unconditionally."

I wasn't surprised at that attitude. From the accountant's figure, I should judge that his idea of an exciting hour of outdoor exercise would be a nice long walk. The works accountant had a splendid bulging chest, but it appeared to have slipped down on him a foot or so.

"But he doesn't like his present work. He has no interest in it," I told the general superintendent.

"He damn sight better take some interest in it," said the G. S. "Let him stay where he is."

"From what I can hear, he's a mighty good boy," I explained to the plant manager. "We can probably build the open hearth without him; but this would mean a small promotion. It would make him feel that he has the right to go right after every chance he sees to get ahead."

"The plant before the individual," said the plant manager. "The accountant chief gave him a job when he had none and broke him in to the work. He's most valuable to us where he is, and at his present rate. Let him show his loyalty by sticking."

"Loyalty?" I made the mistake of smiling. "You think this rule develops it?"

"It seems, up to the present, to have given us sufficient loyalty for our needs. It is a rule. Thank you for coming in."

And those were those. A rotten rule, but a rule. It would mean a lot to me to see that open hearth all completed and a quarter-mile row of furnaces all making steel. Observing that rule, then, we got our job done in the end without the help of the boy from the accounting department. I suppose he still is grinding at a multiplying machine.

But, walking through the job one day, I noticed that little George Illic was nowhere round the furnaces. "Where's George today—sick?" I asked young Simms.

"No," Charlie said, "I lost him. Mr. Sleeman offered him a better job. I let him go."

I held the lid down on a boiling indignation. "Got anyone to replace him?"

"No," Charlie said; "but I'll get someone." *(Continued on Page 204)*

Somewhere Near the Rainbow's End

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THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

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(Continued from Page 202)

"You know the plant rule?" I asked. "A man advances in his own department. No promotions one branch to another."

"Never heard of it," Charlie admitted. "Hell of a rule, I'd say!"

"Check!" I remarked. "But it's a rule. And I'll bet you no man on the plant is for it more than Sleeman. I'll speak to that gentleman in words of one syllable. You need George Illic."

"Good Lord, chief," spoke up Charlie, "don't do that! You can't do that! You can't stand in the way of a man getting more money just because he happens to be valuable to you. I'd help any deserving man of mine to get a better job than I could give him."

Idealistic Charlie. Still, he was only half a dozen months in steel. I suppose he's learned by now.

"It's our fault anyhow," Charlie added. "We didn't put that raise through for George."

The nerve of that young cub! Putting it up to me instead of Sleeman! But that big kid never was afraid to speak his piece to anyone. I wonder how far he ever got in steel. There are a lot of the big fellows that can't stand for straight talk from below. But dog-gone him, there was a stack of change-in-rate cards on my desk three inches high. I had George slated for next month, and I couldn't very well give George a raise without boosting Simms along. Keeripes! A man has got to keep his salary total somewhere within reason. You've got to change the subject hurriedly when these young bucks start talking wages. They never seem to have the right perspective on this matter.

"What's Sleeman got George doing?" I inquired.

"They took the blast off Number Three last week, I understand," Charlie explained. "Coming down for a relining at last. And Sleeman wants a good man to take charge of his rigging there. Scaffolds and elevators and hoisting engines and such gear. A lot of heavy new cooler plates to be handled, and the like."

"George didn't even work a notice, till you could find another man?,"

"Oh, no," said Charlie. "He would have done it; but, you see, Sleeman needed him right away. So I gave him a transfer at once."

A sportsman, Charlie. Too good a one for steel, I fear. Giving the other man the odd. Lucky if you can stay in that tough game giving the other man an even break. I watched Simms fight that furnace job alone. I didn't do a thing to help him out. Let 'em suffer. That's the way they learn. The boy ran his ankles hot trying to swing his work without the proper help, trying to put up steel with bohunks without a single first-class foreman to unload on. And there was Sleeman, slapping in bricks and leering like a goat, but full of kind advice, and smooth and helpful—even sympathetic with Charlie in his oily talks regarding progress daily on the job.

But the general superintendent asked me one morning if I thought young Simms was big enough to handle the work I'd given him.

"Sleeman says he's afraid he'll be out of work for his furnace and checker-chamber gangs this week," the general super told me. "Can't you speed Simms up a bit?"

Generally, it works out that if you give a goat rope enough he'll try to jump a fence a little bit too high and hang himself. But it began to look as though I'd have to give young Simms a hand unless the goat I had in mind got ambitious with his fences pretty quick. Idealistic Charlie. I wonder if he has found out by now that everybody doesn't play the game as fair as he. And when he spots a dirty player, I wonder if Charlie ever twists an ankle or knees a liver himself. I wonder, in other words, if Charlie ever got very far in steel. At any rate, I'd no intention of him getting fouled and carried out of the game on our job—hurt permanently maybe. I'd let him fight as long as he could stand the gaff to see if maybe he could work out a defense for dirty play himself. But it certainly did look as if that big white kid would need help—unless, of course, that rope-and-fence device worked out pretty quick.

And then, late one night, as I sat undisturbed in my office, mulling over the proposed new structural-mill layout, a rap came at my door.

Undisturbed, did I say? An engineer in steel ought to have a solitary little cabin on some mountain top, and an air flivver to take him there when there is careful planning to be done.

I shoved the drafting chief's preliminary sketches back and yelled, "Come in!"

And who should do it? Mr. George Illic, of Dalmatia and Ovenville, Pennsylvania, U. S. A. None other!

I took the green eye shield off and shoved the chair back from the desk. This ought to be good. George was a man of sense. George would not be coming in to bother me with some mere triviality. I shook hands with George.

"Sit down, George," I said. "Yak si mash? How do you have yourself?"

"Ne dobra," George said. "Not so good, boss"—George drove right straight at the point: "W'a's matter you let Sleeman work you job?"

I knew this would be good. Here was a hot one to start off with. A bohunk rigger pusher questioning the make-up of a big construction force. But I liked George. He had balance, humor of a grim Slavic kind, horse sense, honesty. Bigger men than I ever hope to be might listen to what George Illic had to say with benefit.

"Why, what's the matter with Sleeman, George?" I asked. "You left a darn white boss, and one that saved your hand for you, to go to work for Sleeman, didn't you?"

"Sure I do dot," George admitted. "You don't know what for I do dot, boss? You t'ink I leave Sharlie for some t'ree cents an hour more money? You ought know me more better as dat, Mr. Boss."

I didn't say a word. A light was dawning. I knew it. I knew that this interview was going to be a hell-dinger.

"I want dot Sleeman t'ink I be dirty crook jus' same like he be. So I leave Sharlie when dot Sleeman ask me do it, and I gon' work for Sleeman gang. Better you find out somet'ing 'bout some boss when you work for him. I try find out somet'ing crooked work dot Sleeman do. Sharlie he don't know dot, and, like good sport, he gimme transfer. Den I watch out little bit all time. When I see somet'ing dirty business dot Sleeman do, den maybe little George Illic he run dot Sleeman off job, like he try run off Sharlie. Little George Illic, all by self. Pretty good, I do dot, eh?"

I still was silent. Pretty good was right. And if little George ever got anything on Sleeman I pitied that fat satyr. I had seen more than once that cold, metallic look, as merciless as any steel-works rat's, that could come into the peculiar greenish blue of George's Slavic eyes

"I find out somet'ing crooked plenty quick 'bout Sleeman," stated George. "Somet'ing I no be looking for; somet'ing be big surprise for me. I find out he no want take me from Sharlie jus' for slow up Sharlie job. I find out pretty quick he want me work for him for somet'ing else besides. You know, boss"—George's voice went low and flat and deadly—"you know, boss, me, I got schöne Frau!"

The filthy, fat, goat-legged, greasy beast—the satyr!

"Schöne Frau" isn't Slavic. Neither is it German here. It's "steel works." "Steel works" is a language that has appropriated what it likes best out of a dozen tongues. George had a pretty wife, all right—more than merely pretty. I'd seen her one evening, shopping with George in the company store. A tall, broad, Juno-breasted, wide-hipped, splendid thing. Cheek bones far separated, flat-eyed, milk-skinned; her mouth not Cupid-bowed—straight, but full-lipped and red. Coarse straw-colored hair knotted tight and sleek on a fine round head. She might have posed for some heroic statue. Muscovy. I knew just what was coming.

"A couple day ago," said George, "dot Sleeman put me work'n' night turn."

A home. Built up of love and work and sacrifice. What thing is finer? What thing as fit for merciless extinction as he who spoils one? I understood. It was a foul jest known to all the plant that if a hunky in the brick department had a pretty wife Sleeman soon had that hunky working night turn. I never could believe but that it was a mere foul jest, no more, made to fit in with Sleeman's lovely character.

"You're absolutely sure about this, George?"

"Sure," George said, his face emotionless. "I tell my woman yesterday: 'Here, take money, take two baby, go back old country, live in house my mamma. America no place for you. Too soft. Too easy. Slavic woman work like hell one t'ousand year. No can stop too quick. You go back starra country, live hard life, poor life. Four year, five year—I come back starra country too. My mamma say you be good woman, be good mother dem two baby all five year, maybe I no kill you then. You no do what I say, I kill you now!'"

I could see George telling her that, his queerly colored eyes as cold as death. The courage of him. He had stuff, that little man. His home, built up of love and work and fine unselfishness, he'd save somehow. No greasy goat could wreck it.

"Today she go," said George. "I always like dot woman pretty much." His voice was still low and flat—emotionless as his face. But I wish I could make you see that poisonous blue-greenness of his eyes. "She always be fine mother, I be sure of dot. I t'ink if dot two baby no need-it her for mother, I maybe kill her yesterday. You see," George ended, "I find out somet'ing crooked pretty quick, dot Sleeman. So tomorrow, me, I comin' back work for Sharlie."

That fool rule. That rule about men leaving one department for another. Why do inconsequential trivialities like that rule come popping into a man's mind along with vital human issues?

"But, George," I said, shocked stupid that so utterly tough a break should fall to such a white man as he, "you can't do that. You can't be jumping round from one department to another."

"Oh, dot's all right," George stated. I think that George appreciated how I felt—knew that it was impossible for me to say a word to him expressing my real feelings. "Oh, dot's all right," George stated. "Sleeman jus' gimme transfer."

And smiling, with that poisonous green light in his nice blue eyes, George rose and said good-by and left me.

The devil fly away with women—at least when they interfere with building open hearths. Now wouldn't I have one sweet fly-around with the general superintendent when I kicked his blue-ribbon mason boss off my job tomorrow? But, strange to say, I was spared going to the mat with the big fellow over this business. Strange to say, it was three long months before Simon Sleeman ever showed up on construction work again.

About three months after George came back to work for Charlie Simms we wrecked the old storehouse, clearing ground for more new work. Bricks and cement and fire clay were kept on the ground floor of the old building. The masonry department had offices in it two floors up. There was an old hydraulic elevator in the place. The bottom of its shaft was thick with grease and dank; steamy and warm, too, for a small sewer drained the water leakage from the elevator plunger.

Rats! How the foul things fought! As big as spaniels! Hundreds! Ugh! I tell you, man, they strike me cold, the teeth of rodents. Malevolent. They sneer. They sneer before they eat. A tiger's fangs are terrible; a dingo's fangs are terrible—a grizzly's. One rip, though, and your throat is out; the thing is done. But squirrels go through the thick walls of a nut with little chiselings, and beavers cut a fine bole down with chippings. Gnaw, gnaw, gnaw!

The day we took the elevator out Sleeman showed up for the first time in three months on our job. At the bottom of the elevator shaft was Sleeman's watch—and what was left of Sleeman.

On the day they buried what was left of Sleeman, George Illic and his gang were putting up a high steel-wire fence around the north end of the plant. The company had bought a block or two of Ovenville and razed the houses on it to make room for the new structural mills, and we were closing in the property. It happened that I came by that way to see how it was going, when the carriages of Sleeman's funeral rolled past on Furnace Street, which bounds the north end of the plant. I heard a voice say, "Kako si ti, meestair?"

George's gang had a little gin pole up, erecting some posts and an arch of structural stuff that made an appropriate gateway through the new fence out into Furnace Street.

George nodded casually toward the passing hearse. "Dot fellow, he's gone 'nother job," George volunteered. "No gone lay bricks no more. Shovel coal, maybe, dis time. I dinno."

The Slavs have humor, never fear. I never saw a face more blankly innocent; nor eyes so hard, metallic, pitiless, like a steel-works rat's; greenish-blue, calling to mind the poisonous coat of verdegris that comes on copper.

"You t'ink," asked George, his voice as bland and unctuous and as free from guile as any undertaker's—"you t'ink somebody maybe give dot fellow transfer?"

Jerry the Blood Returning From Court: "Hurrah Boys—I'm Insane!"

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RUBIES OF MOGOK

(Continued from Page 21)

beautiful relations, and were insured by him against loss by theft, and were shown by him now and then to selected spirits, and eventually were stolen from him in turn within ten feet of the safe in which they were to be placed for the night, and within twenty of the guest to whom they had just been shown.

Donovan found that guest at the club of which the policeman had spoken—found him within half an hour after arriving in Denver. When the conference ended two hours later Donovan had decided to return at once to the scene of the crime, and the mineralogist had decided to return to Round Rock with him.

II

"DUCK!" cried Donovan softly.

Stiles drew back from the taxicab window, then asked his question: "Not Mosser?"

"That's who."

"Odd that Mosser should have followed you by the next train, instead of by the train you took."

"I think he didn't follow me. Watch him."

Donovan, who had continued peering past the edge of the window, saw the man they were discussing emerge from the train-shed ramp and look about him. An instant later a woman rushed up to him and threw herself into his arms.

"Mrs. Mosser would be interested," observed Stiles dryly.

"Too bad. The woman's taking him to her car, or perhaps his car." Donovan looked at his watch. "I feel I ought to see where he goes. Care to come along?"

"It wouldn't do. I'll run on home and see you later, in case anything comes up needing attention."

The two men watched Mosser pass on to the waiting car, the woman on his arm. When he was out of range the mineralogist prepared to leave the taxicab, while Donovan leaned forward to give the driver new directions. This time it was Stiles who uttered the warning and Donovan who drew back from the window.

"Don't seem to look, but notice the little woman in black behind that big Swede. She's watching Mosser from under her veil. Or am I deceived?"

"His wife!" exclaimed Donovan.

"I'm sure too. Watch her."

Donovan waved his hand to Stiles, already outside on the pavement, then spoke hurriedly to the driver.

"Keep that sedan in sight. If that other taxi follows it, fall in behind at a little distance."

He learned without much trouble that Mosser kept up two establishments. He saw the taxicab ahead follow the love car, as he had expected it would do. He saw the sedan stop before a building in a semi-fashionable residence street, saw its passengers alight and enter their flat, using a key, saw the other taxicab pass on. His own car followed slowly. A placard offering an upper flat gave him the agent's name.

Later he learned from this agent that a man named Thompson occupied the first floor, and that he and his wife had been living there for about nine months.

"Union station," he told the driver when they had passed the place.

That evening at his Round Rock hotel he received a call from a man named Banning, Mrs. Mosser's attorney, who had run down from Denver with her to look after her interests.

Banning explained that he was acting not only as her attorney, but as an old family friend, and as such he requested Donovan to call at the house for a conference with his client.

"She wishes to see you while I'm here," he said.

"How is the injured man?" asked Donovan.

Banning looked at him in surprise. "Hadn't you heard? Johanson died this morning at half-past ten."

"I'm sorry. That changes the crime to murder. Have the police unearthed any clews?"

"No clews; but Mosser accuses his wife of knowing the guilty person. That's partly why I'm here."

"And who does he say is the guilty person?" Donovan asked.

"The chauffeur. The cook. The mail carrier. Her father, who never approved of her marriage. The chief of police. I. You yourself, as far as I know. Anybody he happens to think of. He talks like a man insane."

"Too bad. Do you think he has a purpose in his madness?"

Banning evaded the question. "Mrs. Mosser sent her car; but it will return for you at a more convenient hour, if you prefer."

"Not necessary," said Donovan.

"What purpose could he have had?" asked the attorney after a moment.

"I saw the man leave the railway station in Denver."

Mrs. Mosser was waiting for them in the room upstairs that opened from the street. She sat at one side, nervously fingering her gloves, her gown the dress she had worn in the city that afternoon. He inferred that she had but just returned, and that she had been weeping, for she still wore her hat and veil, and at first did not speak.

"We're not asking for this conference to protect our rights," Banning began. "It is true that Mrs. Mosser had money of her own invested in certain of the stolen rubies, and has an equity in the insurance, but we shall protect that money in another way. She has also her dower rights to be protected."

"I understand," said Donovan, although he did not understand wholly.

"Tell him what you told me," said Banning

Mrs. Mosser had been sitting like a woman crushed. With a sudden bold movement of her forearm she now swept back her veil. Then she lifted off her hat. Donovan saw instantly that she had met the events of the day not with tears but with the cold purposeful resentment of a woman whose tears lay in the past. He had seen her only that morning in this same house. Then her appearance had been that of a woman in fear, broken-spirited, almost stupefied by the sense of her helpleasness.

This present woman, whatever else she might be, was not a woman afraid. His instant thought was that Mosser had overdone his cruelties. For he did not doubt that her face had carried the same purposeful resentment behind her veil in the railway station, before ever she knew of the blond woman, the city sedan or the love nest on the first floor.

"Where shall I begin?" she asked simply.

"Anywhere that will help uncover this murder," said Donovan.

"Then I will begin with the rubies."

Banning stopped her to explain his own position more carefully. "You will understand," he told Donovan, "that I am not asking a wife to testify against her husband. Mrs. Mosser could not testify against him, for she knows of no crime in connection with the rubies that he has committed."

She proved to know little about how the rubies had been acquired—less even than Donovan. Mosser had told her that he was buying choice stones as an investment. She had thereupon turned over to him funds of her own with which to buy others. The one fact she had noticed was that his changed manner toward herself dated from the appearance of the first of the rubies, and that as his hoard grew his hatred likewise grew.

Donovan let her tell what she knew, and then at Banning's suggestion began making mild inquiries about nearer matters.

She had spoken of leaving the Far East by way of Ceylon. "You did not come direct to Hamburg from Ceylon," he said.

"No; we spent some time in London."

"Some time also in Geneva. How long were you there?"

She seemed surprised that he should know. "Three days; but Mr. Mosser was obliged to return from London. Did he tell you?"

"No one told me. When you left Ceylon the rubies were not kept in their present casket."

"They were kept in a teakwood box. Mr. Mosser bought this casket in London."

"One or two further questions and I am through. Where were you when Johanson was struck down?"

"I was in my own room writing a letter," she replied.

"And where was this room?"

"On this floor, to your right."

"Did you hear any odd sounds while you were writing?"

"No sounds at all, except now and then the sound of men talking out here. My husband had a caller from the university."

"I know. Doctor Stiles. They had been looking at the rubies. After you finished your letter, what did you do?"

"I addressed it and mailed it."

"How far did you have to go to mail your letter?"

"The mail box we use is diagonally across the street."

"Did you hear any odd sounds while on your way to the box?"

"No sounds of any kind." She paused, then corrected herself. "No odd sounds. I did hear the footsteps of a man coming to mail a letter."

"This man whose footsteps you heard—did you see him, Mrs. Mosser?"

"I saw him ahead of me, yes."

"Would you recognize him if you saw him again?"

"I didn't see his face; it was too dark, and I wasn't very close. I saw him against the sky ahead. I heard him come to the mail box; then I heard him walk away and saw him against the sky, because there's a hill there."

It may have been his own suggestion; he had been asking her about sounds heard in the night. Suddenly he thought he heard a sound from the library downstairs—a sound like that made by a man stealing across a dark room. It seemed to come from the end of the room nearest the safe, where Johanson had been struck down. He thought he heard it repeated, and paused to listen. But whether because the others did not hear as keenly as he, or the sound had been made by a servant whose presence was known, or there was no sound except in his own consciousness, Mrs. Mosser paid it no attention, nor did Banning give it outward heed, and he decided to ignore it likewise.

"A tall man or a short man?" he asked.

"I couldn't see how tall he was."

"Could you see his shoulders against the sky from where you stood at the mail box?"

"I could, very plainly. I remember I could see his elbows."

"How far off was he then?"

"About as far as across the street."

"And how tall are you, Mrs. Mosser?"

Again Donovan heard the sound of movement, and again it was ignored by the others in the room. This time the sound was louder.

"A servant," he thought dismissingly.

"Five-feet-two in my shoes," came the level reply.

"I think he was a tall man," said Donovan; "taller even than Mr. Banning here. Tall or short, no matter." He laughed. "We'll inquire of your tallest neighbor whether he heard a sound, and if he did, we shall know what we know already. Suppose we quit for the day."

"I can see you believe there is no chance at all of our finding the thief," said Mrs. Mosser, sighing.

Again Donovan laughed softly. "On the contrary, I believe there's a very good chance of our finding him."

"With Mr. Mosser not here to you?"

"Especially with him not here."

The next sound that he heard came unmistakably from the stairway, and it was unmistakably the sound of a man's voice. Even though he was prepared for it in a way, the suddenness and the loudness struck him momentarily dumb.

"How do you mean, especially with not here?" he heard.

The next moment he heard a man heavy shoes clumping up the steps, and a moment later found confronted by the man he had ass Denver, the master of the house at fortunes of those belonging to it. voice had been that of Mosser in "What are you doing here?" the voice, cold with menace.

"Making further inquiries," Donovan.

Mosser may have noticed his narrowed eyes, or he may have remembered his surance money: at any rate he did not low up his question, but turned Banning.

"I mean you!" he rasped.

"Why pick on me when there's a woman you can bully?" asked the attorney mildly.

"Get out of my house!" ordered other. "You too!" he told Donovan you want to see me, call during hours." He turned upon his wife, must he must have been doing during the file of years. Donovan waited for his as he would have waited for a threa blow. "As for you, you can go too! out, all of you!"

"Come," said Banning, offering his "You are ordered out of your own before two witnesses."

"My wife will stay!" roared Mosser

"Too late. She has already obeyed you

They left together; but once in the Banning explained that he wish Mosser to stay with one of her the night.

"I'll join you at your hotel," he blithely to Donovan.

III

WHEN Donovan opened the door he found the little auditorium already half filled with students. Taking seat in the rear he began looking at

An exceedingly tall Chinese student Shan-si—in Colorado to study rad ores—was the first tall man to catch his Donovan knew nothing of his history, but he decided at once that he was an honest man. An honest-looking but exceedingly tall Norwegian sat directly in front of the Chinaman. To the left, five seats over, exceedingly tall Spaniard raised his above the crowd. He, too, bore an face.

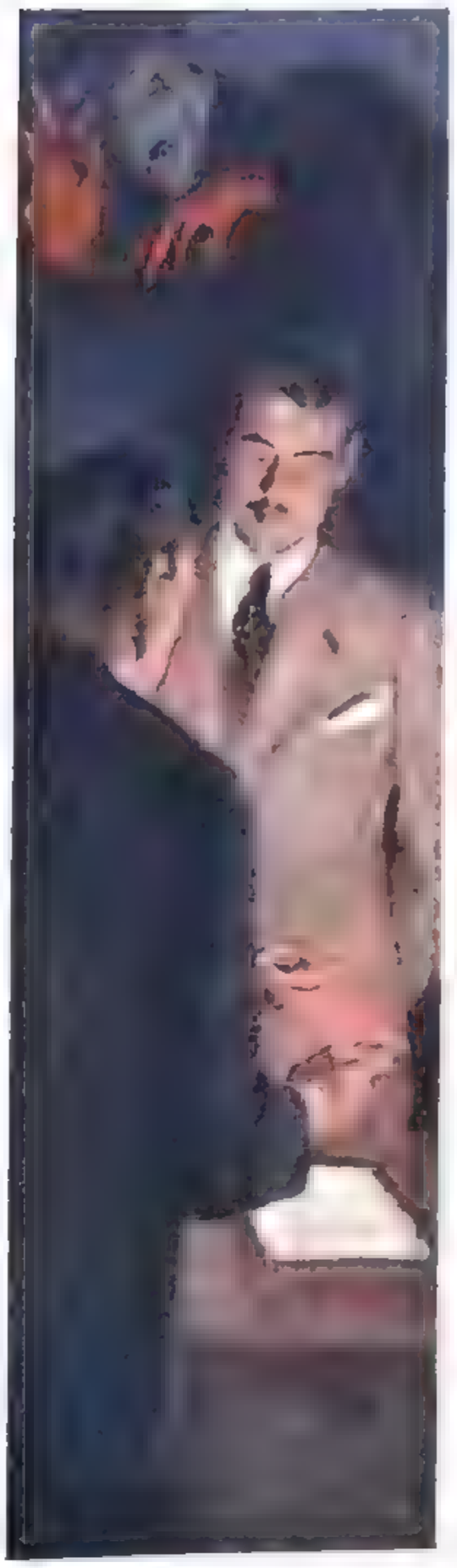
"The world is too full of tall men who are honest," he thought whimsically.

His quest for tall men was not too seriously pursued, but a moment later caught sight of two native sons in the row, one of whom was exceedingly tall. Both of these were instructors in the versity, but Donovan decided, without knowing this, that both were honest and furthermore, that if he were to choose murderer between them he would the shorter man, not the taller. To right, at the end of the row, sat an exceedingly tall colored student dressed as a ister.

Another exceedingly tall man had in the middle distance. Each of them wise looked exceedingly honest.

As Donovan sat back thus, marveling the number of tall men in the world, honest men, but not worrying about of it, the bell rang for the hour. The turer had not yet appeared: but upon

(Continued on Page 211)



SUPER-SAFETY BANK CHECK

Does your bank give you checks which say- "HANDS OFF" to the crook?

LET anyone attempt to rob your bank . . . burglar alarms ring and armed guards spring into action. Your bank is prepared to resist any attack on the funds that are deposited within its walls.

But is your bank prepared to resist the danger surrounding checks in transit? Suppose the crook in a carefully planned "job" gets hold of one of your checks. Who is there to say "Hands off!" as he begins his skilful work which may rob you of hundreds of dollars!

Alert to this constant danger, many progressive banks extend the modern "service of protection" to *checks in circulation* as well as to the funds within their walls. By supplying Super-Safety Checks, thousands of these banks today protect their depositors' funds from the forger, who according to the American Institute of Accountants robs the American public of $100,000,000 annually.

It is quite possible that your bank is supplying you with Super-Safety Checks. Look in the upper right-hand corner and see if *the eagle*, the symbol of safety, appears surrounded by the words, "Super-Safety Bank Check." If your checks are thus marked, you can be confident that your bank has done the utmost to protect your *checks in transit*.

How Super-Safety Checks resist alteration

The moment the forger or anyone tries to alter a Super-Safety Check with knife, ink eradicator or rubber eraser, a glaring white spot appears. The bank can tell at a glance that the check should be questioned when presented for payment. What is more, Super-Safety Checks are never sold in blank sheets—they are made only to order. To prevent counterfeiting, we guard every sheet as the Government guards banknote paper.

Worthy of your signature

Aside from their quality of safety, Super-Safety Checks are really beautiful. Their colors are pleasing—their designs beautifully executed. You will like the way your pen glides over the surface. The unusual quality of the paper invites attention. Every check you send out is a compliment to your signature.

Sample test-check and booklet FREE

Test for yourself the power of Super-Safety Checks to prevent alterations, to make your checking account secure. Send for a sample check with detailed instructions for testing it. Receive, also, the valuable booklet, "How to Get More for Your Money." Bankers Supply Company, Division of The Todd Company, *sole manufacturers of the Super-Safety Checks, Todd Greenbac Checks, and the Protectograph.* Chicago, Rochester, New York, Denver.

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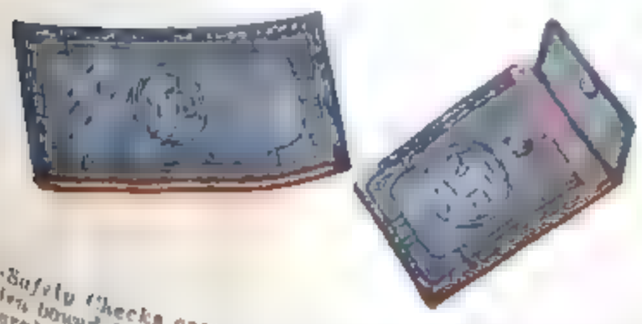
Why these colored checks say "Hands off" to the crook

The sensitive colors of safety checks resist alteration as the plain white surfaces of old-fashioned checks never could. In the skilfully laid-on Super-Safety colors there is unquestioned protection for your bank account. And they serve another important purpose—their beauty lends distinction to your signature.



Super-Safety Checks come in several beautiful colors. They are often bound in rich handsome Antique Moorish check books of several styles and sizes—designs convenient for personal and business use.

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I desire to test the Super Safety Check. Please send me a free sample test check and your booklet "How to Get More for Your Money"

Name

Street

Town ..... State

This eight-panel interior door (C-305) is derived from the Elizabethan paneled interior and is especially appropriate in the house with stained woodwork. The neat, narrow casing is C-1656. This photograph is from the home of Mr. Meredith B. Lovelace, Larchmont, New York; E. D. Parmelee, architect, Monroe Stiner, builder; New Rochelle Coal & Lumber Company, dealers.

Beauty

Two qualities distinguish every beautiful house: It is skillfully conceived as a whole as to mass and proportions, and its details are properly arranged and themselves beautifully designed.

By details are meant the entrance, windows, moldings and porch work on the outside, and the doors, trim, stairway and cabinet work on the inside. Because these elements are mostly of wood, they are often referred to as the woodwork. Beauty must begin with these because the woodwork is the connecting link between the structure of the house itself and the interior decorations.

Built-in furniture gives an interior dignity and ... that nothing else can equal. It is important in the decorative ... cause it may be of great value in mass and color and ... because it keeps its place as a part of the room. This Curtis ... is C-700, a design of unusual dignity and beauty. The broken ... and fluted pilasters are typical of the best early American work.

If beauty is not built-in it cannot be moved in

But any home with beautiful woodwork has the proper background for delightful decorative effects

"WHAT is the woodwork like?" is what every architect or interior decorator wants to know about any house before he attempts to furnish it in any way. The character of the woodwork governs the selection of the furniture, curtains, draperies, rugs, light fixtures and other moved-in articles.

That is why it is so important to have beautiful woodwork first, even if some furniture must wait. A home with woodwork of good design is attractive even though inexpensively furnished, and good furnishings appear all the more beautiful when set off by a background of beautiful woodwork. On the other hand, no amount of money lavished on furniture can make a beautiful interior if the woodwork is not right.

People with taste have always appreciated the importance of good woodwork to both the architecture and decoration of their homes and they have gone to considerable expense to get it.

Now, however, it is no longer necessary to pay the premium of made-to-order production. Woodwork designs of the highest character and suited to any architectural style, can be selected from the Curtis Catalog and purchased from any Curtis Dealer—often from his stock on hand!

Curtis designs are the work of architects of high standing—designers who have built and decorated some of the most beautiful homes in America, and whose work is worthy of comparison with the best architecture of all time.

YET not one cent has been added to Curtis Woodwork prices because of better design. Many Curtis articles cost considerably less than similar articles produced by others that are not to be compared with them in design, materials or construction. When such on-the-job expense items as cutting and fitting and sanding are taken into account, you will be surprised to find that a definite saving is made as compared with other millwork.

CURTIS Woodwork is not expensive because every article is made in large quantities. This reduces production costs. It also makes for better quality. Large purchases of woods especially adapted to specific purposes, insure better materials, and since each item is made by the same men and machines, by the same methods and in the same plant, Curtis workmanship and construction are *uniformly* better than that obtained in the old made-to-order way.

So confine your selection of woodwork details to Curtis designs, sizes and woods, and you will avoid all the ... appointments, delays and mistakes ... made-to-order production, and at the same time save money.

AN example of the superior construction in Curtis Woodwork is seen in the ordinary type of double hung window (where the two sash slide up and down). A Curtis window of this type is shown on the right in color.

Shown here is a cross-section through the check rails (where the two sash meet). In ordinary windows the check rails have only a bevel. In Curtis windows they are not only beveled but are also rabbeted (B); that is, a little offset is cut into each of the beveled surfaces so as to make them hook together. The advantage of this type of joint is in the fact that *seven times* as much wind pressure is required to get through it as through the ordinary beveled joint. That means fuel saved, less drafts through the win

Here is the home of Mr. Francis T. Hunter, in New Rochelle, New York. This house is a century and a half old, and was recently remodeled under the direction of Mr E. D. Parmelee, architect, using modern Curtis windows. The New Rochelle Coal & Lumber Company were the dealers. So faithfully do Curtis Colonial designs follow Colonial traditions that it would be difficult to distinguish the new work from the old.

1865 CURTIS

Any carpenter, any shop or mill can make millwork. They can even make designs that *look* like Curtis designs. But no article of woodwork is Curtis Woodwork that does not bear the trade mark shown above.

* * *

At the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia see the Curtis Woodwork in the "Save the Surface" bungalow facing Parrison Avenue in front of Treasure Island and overlooking Gladway Lagoon and the Fine Arts Building; also in the Ohio Building, a reproduction of the old Colonial home of William Henry Harrison, ninth President of the United States

Stroll through the streets of Old Salem; linger among the pre-Revolutionary houses on Long Island and in Philadelphia, go back to Old England herself, and you will see the forbears of this modern Curtis design. Entrance frame C-1261; Door C-220. This photograph is from the home of Mr. A. L. Lambie, Pittsburgh, Pa., George B Crisman, builder, The May Lumber Company, dealers.

Wherever the best houses are built, there you will observe a preponderance of windows with small, well proportioned panes, like this twelve light Curtis design C-1024 in the home of Mr. Leighton Stradley, School Lane and Oak Road, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.; Albert F. Schenck, Architect, the Gillingham Company, dealers.

dow and comfortable rooms in winter! Another Curtis quality point is shown at A. This groove in the stiles and rails keys the putty to the wood and makes a stronger joint between the glass and wood.

The Curtis Dealer will be glad to help you and your architect or builder fit Curtis Woodwork to your plans. Go see him at once. The leading dealer in woodwork in your town (if you live east of the Rockies) is probably the Curtis Dealer. He will be glad to show you his stock and to explain the quality points of every Curtis item in detail. Or write for a copy of our new book, "Curtis Woodwork," containing 32 pages of interesting, useful information for homebuilders. It is free.

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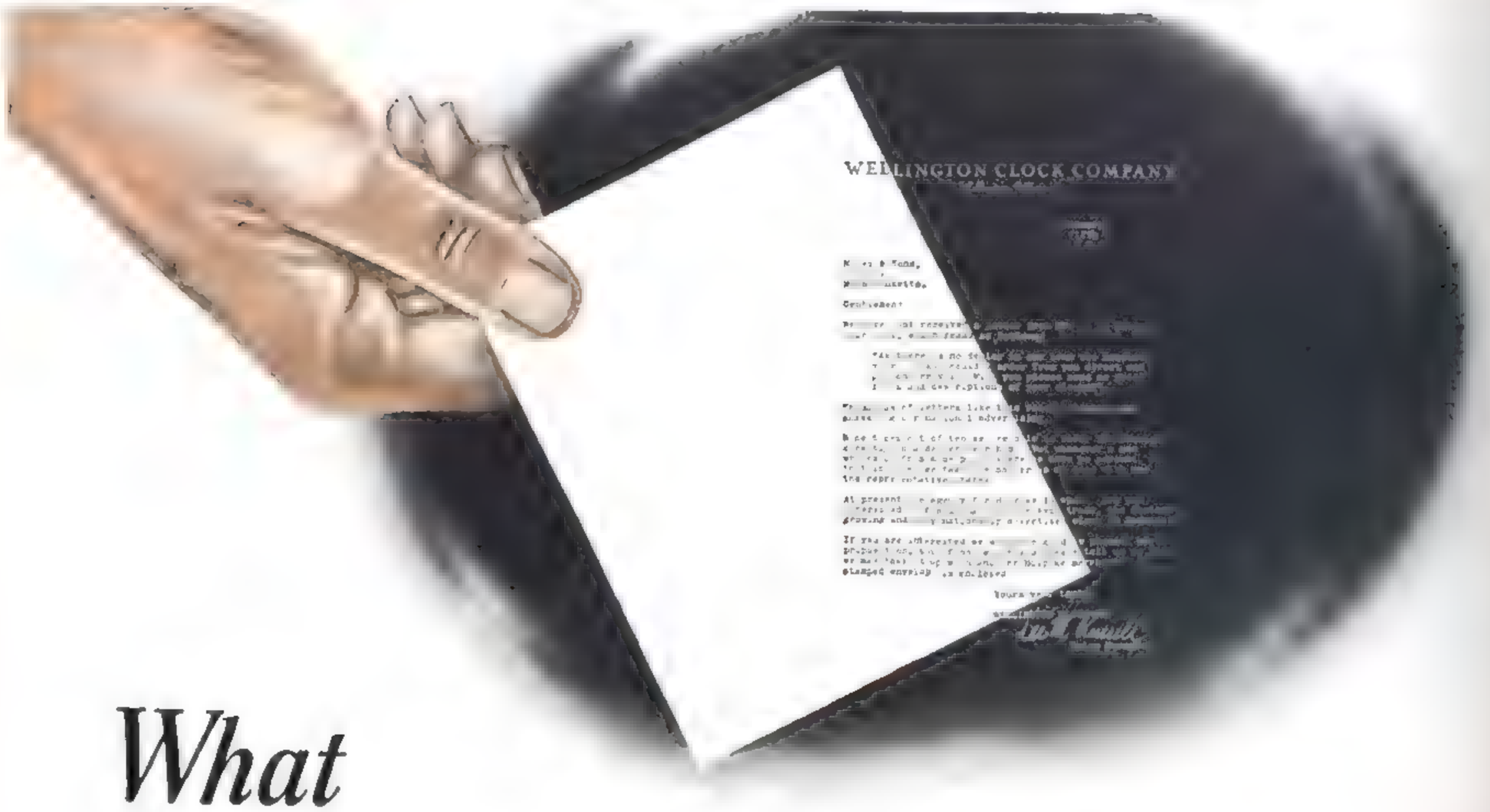

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MARK OF QUALITY-STANDARDS

EAGLE-A *Business* PAPERS

(Continued from Page 206)

long desk in front stood his apparatus, some of it already started.

He knew that Stiles would be late. "Before your students, and, if possible, beginning past the hour," he had suggested.

"Will five minutes be late enough?"

"Five minutes will do nicely. And could you somehow excuse yourself for being late?"

"I can do that. What excuse shall I give?"

"Could you mail a letter to Denver and then change your mind and wire the Denver postmaster to return it to you?"

"I will mail such a letter at once," said Stiles.

"If you were to telegraph on your way to class you would be delayed long enough."

"I shall do just that. I will explain about the recalled letter before beginning the lecture. Was that your thought?"

"You make me very happy," Donovan had replied.

That conversation had occurred in Denver the day before. Since then he had not talked with Stiles except over the telephone; but he had seen his announcements of the lecture in the daily paper and, as he entered the building, on the bulletin board consulted by students. Its title was Rubies and Ruby Stuff, but its nature was not indicated.

Stiles entered the room as his margin was about to expire. Even as he walked to his place behind the long desk he began to explain humorously that he had mailed a letter paying a bill, but had changed his mind and wired for its return, as the postal regulations permit a man to do. Then he began abruptly upon the lecture of the day.

Ruby is like diamond, of simple composition chemically, being nothing but alumina, obtainable from common clay. When crystallized, alumina becomes exceedingly hard, ranking next to diamond, and is known as corundum, one form of which is seen in common emery. Corundum crystals, when clear, become gems, and take names according to their color. Thus red corundum becomes ruby, blue corundum sapphire, and green corundum Oriental emerald.

Of these the ruby is the most valuable, large rubies selling for as high as $1800 the carat, two or three times as much as diamonds of the same grade. Most good rubies are small.

Rubies vary a great deal among themselves in color, the so-called masculine rubies showing the deeper hues of red, the so-called feminine the paler hues. The feminine ruby may shade into colorless corundum, or white sapphire. Of the two, the deeper hues are the most admired, and of these, that red is most valued which is barely touched with magenta. This red is known in the trade as pigeon's-blood.

More pigeon's-blood rubies have come from the Mogok district, to the east of the Irawadi River, in Burma, than from any other part of the world. Siamese rubies are darker and purpler than the Burmese. Ceylon rubies are lighter in color. Indian rubies, while relatively plentiful, are less valued, not alone because of their color but because they are apt to be less clear and free from flaws.

Donovan saw the tall Chinaman in front turn pale forward as if not to miss a syllable. When the lecturer distinguished between the desirable colors he nodded his head approvingly. The praise of the Mogok quality seemed to cause him to expand across the shoulders into a new breadth. He listened intently to what was said about Siamese and Indian rubies.

"Odd that he should know so much about rubies," thought Donovan. "Can I have been mistaken in the man?"

But upon watching the other tall men in the room he saw that each seemed likewise interested, the Spaniard fingering his lead pencil nervously, the Norwegian cupping a coin in his hand, the divinity student twisting at his coat lapels. A moment later all of them had settled back to watch that which was to follow, like old men on a bench.

"This is merely a kind of acetylene torch," said Stiles, of the apparatus at his right. "It has been lighted now about eight hours. If you could see through the wall surrounding the flame you would see at the vortex a large ruby. Its weight is nearly thirty carats. Its color is the precise shade of pigeon's-blood that is most valued. At the present moment its color is a dirty gray—rubies turn gray under intense heat. Later as it cools it will become white, then green, then red. I expect to show you the cooled stone at the end of the hour. Meanwhile I ask you to join me in starting this second furnace."

He held up a flask containing a reddish powder.

"This powder is alumina colored with a touch of chromium. What is alumina? Merely the oxide of aluminum, the chief constituent of common clay. The oxide of iron is common rust. If aluminum were to rust, or oxidize, like iron, as it does slightly whenever exposed to the air, the product would be alumina."

He laughed as if at his own explanation, but Donovan knew that he was laughing because of something he had seen. He himself began glowing at the knowledge.

"I hasten to add that this reddish powder—this alumina that you see—is ruby stuff; except that it is not crystallized, it is ruby itself. Like to make some? Dissolve ammonium alum in water, add a little chrome alum as pigment, precipitate out the hydroxide with ammonia, and ignite the precipitate."

Again he laughed. "Except is a big word. Charcoal is diamond stuff. Except that it is not crystallized, it is diamond itself."

He poured some of the alumina into a tiny sieve not unlike a tea ball except that it had an exceedingly fine wire mesh.

"This sieve hangs suspended inside the furnace over the flame, which is directed downward, in such wise that any powder sifting through falls into the mingled gases behind the point of ignition and is carried by them to the point of intensest heat."

He illustrated his words by holding the sieve over a funnel and tapping upon it; whereupon the powder fell into the large end of the funnel and out the small.

"Here is the gas. Here is the flame. The tapping might be done by the hammer of an electric bell, but instead the sieve is suspended, as it were, upon the hammer wire and is vibrated bodily."

He stood back from the desk and regarded the audience, as if to see if he had made himself understood, but again Donovan felt the underlying elation of him. As he stood so his gaze seemed to rest upon individual faces. It rested so upon the tall Spaniard at Donovan's left, upon the tall Chinese student in front of him, upon the tall Norwegian still lower, upon the tall colored student at the right. It rested likewise upon someone in the rear whom Donovan could not see.

"Something has surely pleased him," thought Donovan.

Returning to the articles on the desk, Stiles now lifted a tapering cylinder, or cone, of fire clay into view.

"I spoke of having a large ruby in the flame of this furnace at my right. The ruby rests upon a fire-clay cone like this, partly because the heat is so intense that most other substances would melt down in their shoes. I now place this cone in this other furnace not yet lighted."

Setting the cone upon a support, he made an adjustment or two; then with swift hands he arranged the apparatus into its working position, turned on the gas and lighted the burner. The flame responded with a roar, sweeping downward past the cone, now invisible, until the surrounding shell became red with heat.

"The furnace is working," he said, "but as yet the alumina remains where I placed it—suspended upon this wire. When I throw this switch this magnet will begin acting upon this lever, causing it to vibrate and through it, causing the sieve to vibrate; whereupon the alumina will be sifted down into the flame and become fused upon the fire-clay cone. The resulting button, or *boule*, will take the form of an inverted pear, and it will consist of pure ruby."

Meanwhile the other furnace had been dying down as the gas pressure lowered, until its blinding flame had become a mere wisp, the soft tongue of a candle, scarcely hot enough to melt tallow. The speaker now turned to this.

"I started this furnace eight hours ago. During this time alumina has been slowly sifting down into its flame to be fused by it into a *boule* of pure ruby. I can now show you that ruby."

As he spoke he lowered the cone into view. So nearly cooled was this that its ruby *boule* was no longer gray or white or green in color, but a deep rich red touched with magenta.

"I have the honor to present to you the youngest ruby in the world."

Again Donovan saw his glance sweep the room; but although it rested lightly upon the Chinaman and the Spaniard and the Norwegian and the negro, it did not dwell there, nor yet upon the man in the rear, although it sought him out.

"This stone can be cut and polished. Its color is a perfect pigeon's-blood. Its hardness is identical with that of natural ruby, as is also its refraction. If you had not seen it made you would have gladly paid me thirty-five thousand for it; yet I could sell it to you for a thousand times less and still make a good profit on the alumina."

Donovan felt his manner subtly change. He had been speaking half humorously, at times almost joyously. Between two breaths he fell into a tone the gravity of which affected his hearers like the tolling of a bell. Yet he continued speaking about the ruby *boule*.

"Some of you are asking questions. Can this ruby be told from a natural stone? The answer is, it can be; but only by an expert, and by him only with the aid of a microscope and of liquids having the same refraction.

"As a result of this excellence, owners of fine natural rubies occasionally have exact copies of them made in artificial ruby. I remember not very long ago hearing of an entire group of fine rubies that had been copied in this manner. In this case the natural rubies were priceless. The ruse enabled their owner to place them beyond the reach of thieves while still permitting the copies to be shown freely."

While the reference was not by name, every man in the room understood him to be speaking of the Mosser rubies, the theft of which, with its attendant murder, was just then uppermost in the public mind.

Stiles ended so, on the graver note. Donovan rose with the audience, many of whom crowded forward for a closer view of the ruby *boule*; but instead of descending to the desk he passed out as he had entered. He did, indeed, glance toward the rear to look for further tall men; but he saw none, nor did he see any person whom he could justly suspect of being either a thief or a murderer. Nevertheless, he did not leave the room downcast, but with his heart singing. He saw no one further, heard no one further; he performed no acts in haste; but toward the end of the afternoon, after sauntering leisurely back to the hotel, he continued as leisurely to the telegraph office on a leisurely errand. After that, for a while, he found himself a busy man.

IV

WHEN Donovan called at the Mosser house three days later he told its owner rather sharply that he had business with him. The police captain reached the door at his heels. Mrs. Mosser, of course, was not present.

"Mrs. Mosser's attorney," he said, as Banning, who had accompanied him, met Mosser's eye.

The owner of rubies raised his thin eyebrows in polite surprise. "I suggest that his business can wait," he said

Continued on Page 213

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(Continued from Page 211)

"Present at my request. Mrs. Mosser may have an equity in the insurance."

Again Mosser raised his eyebrows in surprise. "I think not."

Donovan ignored the remark. "I asked for this meeting for a purpose." He addressed himself to Banning and Captain Rounds rather than to his host. "The purpose will appear; but I may say now that it involves the four of us, and one other."

"For a purpose," said Mosser.

"My company about two years ago insured certain valuable rubies against loss by theft. At that time they were in the possession of Mr. Mosser, residing in Chicago. These rubies later found themselves in this city and in this house. Later still they were reported stolen. A burglar entered the house one evening, lay in wait for their owner's secretary, who was accustomed to place them in the safe at night, struck him down and escaped with the rubies. The secretary has since died. The rubies, according to their owner, had just been shown to Doctor Stiles of the university, an expert in precious stones. Now Mr. Mosser asks my company to reimburse him for the loss."

"You state the matter accurately," said Mosser.

"I was sent here to recover the stolen gems. I had once examined them and knew them. Naturally I began by looking for the thief. The case had already gone to the police, and rightly, but they had unearthed no clews. My own search for clews was shortened, but I noted one or two interesting facts. I noted first that the jewel box in which the stolen rubies had been kept lay sprawled upon the floor like a dead purse, wide open and empty. The lid, indeed, lay open to the limit of movement of its hinges. That fact interested me.

"Now, as I have just said, I had examined the rubies before they were insured, to verify their value. At that time, namely two years ago, they were kept in a satin-lined box identical in appearance with the one on the floor. But there was this important difference: The satin lining in that box had been stretched too tight, so that the lid would not open back. I remember the circumstance because it caused me some annoyance. How did it happen that the box on the floor showed no such trait?

"I looked at it more closely. The satin lining bore the name of a London maker; it was in new condition, and had not been stretched. I therefore asked myself whether it might not be a different box."

"It's merely a new box I bought," said Mosser. "The old box became soiled."

"Yes. I also noticed another fact, of no importance taken by itself. In the library downstairs is a book, not long published, the inside back cover of which bears the label of a Geneva bookseller."

"Geneva! Think of that!"

"Being an appraiser of gems I have sometimes had to think of that."

Mosser looked at him sharply. "Any further facts of importance?"

"One or two, possibly. I did not go into the mountains last Monday; instead I caught a train for Denver to confer with a wiser man. As I was about to return I saw Mr. Mosser emerge from the station. He was met by a lady, not his wife, who threw her arms about him and led him to her car."

"That's untrue," snapped Mosser.

"I called my companion's attention to the sight, and he also recognized Mr. Mosser. My companion, I may add, was the gem expert I went to consult."

"No gem expert in Denver knows me by sight," said Mosser to that.

"He was only in Denver for the day. The man was Doctor Stiles."

"No!" Mosser almost shouted.

"As Mr. Mosser and this blond woman crossed the walk another fact developed. I saw, and Doctor Stiles saw, a veiled woman in black follow him from the train. We agreed that she looked like Mrs. Mosser. As the love car drove away this woman ran to the nearest taxi and gave chase."

"So you say!"

"So I say. Doctor Stiles had to leave, but I, too, gave chase in a taxi. I saw the occupants of the love car descend and enter a flat, and the woman in black saw it too. Later I learned from the agent of the building that the couple had been living in the flat, under the name of Thompson, for several months."

"Mrs. Mosser can have her divorce any time she wants it," said Mosser, biting off words. "What has all that to do with my stolen rubies?"

"Presently. I returned at once to Round Rock. Apparently Mrs. Mosser sought advice, for that evening Mr. Banning here, a family friend, called on her behalf to ask for a conference. At this conference I learned that Mrs. Mosser had seen a tall man at the mail box across the street soon after Johanson was struck down. That fact seemed important."

"This town is full of tall men." The police captain now took a hand. "Tall men don't prove anything."

"Tall men do not, but letter boxes may. I recovered the parcel he mailed."

"And what of that?" Mosser sneered, a little worried.

"Presently. This is how I recovered it. The thief knew of the rubies. Therefore, to find the thief I had to look for him among people who knew of the rubies. Who in this little city knew of them? When I made inquiries, as I did at once, I learned that Mr. Mosser's banker did not know of them, nor did the mayor, nor the police, nor the pastor of the church he sometimes attends, nor even his near neighbors. Doctor Stiles knew of them; he's a gem expert. The students of Doctor Stiles knew of them; they were especially interested, and Mr. Mosser had shown them the stones. Any visitors present would have known of them.

"I therefore asked Doctor Stiles to give a lecture that would interest such students and visitors. For I did not doubt the thief had not yet left the city. This he did, and the thief attended it. As I expected, he proved to be very tall."

"Nonsense!" cried Mosser.

"Why is it nonsense?"

"A tall man who looks to you like a thief? What kind of argument do you call that?"

"The man is under arrest," said Donovan.

"I ask for logic, and you tell me you have had him arrested."

"Anyhow, you're wrong about the arresting," said the police captain. "If he had been arrested I should have known."

"He was arrested in Denver," explained Donovan.

"No proof," persisted Mosser nervously.

The Salt River, at Taylorsville, Kentucky

"He had just receipted for the stolen rubies. Does that constitute the proof you mean?"

"Stolen rubies? Nonsense!"

"He had mailed them in a prepared parcel in Mrs. Mosser's mail box."

"Receiving them would make him the thief?"

Donovan smiled a pained smile. "I neglected to tell you that Doctor Stiles' lecture was really a demonstration. He made an artificial ruby. The thief had not known that such rubies could be made; and he had not known that the rubies he stole were synthetic duplicates of the more valuable natural rubies. When he learned that, he wired the postmaster at Chicago for their return."

"But how to Denver?" asked Banning then. "Mrs. Mosser saw the parcel mailed in Round Rock."

"The thief had placed his Denver address upon it."

"All right—the thief wired to Chicago. Where do you come in?" asked Mosser. "How did you learn of this Denver address?"

"I copied his telegram."

"Nonsense!" repeated Mosser.

"I say the same," said the police captain. "You're telling us that, but you're not telling us why telegraph companies give out copies of their telegrams."

"They gave out the telegram to me because I held an order for it from headquarters."

"I will not accept these synthetic Denver rubies as my rubies!" cried Mosser.

"I think you will have to," Donovan told him.

"Have to? Have to?"

"Because they are your rubies, made for you in Geneva on your arrival from the Far East. Why you should have had duplicate rubies made of your natural rubies, I do not know, nor why you should have bought a pair of duplicate jewel boxes in which to house the two sets. But you did. You showed Doctor Stiles the natural rubies, allowed him to test them, showed them before his students. Then you switched boxes. Even your secretary did not know. Possibly you had your wife's money in mind. I do not believe you knew the thief, or that you switched boxes for him; but when the theft occurred you saw a chance at the insurance money. You'll not get it."

"I'll sue your company, and I'll recover too!"

"Sue for what?" asked Donovan softly.

"For full insurance!"

"The flaw in that plan is, I have the other rubies also, seized on a search warrant in your Denver love nest."

"What made you first suspect that Mosser was deceiving you?" asked Banning on the way to the hotel.

"The total absence of finger prints on the furniture of his library. Someone had gone over the woodwork with a cloth."

"Mosser surely had no hand in the murder."

"Not in the murder—no. That fell unexpectedly. Any murder, of course, would fall so, but when you are planning to do something yourself and someone else does it first, you experience a peculiar surprise, unlike the mere surprise of the unexpected. I think Mosser was planning an insurance swindle of his own and found himself forestalled."

"Who was the murderer?" asked Banning.

"A tall Oriental of uncertain race, by an odd audacity calling himself Mogok. He had followed the rubies halfway round the world. At the time of his arrest he was acting as one of the janitors at the university."

"But what was his object? Just gain?"

"He is reputed to be a religious fanatic. He refuses to talk, but Mosser's three larger rubies are said to have been stolen from an ancient temple. He himself seems to be a mere agent of his cult, working under the orders of the man in Chicago to whom he mailed the duplicate rubies. He wished to recover them in order to hide his blunder."

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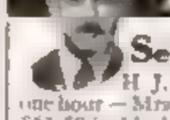

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PIPE-ORGAN PUMPING

(Continued from Page 19)

invented by the town carpenter, who was also the organist, was handed ten cents for each service. The joker in his contract was a firm instruction from his parents to deposit the coin in the plush-lined collection box with the ornately carved handle—a suggestion frequently rejected by Mr. Haag for lack of merit. Ralph Johnson, according to his affidavit, was paid fifteen cents a week at Allegan, Michigan, for two Sunday services, two choir practices and prayer meeting weekly, with nothing extra for special events. Mr. Johnson has since felt that he was roundly exploited. And so it ran, in varying measures of profit, with the position always one to be sought and envied, but a position, nevertheless, at which the pumper earned every consideration that was forthcoming.

To those whose youthful activities provided no familiarity with pipe organs it might seem that pumping was a calling devoid of spectacular incidents. On the contrary it was far from commonplace, as the high lights of experiences will show. For instance:

It was George B. Dolliver, now a wealthy publisher, who was pumping the organ in the Baptist church at Battle Creek, Michigan, along with the minister's son. The services had begun one Sunday, and the congregation had risen with the uplifted hands of the minister to join with the choir in singing Blest be the Tie That Binds.

Advancing by Force of Arms

Suddenly, from the region of the loft, above the reverential voices, came the sound of a crash of splintering wood followed by a heavy thud. Simultaneously, almost, the organ wheezed, grunted and expired.

The singing, very naturally, ceased; and in the ominous silence the sounds of a brisk conflict, with fists striking solidly on flesh, could be heard. The minister, sensing the cause, leaped the railing of the choir section back of the pulpit in a most unministerial manner and disappeared through the curtain of the pumper's sanctuary. In a moment he emerged, in explanation, holding the red-faced, kicking, panting, disheveled Dolliver boy by the scruff of the neck. Thrusting him ahead, he propelled him down the aisle of the church, to the suppressed delight of the parishioners, and pushed him forcibly through the front door.

Dolliver, it developed, was the head pumper. The minister's son was his assistant. But Dolliver's parents were Methodists. The Methodists had no organ, so Dolliver pumped at the Baptist church, where he obtained twenty-five cents a Sunday. The minister's son was tendered only ten cents as helper and he resented the arrangement. He frequently voiced his disapproval of the policy, and on this Sunday his pestering forced Dolliver's patience through the breaking point, and Dolliver, unmindful of consequences, smashed him on the jaw. A chair was crashed and the mêlée was well under way when the minister intervened. Dolliver's commission was canceled, leaving the minister's son in undisputed power. But, undaunted, Dolliver took another pumping job at the Episcopal church, which he held until made a member of the choir, and with this impetus forged up to his success.

And there was Herbert McKinney, who held the pumper's berth in the Episcopal church at Sault Sainte Marie, Michigan. He was paid fifty cents a week, a staggering sum in those days, and his place was liberally coveted. It was so desirable, in fact, that one young man who stood next in line for appointment sought to trick McKinney into disgrace. He sneaked into the church early and greased the floor under the handle. McKinney, unsuspecting, came in later with his usual alacrity and was producing his customary high grade and infallible brand of air, when, near the close of the doxology, his feet slipped and he went down with a tremendous clatter. Before he could regain his composure the organ had coughed a temporary requiem and the service was seriously fractured. McKinney discovered the cause of his slip, pointed it out to the pastor, and an official investigation was held then and there. The culprit was found and on his confession was suspended from Sunday school for three weeks, the suspension carrying with it the loss of three gold stars which would have given him a perfect attendance record and a certificate of honor at the end of the year.

Probably the most discouraging incident was encountered in Council Grove, Kansas, by E. W. Davidson, now associated with an electrical research society, of all things, in New York City.

Davidson was pumping for a Christian Endeavor meeting at the Presbyterian church when the lights flickered and went out. A practical youth, he left his handle, procured a kerosene lamp and investigated. The lighting system was fed by gasoline vapor generated by a force pump, and Davidson, judging from organ complaints, logically thought a lack of pressure had caused the defect. He put his lamp down, worked the pump energetically and then removed the cap from the gas reservoir. This move he never revealed until many years afterward, for, with the cap, came a squirt of oil. In an instant it ignited and all was aflame, including young Mr. Davidson. He rushed out, yelling, threw his blazing coat from him and galloped five blocks down the main street to a shed where a two-wheeled hose cart was sheltered. He had just enough strength left to sound the bell alarm before he collapsed. The response was slow, and by the time the hose was laid the blaze had gained such headway that the townspeople could only stand by and watch the structure burn to the ground.

Davidson was not censured for his important part in the disaster—largely because he didn't admit his error. But he is still convinced that the church would be standing today if his training on the handle of the organ had not influenced his diagnosis of the flaw in the lighting system.

The turnover among pumpers was quite heavy. Statistics gathered over a wide territory show that the average period of office incumbency was about three months. In spite of the desirability of the place, expulsions for infractions of the rules of deportment were quite common. And because of the short terms of service, but a small percentage were privileged to worry through the experience which accompanied the visit of an expert and liberally credentialed tuner. Organs were tuned about once every two years, where funds were available, and the appearance of the tuner was considerably more than a casual event. When he arrived, all activities were halted to permit unhampered progress.

When Bills Replaced Silver

At these times the tuner, after a conference, hired the pumper to work by the hour at a rate which never exceeded fifteen cents, and was more likely to be ten. The English standard for this labor, by the word of Cyril Arthur Player, who pumped at Oxford University, was eighteen pence a day. The youthful expander certainly earned his money and what pleasure he derived from blowing on the disassembled pipes with his lips.

While the tuner scrambled around in the organ, grunting and cursing in a most unconventional and unorthodox manner, the pumper was expected to stand over the handle, prepared at any shrill whistle or raucous shout to suck the life-giving wind into the bellows. Pipes were removed and cleaned with a long swab, stops were taken out and corrected, pedals were examined and aligned, stickers were adjusted. It was exacting work, and the dusts accumulated since the previous tuning were stirred up by the activities in dense clouds that enveloped the scene.

The tuner, who considered himself as high an artist as the greatest organist, was extremely temperamental. His demands were hard to meet. At the end of every ten-hour day that invariably ran into uncomputed overtime, the pumper was inclined to toss his job without ceremony. But the thought of a heavier pay day than he had ever known spurred him on. He bore the abuse meekly, sweltering along up to requirements; but none was more exuberant than he when the tuner, after a final sonorous pæan that tested every pipe, pronounced the job complete, and, with exasperating slowness, finally paid off with crumpled bills extracted from a four-clasp pocketbook.

Aside from the financial emoluments of the berth, the pumper had other considerations, not wholly spiritual, perhaps, but certainly not to be scorned. Between hymns he had an opportunity to carve his initials in the soft pine organ casing, without question the best carving surface in town. He did not have to sing, nor was he forced to sit, with mouth watering, longingly curious, watching his parents sip wine from a goblet and partake reverently of white cake from a snowy-napkined silver platter on communion Sundays.

A Chance for Diversion

Through long, fervid prayers he had ample time to absorb a chapter or two of the exploits of Dick Merriwell or Joe Brady; he took no part in responsive readings; and during the sermon, he wasn't compelled, as the other boys were down in the congregation, to seek diversion by reading and rereading the blurry advertisement of the town's leading shoe dealer on the back of the bamboo fan, illustrated on the other side with a garish Chinese pastoral scene. No one disturbed his naps with vicious digs in the ribs unless he overslept the sermon; and he had a chance to clear up the mystery of how the minister managed to get his handkerchief into the pocket in the tail of his long coat after the sip of water and dignified cough that trailed each climax of oratory.

He could observe the members of the choir, in reverse, and the disarray of hymn books and sheet music so effectually hidden by the drapes of the loft from the critical eyes of parishioners in the pews. He could note the yawns of the singers as the sermon wore on. He learned, to his great amazement, that they were human, as himself, subject to human frailties. He was privileged to enjoy a close-up, lingering study of the beautiful soprano, whom he secretly adored; and he detected, in embarrassed disillusionment on Sundays when she hurried in late, that her lace waist wasn't hooked all the way down the back.

Above all else, although the value was never discovered until maturer years came on, the pumper knew the smell of an empty church after dark. He caught this on choir-practice nights as he hurried, with some trepidation, down the aisle between the yawning pews. It was a ghostly, haunting smell, accentuated by the utter vacantness; a dankish smell, and musty, of hymn books, carpets, withered flowers and cushion foot rests. It was the smell of sacred spaces unused, of an edifice unpeopled—a smell that almost had a hue. It brought remembrances of funerals. It awed and frightened him as he sped. And he was mightily relieved when he reached the zone of light cast by the incandescents of the choir loft and received the cheery greetings of the choristers. He pumped with more than ordinary spirit on these occasions, and when he left by the back door, which the organist locked, he hurried home dogged by strange sounds, away from the

(Continued on Page 217)

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★ *This statement is based on facts. Our investigators secured written reports from over 1500 motorists picked at random except that they were all testing Michelin Tires against other makes. 84% said they obtained more mileage from Michelins than from any of the other makes tested.*

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ELECTROL QUIET · ALL ELECTRIC OIL BURNER

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smell he has never forgotten—the smell of an empty church after dark.

In addition to physical inconveniences, there were numerous phases in the career of a pumper not calculated to inspire enthusiasm for his task. Besides the demand that he be on hand early, he was expected also to stick to his handle until the congregation had gossipingly commented on the weather and departed. Then he went directly to his Sunday-school class, denied the privilege enjoyed by the other boys of standing around out in front, teasing the girls. He couldn't play mumble-the-peg on the church lawn, either, or pitch collection pennies at a crack. And after the meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society at night, when the rest of the fellows paired off with their steady girls, he was forced to turn in, with leaden heart, and go to work.

Untainted by Scandal's Breath

Vexations caused by the organist were distressing, too, because his regard for this dignitary was based solely on the amount of wind used in the various selections. When the vox humana and other sweet-toned pipes were employed, and he had spells when he could rest, with his gauge in safe territory, he was inclined to be tolerant. But when he fed air for the Pilgrim's Chorus from Tannhäuser or for the Hallelujah Chorus, his mood was raging, especially if there was a steady leak in the bellows that the conservative trustees refused to have fixed. Often the organist swung into a full organ, using the pedal and manual keys with no stops retarded, and as the perspiration dripped off his nose in his frantic attempt to keep the indicator up, his thoughts were black, indeed. Then later, after the sermon, if the minister, himself a bit fagged, announced just the first and last verses of God be With You Till We Meet Again, the pumper's disposition took a turn for the better. But if the cleric, in a burst of righteous enthusiasm, called for the first, second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth verses of hymn number 244 in the old book, there was no diminution of his distress.

On Monday or Tuesday, however, when he received his money—as much as other fellows made for sweeping out a dentist's office every day or delivering packages of meat in a wire basket attached to the handle bars of a bicycle—he was extremely happy. He was the best paid of all, if he was paid at all, and the silver coin was just cause for jubilance. He even took the little talk on thrift that accompanied the payment good-humoredly. He knew he had performed well and he reflected repeatedly on the gratifying fact that he was one of the few whose initials would live as long as the organ and would some day be pointed out pridefully by those who now ignored him or just called him Bub. His sorrows and vexations vanished as the wealth appeared. All the stings were healed. With the coin clutched tightly, he went downtown and bought himself a set of extra-long sling-shot rubbers, together with several sticks of a once-popular gum carrying celluloid buttons of the flags of all nations from Nicaragua to Liberia, which he added to a notable collection rivaled only in worth by his collections of cigar boxes and chewing-tobacco tags.

Of more than usual significance, in the consideration of this profession, is the fact that the name of the pumper was never tainted by the breath of scandal. He maintained his position in the church of his persuasion with unimpeachable conduct. Not infrequently, in other days, the name of the minister was linked in whispered tones with that of some fashionably gowned parishioner who, in the matter of congratulatory handshakes, was not very quick on the draw. Too, the pastor was regarded with some distrust if a comely young woman lingered after Sunday school to confer with him on a choice of books from the library for home reading, and he was often secretly condemned for his altogether too brash actions at rummage sales and lawn sociables. The handsome bass singer in the choir, married, besides, caused folks to remark that it was no wonder he was so enthusiastic about rehearsals, when he was obligated, through circumstances, to take her—the alto—safely home. Some doubts were expressed at times whether the treasurer was getting all the collection money, the ushers being under suspicion; and the janitor was freely criticized for keeping the church too warm in summer and too cold in winter. Even the superintendent of the Sunday school, conscientious and hard-working as he was, came in for his share of adverse comment because he'd get to talking and run the classes overtime, while the secretary chafed to read her report and get home before her roast burned.

But the pipe-organ pumper, toiling on at his vital task, kept his reputation for faultless execution above reproach. He was unpretentious, unassuming, out of the reach of gossiping tongues; and in all the years his name was never stigmatized by intrigue.

Little did the pumper know of the inner secrets of the organ, unless he helped tune. He often wondered just how the instrument worked and peered through the handle aperture to the dusty surface of the bellows to get some idea. His mission lay with the handle exclusively, and he gave this all his attention, when necessary. He had no idea that the pipe organ was invented by Ctesibius, of Alexandria, about 250 B. C.; that it was quite common in the time of Julian the Apostate and was introduced into Spain in the fifth century. He didn't know that it was mentioned in chapter iv, verse 21, of the Book of Genesis, as an ugab; that it was called a bumbulum by early English musicians, and that it was a lineal descendant of the pipes of Pan, the bagpipes and the Chinese sang. Nor did he worry about this ignorance. It caused him no concern whatsoever. But in later years, when he accumulated these historical details along with others, he congratulated himself soundly that he had never been ambitious enough to have bid on the contract for supplying the wind for the special organ at the St. Louis Exposition, which had five manuals, 140 speaking stops, 99 accessory stops and 10,059 pipes.

A Majestic Technic

This briefly sums up the case of the pipe-organ pumper and is the foundation of his claim for dignified but ample acknowledgment of his part in the musical advancement of the centuries. He can point to the printed fame of Willaert, the first to play tonal fugues; to Jan Pieterszoon, Sweelinck, Bach and Girolama Frescobaldi, and issue a ringing interrogation as to how far they would have gone up the scale of effort without their pumpers. He can mention the liberal credit given to Halberstadt, and at the same time he can direct attention to the twenty-bellowed organ that won this genius renown—an organ which demanded a battery of ten pumpers whose names will never grace a page of history! He can gesture toward the organ built by order of Bishop Alphege in Winchester Cathedral, with twelve bellows above and fourteen below, requiring the combined efforts of seventy men for their inflation; and he can ask, dramatically but vainly, for the names of the seventy! With multiple examples he can show that, while the names and faces of renowned organists decorate the records of the pipe organ as an institution, not a single complimentary reference has been made to the pumpers who, with their physical and moral exertions, produced the wind that made the reputations of these artists possible.

Moreover, he has his technic to emphasize as a factor in his contentions for notice. The action was not involved. It was a plain up-and-down movement, sometimes jerky, but mostly sustained and even. Nothing fancy, to be sure. There were no flourishes. But it was the accepted technic of the pumper, and, as such, commanded credit even in its plainness. He can list his tolerance, too, among his credits; his freedom from bigotry, his durability, his punctuality. He can declare that he never allowed his name to be used in idle merger talk; that he never entertained possible liaisons with organized labor. He can hold up for scrutiny his outstanding triumphs of virtue over his baser thoughts, his self-denial, in fact, all the assets that gave him a rating as a first-class pumper. And he can rightfully demand a place of distinction alongside other engravers of history.

A Private Hall of Fame

His profession is now virtually extinct. The first sinister indication that pumpers' jobs were going came with the introduction of the water motors. These contraptions were not reliable, and pumpers were frequently called back, when they broke down, to take up the handle again. But the motors served as an incentive to creative genius and electrical action was ushered in. Electricity now supplies the wind, except in a few scattered localities in America and some parts of Europe, where the organs have not been changed. The pumper's calling has vanished in the maw of modernity. And it would have passed without comment, with a justly earned credit unvoiced and unchronicled, but for the recent organization of the Guild of Former Pipe-Organ Pumpers.

This organization, conceived in justice and fairness, is a nonsectarian, nonpartisan, nonprofit, nonessential group consisting exclusively of those who, at one time, pumped pipe organs in the churches of the world, whether for pelf or not. Its aims are simple—to perpetuate the memories of this obsolete but honorable profession and to correct the general though erroneous impression, gained from autobiographical articles in popular periodicals, that every successful man earned his first dollar selling newspapers.

Bolstered by the slogan Pump, for the Wind is Fleeting, and under the favorable dispensations of their logical divinity, Æolus, the Greek god and keeper of the winds, the fellows of the guild will work industriously to establish their one-time vocation in a high place in the history of progress. Officers, named after the stops on the organ, from the grand diapason to the contrafagotto, the dulciana, the tremolo, Doppelrohrgedeckt, and on down to the fifth assistant quint and the gauge tender, will be elected. Lofts will be established in various zones, both here and abroad. And the members, by erecting a fitting statue, hope to provide posterity with artistic and permanent evidence of the existence of their profession, and, in every legitimate manner, as befits them, to secure a correct appraisal of an important calling worthy of greater recognition than it has ever received.

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DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS

(Continued from Page 39)

to the exterminating blow-off. To that end, then, observe:

Item: President Coolidge is slipping. He is losing his hold on the people. He is not so strong with the populace as he was. He is on the ski, sliding rapidly down the glib slope of Mount Oblivion to land, at convention time in 1928, at the jagged bottom of a chasm of extinction from which he never will be able to extricate himself. And with him are going:

Item: Prosperity and good times and good business. It is all bogus anyhow. It is fictitious. It cannot last. A lot of Wall Street gamblers and bankers are holding things together until after election and then the smash will come. Business is good now, but wait! Wait! These Wall Street gamblers and bankers have only been using Coolidge anyhow, and getting all the gravy. Now they have cleaned up and they will let the country go to ruin. It has got to end. Sure! Common sense tells you that. It can't last forever, and when it does end, whose fault will it be? Whose fault? Coolidge's, of course.

Item: The Congress will be turned over to the Democrats, and everybody knows what that means—low tariff, assaults on business, monkeying with the financial system, blocking of all the President's program, chaos because the White House is Republican and the Capitol is Democratic. Terrible situation! Ruinous! Awful danger for the country!

Item: Likely as not, if the Democrats do not get control of the Congress, there will be enough dissenting Republicans and Independents and Progressives in it to form a coalition with the Democrats and thwart the President. That will unsettle business and bring bad times. No stability. Those crazy radicals. Frightful thing if this should happen! Most disastrous!

Item: The farmers are up in arms. They want the Government run exclusively for them. They have gone loco in the agrarian states and there's no telling what will happen. How can we keep taxes down if we've got to subsidize the farmers, and how can we get the farmers' vote if we don't do something for them? Very dangerous situation. Vast potentialities for trouble there.

Item: The tariff. As everybody knows, our tariff has been constructed and maintained all these years for the fostering benefit of our infant industries—which never get out of the stage of babyhood, as our manufacturers well know. Now the farmers say they must have protection for their products, and what does that mean? Higher prices for food, of course. This will unsettle business and cause a revolt. Hazardous situation. Perilous.

An Awful Outlook

Item: The country is all torn up over the wet-and-dry controversy. Almost like a civil war. Split wide open. Impossible to predict to what an extent this will affect the future of our country, but cannot fail to be disastrous whichever way it goes. Leading issue in politics now and will result in much bitterness and strife and trouble. Sitting on a hooch volcano, we are, and when it explodes—chaos!

Item: These damning exposures of political methods shown by the investigations of recent primaries in various states. It only goes to show that the very life of the republic is threatened. Think of all the vast sums spent to put over candidates! Votes bought. Electorate debauched. All that sort of thing. Everybody shocked, even the fellows who put up the money. Destructive of our form of government.

Item: This World Court business. Trying to sap our national vitality and preeminence by making us the goat for all Europe's nasty mess of politics and hatreds. What did George Washington say? What did he say? If we join we'll soon come down to the level of the rest of them. If we do not join we'll be isolated from the rest of the world and loathed and hated, and eventually attacked. Jeopardized either way and in a most insecure position.

Well, there we are. The primaries are all over now, and the rapids of the November elections are below us. It doesn't seem possible that the battered and barnacled ship of state can get through them without being wrecked in a most calamitous manner. All appears lost, and we may as well resign ourselves to our shuddering fate.

Government by Local Issues

However, there is this to be said for us: We did fairly well while we were afloat. We were good fellows while we had it. We built up a large and going concern in the United States of America, and though it is sad and disheartening to see the work of all these years crushed and jumbled and destroyed by these perils that beset us, they cannot take the past away from us. That, at least, is as secure as Daniel Webster once remarked when we were headed for oblivion in practically the same manner as at present some ninety-odd years ago. And that gives a gleam of hope. We pulled through then, and we pulled through before then, and since then, when there didn't seem to be a chance. It may be—it is barely possible—that we can get past this time. To that end, let us examine this situation in a calm and dispassionate manner. Let us separate it into its component parts and apply a drop or two of acid. Let us take it apart and see what makes it tick.

The development of our politics has been parallel with the development of many of our other national characteristics. This is a jazz age. Hence we have jazz politics. Rather, we have jazz politicians. Our politics hasn't changed much in its fundamentals. We continue to be Republicans because our fathers were Republicans, or Democrats for the same reason. When we gave the franchise to the women we practically doubled our electorate; but we neither increased nor decreased our party strength save in the matter of numbers, because, to a dominant extent, the women followed the settled lines of affiliation and became Republicans because their husbands were, or their fathers or brothers; they went with their menfolk. We vote with fair regularity along those basic alliances, affected now and then by certain specific sets of circumstances and conditions, but mostly voting the label of Republicanism or Democracy, *per se*, rather than seeking out reasons for support or showing any particular independence of thought or action—or originality either.

The fact of it is that, politically, we are a rather inert people. We do not take our politics very seriously, save now and then, nor are we particularly interested in it. We rise in protest here once in a rare while, or rise in protest there, but it is a long time since we have risen in a body. We do not synchronize our risings. The Middle West may be all aflame on some political question, and the East and the West cold and callous about it. The Pacific Coast may be all torn up over a political problem, and the rest of the country will not give a hoot about it. New England may have an issue of vital importance, but New York or Pennsylvania or the South will not display even a languid interest in it.

They laughed Winfield Scott Hancock into political oblivion because he said the tariff is a local issue, but what he said was true then and is true now; and so are all our other political issues; and so is all our politics local. Thus our national politicians are more and more put to it to stir the people nationally into national action; and hence we have come to the era of hyperbole in politics, where every proposition is held to be of enormous and imminent importance, where ruin and disaster dog the failure of any policy, where calamity and the wreck of existing institutions are sure to follow any protest against the established order, and where the devil of disunion is always just around the corner if the feverish warnings of the politicians, and the editorial writers and the political correspondents are not heeded.

No politician is content to do a neat and modest soft-shoe dance for the entertainment of his customers. He must do the Charleston. No political demonstration, no congressional squabble, no trend of thought or sporadic and local action is viewed in the light of our political history, our political temperaments and tendencies or our political precedents. Everything that arises is new. Everything is colossal. Everything is sensationally dangerous, chock-full of trouble and calamity. Everything is unique, unprecedented. Everything is dangerous, destructive, gigantic and gangrenous.

So we pass on from predicted crisis to predicted crisis, and not one of them crises. So we are harangued that we have political chills and fever when, really, all we have is a slight attack of political indigestion. So they tell us we are organically all wrong and will surely curl up and die as a nation unless we use the raucously prescribed panaceas or submit to the various capital operations proposed by some class here, some sect there or some organization elsewhere, when there is nothing the matter with us except that we have too many doctors for our political ills, such as they are.

This congressional campaign now closing has been a typical example of the sort of thing our politics has degenerated into. It began early in the year with a loud beating of tom-toms in Washington, and it has continued with the politicians doing snake dances in every district. It will so continue to the end in November. Then, no doubt, we shall observe various results in the way of separating various statesmen from jobs they fondly desired to hold; and in the further way of demonstrations, here and there, of local sentiment on certain of the issues presented.

Interpreters of the Vote

We shall have bits of evidence here that something is tepidly popular or tepidly unpopular, and some person likewise. We shall have bits of evidence that certain communities are wet or dry. We shall have bits of evidence that some sections of the country feel one way about the farmer and his troubles and certain other sections have no feeling whatsoever in the matter. We shall have certain bits of evidence to be twisted one way or another as indorsement or disparagement of President Coolidge, of the World Court, of the tariff, of all this and that. We may get a Democratic Congress or we may not.

In either event, or in any of the other events mentioned, we shall be just where we are now, nationally and fundamentally, and for this reason: There will be nothing like a national referendum on any of these questions, because all these questions will be voted on locally, and not nationally, and because not a single one of them can be tortured into having had a conclusive test at the polls.

Not that the attempt at thus torturing them will not be made—not that. Immediately after the returns are in, the expert torturers of both parties will begin to twist results to meet the demands of their situations. We shall hear that Coolidge was indorsed and that he was disparaged. We shall read of the triumph of the basic principles of Republicanism, of the sweeping condemnation of those principles, of the exaltation or debasement of the farmer, of the ascendancy of the West and the exaltation of the drys. In all probability there will be results suitable for all interpreters, twisters and wise-crackers. We shall have

(Continued on Page 221)

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(Continued from Page 218)

escaped Scylla only to go head-on on Charybdis, or the other way around, as the case may be. In any event the chances are that this election will furnish ample material for all political branches of the prophet, interpreter, calamity howler, optimist and pessimist business. And in the large way, they'll all be wrong—because it will all be hokum.

Let us look into these various situations, conditions, issues, policies, dangers and impending disasters in the light of what has happened when the American people were faced with similar political contingencies. Let us discuss them with a view to their importance, their significance, their bearings on the future and their relations to the past. Let us disassociate them from their partisan cryings up and cryings down, and put them on the unprejudiced and neutral dissecting table of fact. What is all the shooting for?

We shall begin with the claim that President Coolidge is slipping from the high estate he has held among the people. We see this openly stated in the Democratic press. No particulars are given. It is just a case of slipping, sliding—falling, mayhap; a weakening among the populace, a loss of strength and respect and admiration and support. This, to hear them tell it, is very serious. It presages disaster of some sort. Just what sort is not clear, but disaster. Possibly to the Republican Party. Possibly only to Mr. Coolidge himself. Or in extremist suppositions, disaster to the country. It is a state, a condition, a situation. It is ominous.

Now assuming this is true, what of it? Is Mr. Coolidge unique in this? Is he the only President who has slipped in the middle of his term? Is he the horrible example among all our Presidents who, elected by the people, has lost somewhat in popular regard during the course of his four years? Not by twenty-nine other separate and individual instances. Not by every man who has been President of the United States. Not beginning with George Washington and ending with Warren G. Harding. All of them slipped in the middle of their terms—every one. All of them, after the exultation and exaltation of election, found themselves lessening in regard among the people. That is as American as Bunker Hill. That is as typical as ice water and apple pie.

Fickle Political Affections

To cite recent instances: How about President Harding in the middle of his term? How about President Wilson? How about President Taft? Was there the universal approbation of President Roosevelt in 1906 that was observed when he was so enthusiastically elected in 1904? Anybody at all familiar with our politics knows that these Presidents slumped in the middle of their terms, as have all Presidents; but not all ascribe the real reason; not many.

It would not be true to write what I am about to write, about all Presidents, because some Presidents slumped two ways. Some slumped both personally and politically. However, it is true to write that the recession noticed mid-term in Presidents ordinarily is political and is not personal. The reaction is political in the great majority of cases. The President loses strength with the politicians. By mid-term he has given out most of his patronage, and he has usually not approved of many schemes of the politicians. Politics, being the most selfish business in the world, is peculiarly selfish when it centers on the White House. So long as the President is a Santa Claus, a producer, he retains his strength with the politicians; but the minute he eases off in value as a producer or shows signs of wanting and intending to do what he wants to do rather than what the politicians want him to do, then he begins to lose strength with the politicians, and then we begin to hear the stories that he is slipping.

The fact always is that when the politicians begin to whisper about that a President is slipping, with the imputation that the slipping is among the people, that President has already slipped with the politicians and they merely are trying to make it unanimous. There is no doubt that President Coolidge has slipped some with the politicians. Politically speaking, and with reference to his own senatorial and house leaders and rankers, he is not so strong as he was two years ago.

Thus we come to the inquiry as to whether this is an asset or a liability. A rather extensive survey of the country with this proposition in mind convinces me that though the presidential lack of strength with his party politicians may not be much of an asset, neither is it any very great liability. I do not find that the President has lost his popularity with the people. Even among the farmers in the embattled wheat and corn states, the President holds his own fairly well; and criticism, not political but popular, is not of him but of his advisers. The people think he is all right, but has been misled in some particulars.

Taking a Crack at the Senate

Furthermore—and this is the most interesting thing I discovered—I find that in these specific cases where the defeat of certain senatorial candidates was laid directly at the President's door by the opposition, the people who defeated the senatorial candidates who were trying for renomination did not defeat them with any idea of administering a rebuke to the President, and did defeat them, specifically and particularly, with an idea of getting some sort of slam at the United States Senate. The people do not like the United States Senate. They are fed up with the Senate and most fed up with the Republican majority in it. These senatorial defeats mainly were an expression of eminent disregard for the Senate.

These defeats signified little so far as Coolidge is concerned. The people were not voting for Coolidge or against him. What they were doing was tying a few cans to the Senate and the senators. They had little thought of Coolidge one way or another. It was the Senate they were after, regardless of World Court, foreign debts, tariff, farm relief or what not. Each played its little part, but the Senate itself played the big part.

The Republicans elected a President in 1920 by 7,000,000 plurality and had 300 out of the 435 members of the House of Representatives. The Republicans were rebuked to the extent of the loss of seventy-five seats in the House in the elections of 1922, which was quite a rebuke as those things go, but went right out and elected Coolidge in 1924 by approximately that same 7,000,000 plurality, and La Follette got nearly 5,000,000 votes, all told, in that same election, most of them normally Republican.

These 1922 elections, they said clamorously, showed conclusively that President Harding had slipped. They came in the middle of the Harding term, or what would have been the middle of his term if he had lived. Also, that the Republican Party had slipped with him.

The Harding equation is not to the point. That was a customary, precedented presidential experience, although they tried to make a sensation of it just as they have been making a sensation of these primary results, which are sensational enough, but not in the manner alleged. The point is that, even after the spectacular reverse of 1922, the Republicans came right back in 1924 to where they had been standing before, and all this crape hanging that has been done because of these primary results is considerably in advance of the decease desired. That, if at all, will not come until 1928.

Nobody with knowledge of the situation, not even the President himself, if he should comment on it, will deny that Coolidge is opposed by many of the politicians in his party, and that these politicians talk threateningly about what they will do to him during the next two years in the way of

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defeating him for renomination if he desires renomination or tries for it. But the sending in of R. I. P. floral emblems now, before the November elections of this year and because of some senatorial primary results, is a bit premature. The only way to find out whether the President and his party retain their strength on the big issue—the Presidency—is to wait for the Republican National Convention of 1928 and the election of the same year.

So that portion of the dirty work at the crossroads has not been so dirty as set forth.

This brings us to the dire forebodings over the forthcoming vanishing of prosperity into the maw of hard times. Prosperity is a Coolidge trade-mark. He has had it as a presidential asset ever since he has been in the White House, and there is no presidential asset so potent. Given good times on the eve of a presidential election, and the incumbent party is almost certain to win. Conversely, given bad times, and the opposition party usually gets in on the claim that it can and will bring about better times.

The voting attitude of the people on prosperity is curious and interesting. They credit the party in power with the good times. Also they blame the party in power with the bad times. They do not really believe that the throwing out of one party and the putting in of another will change bad times to good times, but they do it on the theory that it is well enough to take a chance. Things can't be much worse and maybe the other fellows will make them better.

The identification of a government with good times and good times with a government is a subject that cannot adequately be discussed in a volume, much less in a few paragraphs. Economically there are a dozen different angles, but politically there is only one. The ins always take credit for good times, good crops, good weather, good everything, but fervently disclaim responsibility for the bad. The fact is that a government cannot make good times, but can foster them. The further fact is that no government could possibly be made up of idiots so blithering as deliberately to work for bad times, nor of partisans so weak-minded as not to help good times along and fend off bad times as much as possible. They might try to do it before election, these politicians, just as the bears operate in Wall Street, but that is a political contingency, not an economic one. Given a favorable economic situation, and no government would dare do anything but boost to the uttermost limit.

Two Reasons for a Fight

Wherefore, as the economic situation is favorable, those of our citizens who see disaster ahead seem to be unduly nervous. Even if the forthcoming Congress shall be in opposition to the President by virtue of a Democratic majority, or by virtue of a coalition control between the Democrats, dissenting Republicans, Independents, and so on, Mr. Coolidge remains as President of the United States. He stays right there in the White House for two more years, and nothing in this election will deprive him of his veto power, or change his executive functions or authority in any single particular. His greatest asset and the greatest asset of his party is prosperity. To think that he will not go to any practical length to preserve prosperity is absurd. To think that any opposition will try to kill prosperity is insane. Nothing political will be done or attempted by anybody to bring about bad times. That sort of thing must start from an economic source; and if it does start, it will not start because anybody wants it, not even the most partisan of the opposition, but because nobody, including the bankers, the Wall Street gentlemen and all others, can stop it.

It is a logical conclusion, in view of present circumstances, that the next Congress, which will be elected in November and begin to operate in December of next year, unless there should be a special session, will harass the President considerably. Judging from this preëlection outlook, there will be quite a number of expert harassers on hand. This will happen even if the Republicans hold nominal control of both the House and Senate, if there are enough Independents and other dissenters to combine into a voting majority with the Democrats, or if the Democrats get control in their own right. The events of the past few months of the session that ended this summer show that, regardless of whatever complexion the new Congress may be. There was enough bushwhacking and sharpshooting to prove the temper of the statesmen. Naturally, the President knows this; and, naturally, unless the emergency is great, he will not give these harassers a chance to operate before their constitutional opportunity by calling them into special session.

There will be two reasons for this. One is the desire of the Democrats to elect a President, the other is the desire of various Republicans to be elected President. Both are perfectly legitimate ambitions and a part of the game, but they are not going to have any particular effect on the prosperity of the country or on anything else, save the political fortunes of a few individuals and the columns of the newspapers.

Wooing the Farm Vote

Thus we come to the revolt of the farmers and the tales of what they intend to do, politically, to those who stand in the way of their demands. Revolts by farmers are not particularly novel as American political demonstrations. The farmers of this fair and agrarian land have revolted often before, but usually they revolt between times. They see red betwixt presidential elections. They rise up and protest in off years. Ordinarily they are pretty regular in presidential campaigns. This is between times. We are midway in a presidential period, and the farmers are revolting all over the place. The politicians from the farm states are pushing things along. They have to. Otherwise they would not remain on the public pay rolls. They would lose their political jobs. Nothing so sets, conserves and expands the sympathy of a politician for the woes of the farmers as the fact that the farmers are in the voting majority in his district or state. That is the answer to farm blocs, farm-relief bills, farm legislation, farm appropriations, farm and farmer coddling of all sorts.

No scheme for agrarian relief is too fantastic for a senator or a representative to propose if he thinks the proposal will help him at the polls on election day. That is about the extent of this professionally political sympathy, sorrow, sustenance, subsidy and sloppy hand holding of the farmer. That is the basis and foundation of all this congressional sob stuff about the tiller of the soil. So we have seen every sort of remedy proposed, from a Treasury subsidy to a governmental sales organization—all with an eye to the agricultural votes.

There is a great agrarian problem in this country. The position of the farmer with reference to general industry is unbalanced, but that position cannot be remedied by congressional nostrums or by momentary aid. It comprehends a scientific tariff revision, a scientific plan for the disposition of surplus farm products, and a financial organization that will be fluid enough to meet crop-to-crop demands, and at the same time not be a tax on the Treasury or on other classes of the population.

That is a large order, both politically and economically. The demand for it and the necessity of it, coupled with the delay in securing it, have no doubt weakened the President's party in power in certain sections, and may have a certain effect on the elections this fall; but with 1928 ahead, whatever sort of Congress is elected this time will be the sort of Congress that will do all that can be done to fill the order.

Meantime watch the farmers. They had merry little flings with the Grange, with the Greenbackers, with the Populists, with the

(Continued on Page 225)

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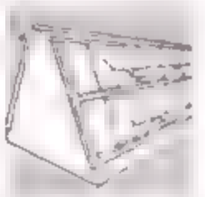

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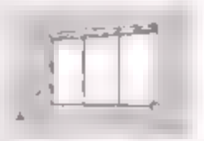

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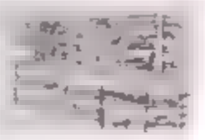

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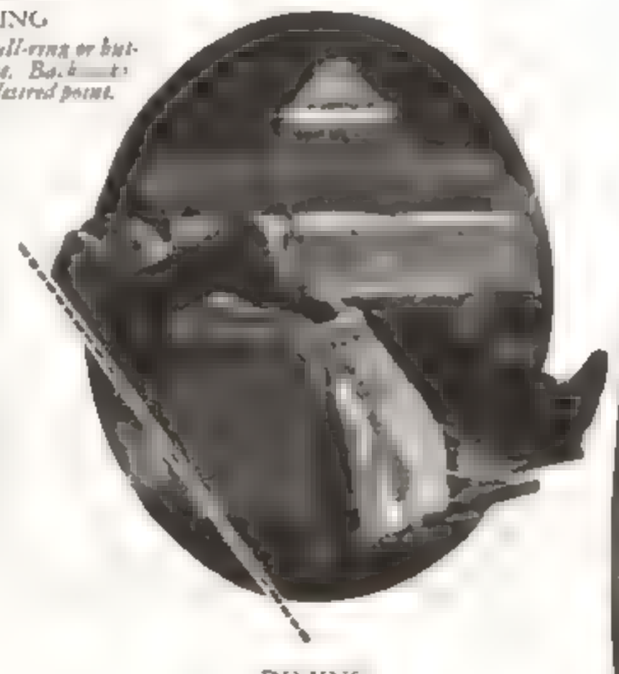

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Royal Easy Chairs

"PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"

(Continued from Page 222)

Free Silverites, but always they came back to taw. Considerable agrarian red fire is burning now, but do not forget that much of the material and many of the matches are supplied by the politicians. There is no attempt to decry the pressing nature of the farm problem by any man acquainted with conditions. Nor is there any doubt that those conditions will be met as squarely as possible. The fact is that, as usual, the farmer is being exploited by a lot of politicians for their own political ends. Hence a large percentage of this revolt stuff; hence this political sympathy; hence these copious but crocodile tears.

Skipping thus agilely from crisis to crisis, we come now to the wet-and-dry controversy raging so virulently up and down and across and back over our constitutionally dry country. Here, too, a volume, a library, would be needed to go exhaustively into the various phases of the matter. At that, considerable can be said in a paragraph. The facts are that, at present, the United States is constitutionally dry, legislatively dry, congressionally dry, however wet the country may be outside of these restrictions. A further fact is that a change from this legal dryness to a legal wetness is as simple of accomplishment as getting a drink is now in New York or Chicago. All that is required is for the wets to elect a wet Congress and see to it that a wet President is in the White House. Then any degree of wetness required can be obtained by amendment of the Volstead Law—a trifling matter if the votes are at hand. The law says no beverages of more than half of 1 per cent of alcoholic content can be made or dispensed. Congress can amend or repeal any law passed by Congress. Change that restriction to 4, or 14, or 44 per cent, and there you are. There is no dispute over whether or not we shall have saloons again. All are agreed that we never shall. Hence this simple procedure will supply the light wines and beer we hear so much about.

Incomplex as can be. If this country is dominatingly wet, as the wets say it is, and as the wets say, a referendum would show, the thing for the wets to do is to get busy and elect a wet Congress and a wet President—a wet Congress to amend the law and a wet President to sign the bill. It is quite sure that the present Congress is dry. There are a hundred proofs of that. One is enough. Last spring, immediately after the wets had made their greatest demonstration so far, and the drys had had their say, there came up in the House of Representatives a bill reënforcing the Volstead Law. The vote in the House in favor of reenforcing was 196 to 4.

The Hooch Volcano Postponed

Unfortunately for the wets, the records of the candidates selected show that the Congress to be elected in November will be as dry, practically, as the present Congress is. The nominations already made at the time this was written show that. So the hooch volcano will not explode legislatively before 1928, if then, and we shall struggle along with that political crisis still impending. It really isn't cutting much of a political figure at present, save in a conversational and discussional way, with plenty of agitation on both sides; and regardless of any other phase of it, or condition of it, or merit of it, the only sort of determining figure it must cut is a political figure, if action is desired and to be secured. As a political crisis it is still in the incubator.

No person can study politics, observe politics, practice politics, or in any way be informatively interested in politics, without arriving at an honest but discouraging cynicism concerning the whole business, in all its aspects, from professionals who play it to people who are played with it. For that reason neither the political nor the moral effect of the revelations made by the senatorial investigating committee concerning the expenditures of money in the primaries in Pennsylvania, Illinois and elsewhere seems to have much bearing on the elections that are to come. The basis for this assumption is that the investigations originated partisanly and are political, which gives rise to the very general opinion that though the things shown are deplorable, they are not unusual, and that the other fellows would do the same if they had a chance. In such matters the public puts a plague on both houses.

That isn't the worst of it. The disheartening feature is that the fact it has been shown that so much money was spent, and spent as it was spent, will not start any considerable number of persons in this country crusading against the evil, either in the specific sense as shown in specific cases or in the general sense of assailing a system that allows such debauchery. There will be no crusades. Senator Reed and his fellows will undoubtedly keep hammering at the matter until the campaign is over, but they will have a large share of their trouble for their pains.

The World-Court Bogy

The American people are too used to that sort of thing to make any great fuss because some rich men spent money richly and unlawfully in various political places. That has been going on a long time in this country. It is nothing new. Anyhow, aside from the professional phases of it, the attempt at capital making, and so on, the whole business apparently means less to the public, much less, than the death of a popular movie actor.

There is no continuity of public opinion on such matters. We are easily shocked and as easily unshocked. We were all torn up over the revelations of the oil investigations and the accompanying hullabaloo about them, but in the elections following, the people had forgotten all about these revelations and scandals, and the oil stuff did not make an appreciable difference at any polling place anywhere. It will be so with the primary expenditures. They are not critical, speaking of them with regard to their political effect.

So far as the World Court is concerned, that is an academic bogy that does not touch on the lives of the people in an understanding way, and never will. The truth of the World Court business is that the dangers of it have been greatly exaggerated, and the benefits of it also. It was merely a political out for an untenable situation in which this country found itself, and even if we persist in it, a whole lot of those who are excited about it now will be dead before the reservations we tacked on it are allowed by the other nations concerned. There is considerable popular feeling against it on the wholly agitated ground that it will mean we shall be obliged to send American soldiers over to any European war that may ensue, and the American people, as a whole, have thumbs down on any further military adventures of that character; but as to what it really means, entails or advantages, not a thousand in a million know, or care. As we have handled it, the whole proceeding is political, of politics and the politicians, and the importance and interest are vague in the minds of the people. If it is an issue in the 1928 campaign it will be a minor issue promoted by a lot of specialists to whom international affairs are more vital than domestic problems.

Having examined these dangers, as so frantically set forth by the politicians and their followers, in the light of the actual situation in the country, the conclusion is that as dangers they are bogus, as crises they are artificial, as diversions they are interesting, but not especially important at this time. Of course any one of them may burst brightly into flame at any moment, but the probabilities are that the man who chiseled over his fireplace "As I look back on my troubles I find that most of them never happened" not only sized up his own situation but took a prophetic and truthful whack at the political situation in the United States in the second year of the first elective term of the Honorable Calvin Coolidge, of Northampton, Massachusetts.

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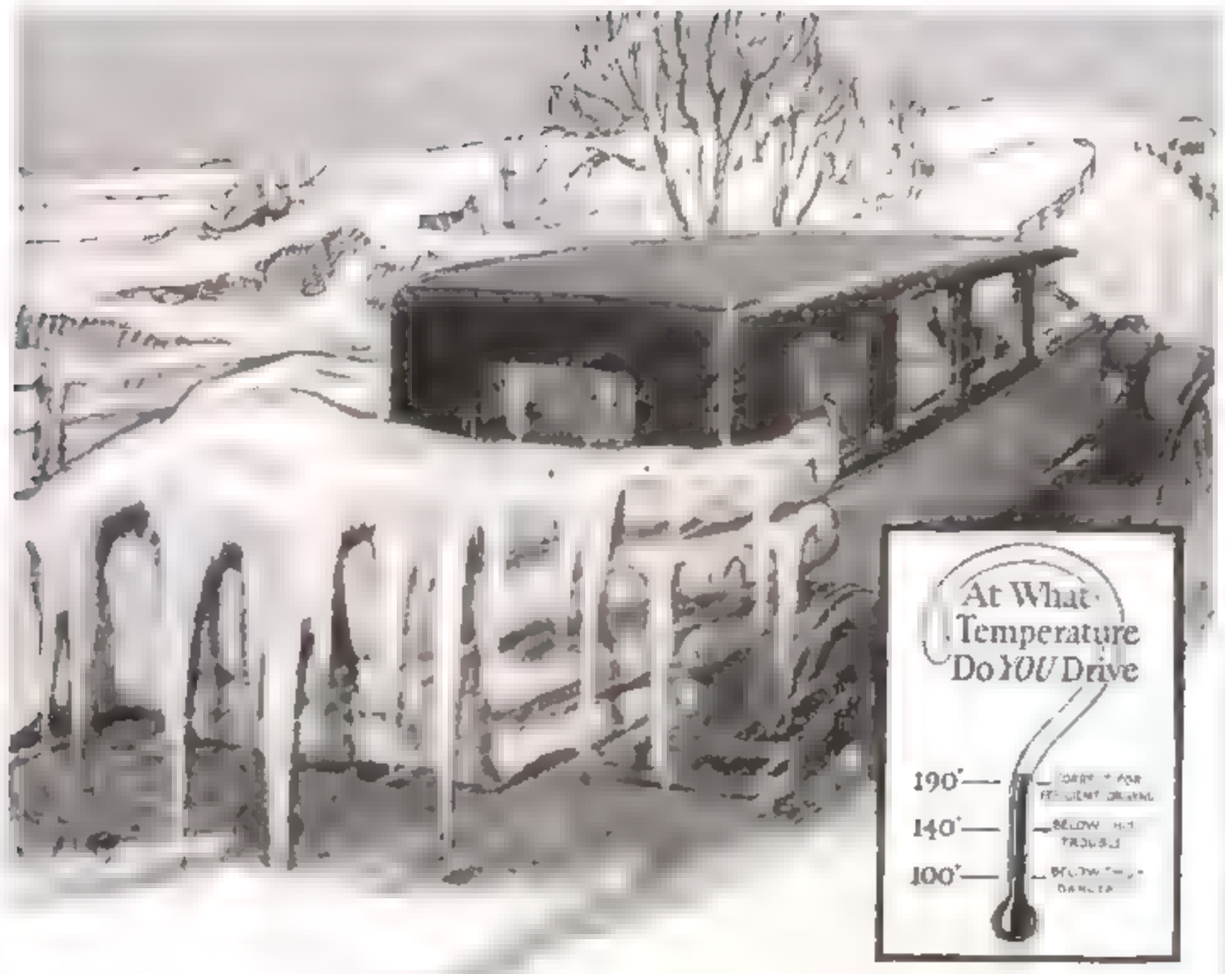

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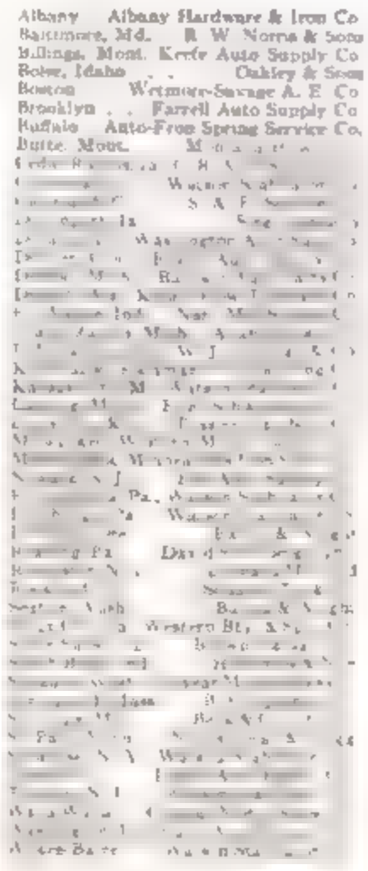

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The ALLEN SHUTTER FRONT

Positive Hand Control From the Dash!—*It Always Works*

THE DERBY RULE

(Continued from Page 5.

I gaped like an idiot. "The line of great Brian Boru! But I thought ——"

"Did you really ever think of it, Kerry?"

"Not really, madame," I said. "It's so long ago, so wonderful. It's like that old city they speak of in the country tales, under Ownaglass, the gray river, with its spires and great squares. It seems to me to have vanished like that, in rolling clouds of thunder."

"The last O'Neill has vanished, and the last Plantagenet. But great Brian's strain remains. When I married my lord," she said quietly, "it was in a troubled time. Our ears had not forgotten the musketry of Waterloo, and England was still shaken by fear of the emperor, and poor Ireland was hurt and wounded. As you know, Kerry, no peer of the older faith sat in College Green. It is no new thing to ennoble and steal our ancient name. Pitt and Napoleon passed their leisure hours at it. So that of O'Briens, Kerry, sired and lorded, there are a score; but my lord was Earl of Clontarf and Kincora since before the English came.

"If my lord was of the great blood of Kincora, myself was not lacking in blood. We Romanies are old, Kerry; so old that no man knows our beginning, but that we came from the uplands of India centuries before history. We are a strong, vital race, and we remain with our language, our own customs, our own laws until this day. And to certain families of us, the Romanies all over the world do reverence, as to our own, the old Lovells. There are three Lovells, Kerry—the *dinelo*, or foolish, Lovells; the *goznero*, or cunning, Lovells; and the *puro* Lovells, the old Lovells. I am of the old Lovells. My father was the great Mairik Lovell. So, you see, I am of great stock too."

"Dear madame, one has only to see you to know that."

"My lord had a small place left him near the village of Swords, and it was near there I met him. He wished to buy a horse from my father Mairik, a stallion my father had brought all the way from the Hedjaz in Arabia. My lord could not buy that horse. But when I married my lord, it was part of my dowry, that and two handfuls of uncut Russian emeralds, and a chest of gold coins, Russian and Indian and Turkish coins, all gold. So I did not come empty-handed to my lord."

"Madame, do you wish to tell me this?"

"I wish to tell it to you, Kerry, because I want you for a friend to my little people, the sons of my son's son. You must know everything about friends to understand them.

"My lord was rich only in himself and in his ancestry. But with the great Arab stallion and the emeralds and the gold coins we were well. We did a foolish thing, Kerry—we went to London. My lord wished it, and his wishes were my wishes, although something told me we should not have gone. In London I made my lord sell the great Arab. He did not wish to, because it came with me, nor did I wish to, because my father had loved it so, but I made him sell it. All the Selim horses of today are descended from him, Sheykh Selim.

"My lord loved horses, Kerry. He knew horses, but he had no luck. Newmarket Heath is a bad spot for those out of luck. And my lord grew worried. When one is worried, Kerry, the heart contracts a little, is it not so—or don't you know yet? Also another thing bothered my lord: He was with English people, and English people have their codes and ordinances. They are good people, Kerry; very honest. They go to churches, and like sad songs, but whether they believe in God, or whether they have hearts, or have no hearts, I do not know. Each thing they do by rote and custom, and they are curious in this: They will make excuses for a man who has done a great crime, but no excuses for a man who neglects a trivial thing. An eccentricity of dress is not forgiven. An eccentric is an outsider. So that English ways are not good for Irish folk.

"My own people," she said proudly, "are simple people; kindly and loyal, as your family know. A marriage to them is a deep thing, not the selfish love of one person for another, but involving many factors. A man will say, 'Mifanwy Lovell's father saved my honor once. What can I do for Mifanwy Lovell and Mifanwy Lovell's man?' And the Lovells said when we were married: 'Brothers, the *gorgio rai*, the foreign gentleman, may not understand the gypsy way, that our sorrows are his sorrows, and our joys his; but we understand that his fights are our fights, and his interests the interests of the Lovell Clan.'

"My people were always about my lord, and my lord hated it. In our London house in the morning, there were always gypsies waiting to tell my lord of a great fight coming off quietly on Epsom Downs, which it might interest him to see; or of a good horse to be bought cheaply, or some news of a dog soon to run in a coursing match for a great stake, and of the dog's excellences or his defects. They wanted no money. They wished only to do him a kindness. But my lord was embarrassed, until he began to loathe the sight of a gypsy neckerchief. Also, in the race courses, in the betting ring where my lord would be, a gypsy would pay hard-earned entrance money to tell my lord quietly of something they had noticed that morning in the gallops, of horses to be avoided in betting, or of neglected horses which would win. All kindnesses to my lord. But my lord was with fashionable English folk, who do not understand one's having a strange friend. Their uplifted eyebrows made my lord ashamed of the poor Romanies. These things are things you might laugh at, with laughter like sunshine, but there would be clouds in your heart.

"The end came at Ascot, Kerry, where the young queen was, and the Belgian king, and the great nobles of the court. Into the paddock came one of the greatest of gypsies, Tyso Herne, who had gone before my marriage with a great draft of Norman trotting horses to Mexico, and came back with a squadron of ponies suitable for polo. Tyso was a vast man, a *pouris* Romany, a fair gypsy. His hair was red and his mustache was long and curling, like a Hungarian pandour's. He had a flaunting dikló of fine yellow silk about his neck, and the buttons on his coat were gold Indian mohurs; and on his bell-shaped trousers were braids of silver bells; and the spurs on his Wellingtons were fine silver; and his hands were covered with rings, Kerry, with stones in them such as even the young queen did not have. It was not vulgar ostentation. It was just that Tyso felt rich and merry, and no stone on his hand was as fine as his heart.

"When he saw me he let a roar out of him that was like the roar of the ring when the horses are coming into the stretch.

"'Before God,' he shouted, 'it's Mifanwy Lovell!' And though I am not a small woman, Kerry, he tossed me in the air and caught me in the air. And he laughed and laughed and kissed me, and I laughed and kissed him, so happy was I to see great Tyso once more, safe from over the sea. 'Go get your *rom*, *mi tshai*—your husband, my lass—and we'll go to the *kitshima* and have a jeraboam of champagne wine.'

"But I saw my lord walk off with thunder in his face, and all the English folk staring and some women laughing. So I said, 'I will go with you alone, Tyso.' For Tyso Herne had been my father's best friend and my mother's cousin, and had held me as a baby; and no matter how he looked, or who laughed, he was well come for me.

"Of what my lord said and of what I said in rebuttal we will not speak. One says

(Continued on Page 229)

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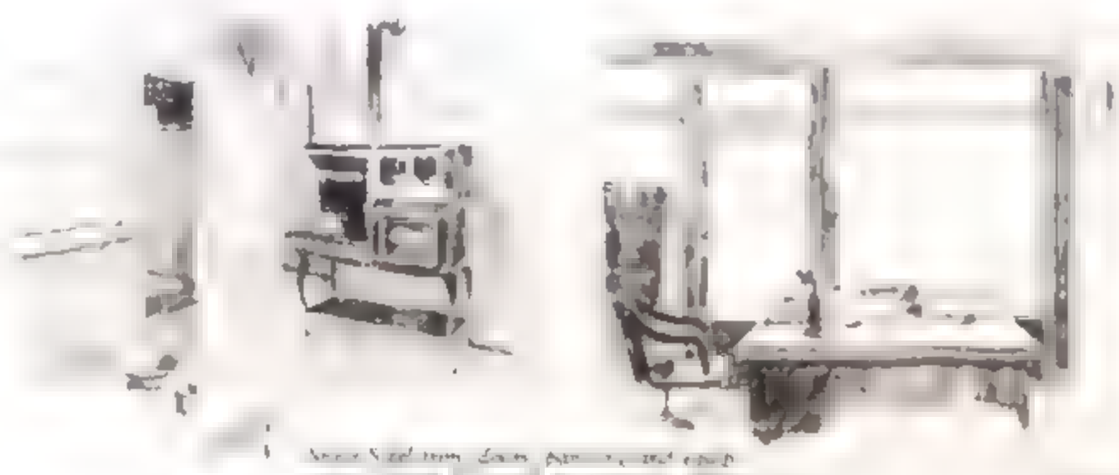

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HENRY SONNEBORN CO., Inc., BALTIMORE

(Continued from Page 226)

foolish things in anger; but, foolish or not, they leave scars. For out of the mouth come things forgotten, things one thinks dead. But before the end of the meeting I went to Tyso Herne's van. He was braiding a whip with fingers light as a woman's, and when he saw me he spoke quietly: 'Is all well with thee, Mifanwy?'

"'Nothing is well with me, father's friend.'

"And so I went back to my people, and I never saw my lord any more."

We had gone along until in the distance I could see the gypsy fire, and turning the headland we saw the light on Farewell Point. A white flash, a second's rest; a red flash, three seconds' occultation; then white and red again. There is something heartening and brave in Farewell Light. Ireland keeps watch over her share of the Atlantic sea.

"When I left my lord I was with child; and when I was delivered of him, and the child weaned and strong, I sent him to my lord, for every man wants his man child and every family its heir. But when he was four and twenty he came back to me, for the roving gypsy blood and the fighting Irish blood were too much for him. He was never Earl of Clontarf. He died while my lord still lived. He married a Herne, a grandchild of Tyso, a brave golden girl. And he got killed charging in the Balkan Wars.

"Niall's wife—my son's name was Niall—understood, and when young Niall was old enough we sent him to my lord. My lord was old at this time, older than his years, and very poor. But of my share of money he would have nothing. My lord died when Niall's Niall was at school, so the little lad became Earl of Clontarf and Kinvara. I saw to it he had sufficient money, but he married no rich woman. He married a poor Irish girl, and by her had two children, Niall and Alick. He was interested in horses, and rode well, my English friends tell me. But mounted on a brute in the Punchestown races, he made a mistake at the stone wall. He did not know the horse very well. So he let it have its head at the stone wall. It threw its head up, took the jump by the roots, and so Niall's Niall was killed. His wife, the little Irish girl, turned her face away from life and died.

"The boys are fifteen and thirteen now, and soon they will go into the world. I want them to have a fair chance, and it is for this reason I wish them to have money. I have been rich and then poor, and then very rich and again poor, and rich again and now poor. But if this venture succeeds, the boys will be all right."

"Yes-s-s," I said.

"You don't seem very enthusiastic, Kerry."

"We have a saying," I told her, "that money won from a bookmaker is only lent."

"If you were down on a race meeting, and on the last race of the last day you won a little, what would you say?"

"I'd say I got only a little of my own back."

"Then we get only a little of our own back over the losses of a thousand years."

We had come now to the encampment. Around the great fire were tall swarthy men, with colored neckerchiefs, who seemed more reserved, cleaner, than the English gypsy. They rose quietly as the gypsy lady came. The great spotted Dalmatian dogs rose too. In the half light the picketed horses could be seen, quiet as trees.

"This is the Younger of Destiny Bay," said the old lady, "who is kind enough to be our friend."

"*So shan, rana*" They spoke with quiet courtesy. "How are you, sir?"

Lady Clontarf's maid hurried forward with a wrap, scolding, and speaking English with beautiful courtesy: "You are dreadful, sister. You go walking the roads at night like a courting girl in spring. Gentleman, you are wrong to keep the *rawnee* out, and she an old woman and not well."

"Supplistia," Lady Clontarf chided, "you have no more manners than a growling dog."

"I am the *rawnee's* watchdog," the girl answered.

"Madame, your maid is right. I will go now."

"Kerry"—she stopped me—"will you be friends with my little people?"

"I will be their true friend," I promised, and I kissed her hand.

"God bless you!" she said. And "*Koshto bok, rata,*" the gypsies wished me. "Good luck, sir." And I left the camp for my people's house. The hunter's moon was dropping toward the edge of the world, and the light on Farewell Point flashed seaward its white and red; and as I walked along I noticed that a wind from Ireland had sprung up, and the Bilbao boat was bowling along nor'east on the starboard tack. It seemed to me an augury.

V

IN THOSE days, before my Aunt Jenepher's marriage to Patrick Herne, the work of Destiny Bay was divided in this manner: My dear Aunt Jenepher was, as was right, supreme in the house. My Uncle Valentine planned and superintended the breeding of the harness ponies, and sheep, and the black Dexter cattle which made Destiny Bay so feared at the Dublin Horse Show and at the Bath and West. My own work was the farms. To me fell the task of preparing the stables and training grounds for Lady Clontarf's and my own horses.

It was a relief and an adventure to give up thinking of turnips, wheat, barley and seeds, and to examine the downs for training ground. In my great-grandfather's time, in pre-Union days, many a winner at the Curragh had been bred and trained at Destiny Bay. The soil of the downs is chalky, and the matted roots of the woven herbage have a certain give in them in the driest of weather.

I found out my great-grandfather's mile and a half, and two miles and a half with a turn, and shorter gallops of various gradients. My grandfather had used them as a young man, but mainly for hunters, horses which he sold for the great Spanish and Austrian regiments. But, to my delight, the stables were as good as ever. Covered with reed thatch, they required few repairs. The floors were of chalk and the boxes beautifully ventilated. There were also great tanks for rain water, which is of all water the best for horses in training. There were also a few stalls for restless horses. I was worried a little about lighting, but my Uncle Valentine told me that Sir Arthur Pollexfen allowed no artificial lights where he trained. Horses went to bed with the fowls and got up at cockcrow.

My own horses I got from Robinson without hurting his feelings. "It's this way, Robinson," I told him: "We're trying to do a crazy thing at Destiny, and I'm not bringing them to another trainer. I'm bringing another trainer there. I can tell you no more."

"Not another word, Mr. Kerry. Bring them back when you want to. I'm sorry to say good-by to the wee colt. But I wish you luck."

We bought three more horses, and a horse for Ann-Dolly. So that with the six we had a rattling good little stable. When I saw Sir Arthur Pollexfen my heart sank a little, for he seemed so much out of a former century. Small, ruddy-cheeked, with the white hair of a bishop, and a bishop's courtesy, I never thought he could run a stable. I thought, perhaps, he had grown too old and had been thinking for a long time now of the place whither he was going, and that we had brought him back from his thoughts and he had left his vitality behind.

His own servant came with him to Destiny Bay, and though we wished to have him in the house with us, yet he preferred to stay in a cottage by the stables. I don't know what there was about his clothes, but they were all of an antique though a beautiful cut. He never wore riding breeches, but

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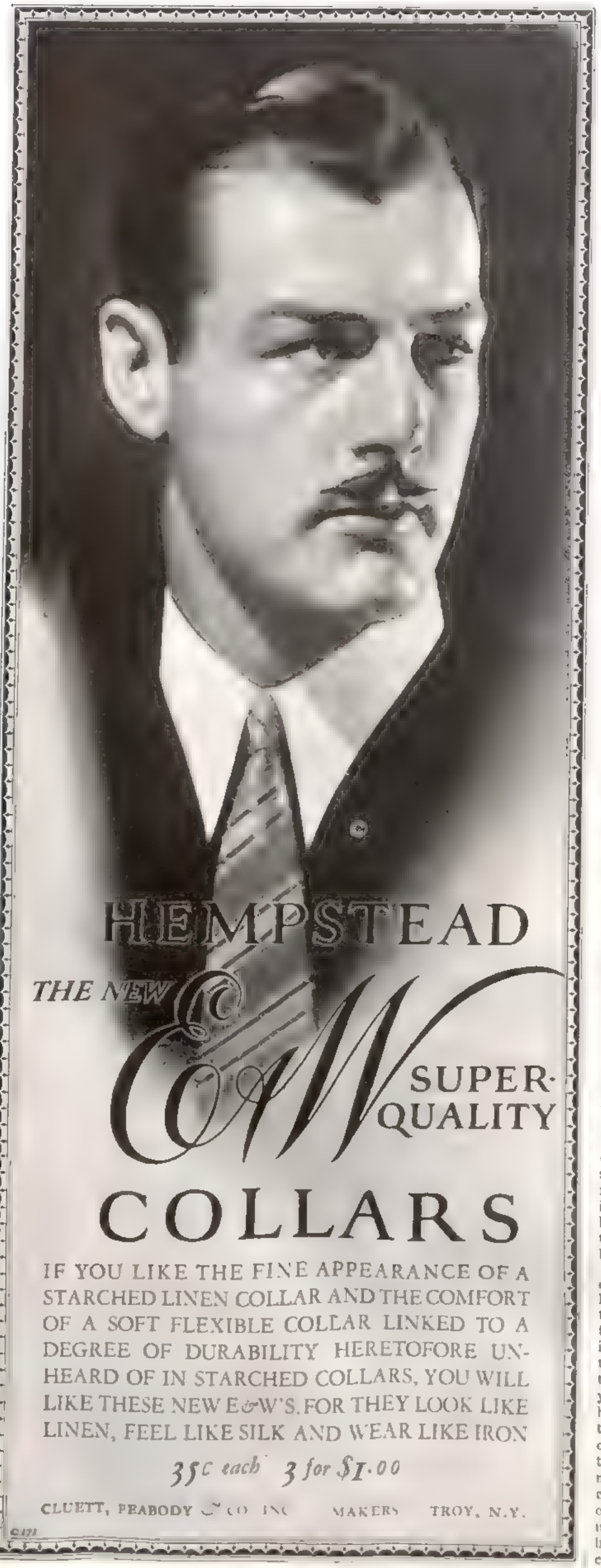
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trousers of a bluish cloth that strapped beneath his varnished boots. A flowered waistcoat, with a satin stock, a short covert coat, a gray bowler hat and gloves. Always there was a freshly cut flower in his buttonhole, which his servant got every evening from the greenhouses at Destiny Bay, and kept overnight in a glass of water into which the least drop of whisky had been poured. I mention this as extraordinary, as most racing men will not wear flowers. They believe flowers bring bad luck, though how the superstition arose I cannot tell. His evening trousers also buckled under his shoes, or rather half Wellingtons such as army men wear; and though there was never a crease in them there was never a wrinkle. He would never drink port after dinner when the ladies had left, but a little whisky punch which James Carabine would compose for him. Compared with the hard, shrewd-eyed trainers I knew, this bland, soft-spoken old gentleman filled me with misgiving.

I got a different idea of the old man the first morning I went out to the gallops. The sun had hardly risen when the old gentleman appeared, as beautifully turned out as though he were entering the show ring at Ball's Bridge. His servant held his horse, a big gray, while he swung into the saddle as lightly as a boy. His hack was feeling good that morning, and he and I went off toward the training ground at a swinging canter, the old gentleman half standing in his stirrups, with a light firm grip of his knees, riding as Cossacks do, his red terrier galloping behind him

When we settled down to walk he told me the pedigree of his horse, descended through Matchem and Whalebone from Oliver Cromwell's great charger the White Turk, or Place's White Turk, as it was called from the Lord Protector's stud manager. To hear him follow the intricacies of breeding was a revelation. Then I understood what a great horseman he was.

On the training ground he was like a marshal commanding an army, such respect did everyone accord him. The lads perched on the horses' withers, his head man, the grooms, all watched the apple-ruddy face, while he said little or nothing. He must have had eyes in the back of his head, though. For when a colt we had bought from Mr. Gubbins, a son of Galtee More's, started lashing out and the lad up seemed like taking a purler, the old man's voice came low and sharp: "Don't fall off, boy!" And the boy did not fall off.

The red terrier watched the trials with a keen eye, and I believe honestly that he knew as much about horses as any one of us, and certainly more than any of us about his owner. When my lovely Ducks and Drakes went out at the lad's call to beat the field by two lengths over five furlongs, the dog looked up at Sir Arthur, and Sir Arthur looked back at the dog, and what they thought toward each other God knoweth.

I expected when we rode away that the old gentleman would have some word to say about my horses, but coming home, his remarks were of the country. "Your Derry is a beautiful country, young Mr. Kerry," he said, "though it would be treason to say that in my own county of Mayo." Of my horses not a syllable.

He could be the most silent man I have ever known, though giving the illusion of keeping alive a conversation. You could talk to him, and he would smile, and nod at the proper times, as though he were devouring every word you said. In the end you thought you had had a very interesting talk. But as to whether he had even heard you, you were never sure. On the other hand, when he wished to speak he spoke to the point and beautifully. Our bishop, on one of his pastoral visitations, if that be the term, stayed at Destiny Bay, and because my Uncle Cosimo is a bishop, too, and because he felt he ought to do something for our souls, he remonstrated with us for starting our stable. My Uncle Valentine was livid, but said nothing, for no guest must be contradicted in Destiny Bay

"For surely, Sir Valentine, no man of breeding can mingle with the rogues, cutpurses and their womenfolk who infest race courses, drunkards, bawds and common gamblers, without lowering himself to some extent to their level," his lordship purred. "Yourself, one of the wardens of Irish chivalry, must give an example to the common people."

"Your lordship," broke in old Sir Arthur Pollexfen, "is egregiously misinformed. In all periods of the world's history eminent personages have concerned themselves with the racing of horses. We read of Philip of Macedon, that while campaigning in Asia Minor, a courier brought him news of two events—of the birth of his son Alexander, and of the winning, by his favorite horse, of the chief race at Athens, and we may reasonably infer that his joy over the winning of the race was equal to if not greater than that over the birth of Alexander. In the life of Charles II the traits which do most credit to that careless monarch are his notable and gentlemanly death and his affection for his great race horse, Old Rowley. Your lordship is, I am sure," said Sir Arthur, more blandly than any ecclesiastic could, "too sound a Greek scholar not to remember the epigrams of Maecius and Philodemus, which show what interest these antique poets took in the racing of horses.

"And coming to present times, your lordship must have heard that his majesty—whom God preserve—has won two Derbies, once with the leased horse Minoru and again with his own great Persimmon. The premier peer of Scotland, the Duke of Hamilton, Duke of Chatelherault in France, Duke of Brandon in England, hereditary prince of Baden, is prouder of his fine mare Eau de Vie than of all his titles. As to the Irish families, the Perses of Galway, the Dawsons of Dublin, and my own, the Pollexfens of Mayo, have always been interested in the breeding and racing of horses. And none of these—my punch, if you please, James Carabine—are, as your lordship puts it, drunkards, bawds and common gamblers. I fear your lordship has been reading"—and he cocked his eye, bright as a wren's, at the bishop—"publications of the sensational and morbid type."

It was all I could do to keep from leaping on the table and giving three loud cheers for the county of Mayo.

VI

NOW, on those occasions, none too rare, when my Uncle Valentine and I differed on questions of agricultural economy, or of national polity, or of faith and morals, he poured torrents of invective over my head, which mattered little. But when he was really aroused to bitterness he called me modern. And by "modern" my Uncle Valentine meant the quality inherent in brown-buttoned boots, in white waistcoats worn with dinner jackets, in little yellow cars. Though I am not modern in that sense, I am modern in this—that I like to see folk getting on with things.

Of Lady Clontarf and of the Irlandais colt I heard no more. On the morning after seeing her home I called over to the caravan, but it was no longer there. There was hardly a trace of it. I found a broken fern and a slip of oak tree, the gypsy patteran. But what it betokened or whither it pointed I could not tell. I had gone to no end of trouble in getting the stables and training grounds ready, and Sir Arthur Pollexfen had been brought out of his retirement in the county of Mayo. But still no word of the horse. I could see my Uncle Valentine and Sir Arthur taking their disappointment bravely if it never arrived, and murmuring some courteous platitude, out of the reign of good Queen Victoria, that it was a lady's privilege to change her mind. That might console them in their philosophy, but it would only make me hot with rage. For to me there is no sex in people of standards. They do not let one another down.

(Continued on Page 233)

So the Pony Express could leave "St. Joe" *on time!*

At the Pike's Peak Livery Stable in "St. Joe," on those historic Saturday nights of '60 and '61, waited an intrepid rider and an eager, quivering horse of the Pony Express.

Waited for the mail train from the East—with a Lincoln proclamation, an order in the President's handwriting, a state paper, news, important letters for the far West—the urgent communications and dispatches of a feverish period.

Minutes were precious. Now a change had come, saving many minutes. The train in, there was no agonizing wait while the mail was prepared. Horse and rider were off, from the train, to "the deadly desert . . . the sand storm, the mirage, the hell of thirst, the dangerous Indian tribes."

* * *

For the pioneer Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, which brought the mail to St. Joseph, had conceived and put into service the first railway mail postoffice. Now the packets of letters and dispatches were made ready on the train—so the Pony Express could leave "St. Joe" *on time!*

It was the origin of a great national service, the United States Railway Mail Post Office of today. But more than that, to the Burlington railroad, it was the birth of two sacred words

For 75 Years

The Burlington has completed seventy-five years of successful railroad service. The Burlington has never been in the hands of a receiver. It has never defaulted on a financial obligation. The Burlington has counted assets as necessary to a useful service. It knows no other way to provide the high class of service that it has demanded and which the Burlington has made its first purpose.

Harahan

PRESIDENT OF THE BURLINGTON

On time! What is more important in a railroad's service? Railroad schedules regulate the very life of our cities today, says Harrington Emerson, the efficiency engineer. Born of a need in '61, these two words mean even more on the Burlington today. They are carved deep in its purpose. See the result:

For *355 days in one year* a Burlington passenger train completed its run from Chicago to Denver, *1,000 miles*, on time. A world's record!

For months at a time the fast mail trains of the Burlington, which have carried the government mail from Chicago to Omaha for 42 years, have not been late by a single minute!

* * *

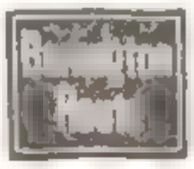
An "on time" *system* is back of the Burlington's reputation as an "on time" road. Fifty thousand employes are fired with the importance of it. Tracks and equipment are maintained at a standard to meet it.

Take an example of the precision of this system: Automatic speed recorders on Burlington passenger locomotives report to the management *exactly* the performance of each train over every mile. Prescribed speeds are checked. Thus is insured the *uniform*, *comfortable* and *safe* speed which travelers have come to associate with Burlington trains.

* * *

Such a degree of perfection in train operation is possible on the Burlington. Seventy-five years of *successful* management have developed the fast roadbeds, dependable equipment, and the quality of human skill that insure consistent "on time" service

The Burlington Route

The National Park Line  *Everywhere West*

11,500 MILES OF RAILROAD IN THIRTEEN STATES

The New Easy Washes and Dries large batches of clothes *at the same time*

Two tubs . . one washes while the other dries

Think of sixteen double sheets, or their equal in other clothes—it's a *big* washing! Yet all these clothes are handled at *one time* by this marvelous New Easy Washer. How can it be done?

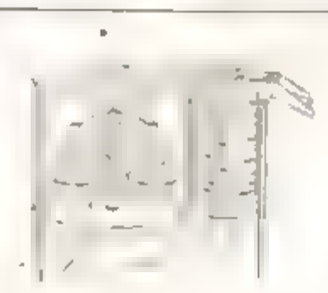
By washing and drying at the same time. While the equal of eight double sheets is being washed in the New Easy washing tub, the New Easy dryer is . . . rinsing . . . bluing . . . drying . . . *another eight-sheet load, ready for the line.*

This is Double Capacity—saving *twice* the time. *Faster, gentler, cleaner.*

Faster because of double capacity—doing two things at once. *Gentler* because the New Easy cleans without rubbing and dries without squeezing. *Cleaner* because the Vacuum Cups wash clothes on the right principle—flushing air, soap, and water through the clothes and back again.

And more! *Ironing time is saved*—for the clothes come out of the dryer unwrinkled and are easier to iron. Sewing is saved—for no buttons are broken.

A new water-circulating system takes care of all the water for you. During an entire washing, the suds, bluing and rinsing waters are returned to the proper tubs after being whirled from the clothes in the dryer. After the washing is finished, all the water is emptied into the drain or sink at the touch of a lever.



Gently, like human hands, the Easy Vacuum Cups move up and down 60 times a minute, flushing air, soap and water through the clothes and back again. Meanwhile the New Easy Dryer spins the clothes dry, ready for the line, within three minutes.

Every week thousands of women order it as soon as they see these wonders

Washes, rinses and dries all at the same time . . . Dries for the line without a wringer . . . New water-circulating system handles all the water . . . Returns all soapsuds to washtub . . . Returns rinse and blue waters from dryer to rinse and bluing tubs . . . When through washing, empties itself . . . Does a complete washing faster than any other washer . . . Dries clothes without wrinkles; saves ironing time . . . Safeguards buttons . . . Gas heater keeps water hot . . . Washes more gently and thoroughly than human hands . . . Does all these things so simply and easily . . . Touch a button, move a lever, and it's done.

FREE We will lend you a brand new Easy—let you do a week's washing with it in your own home. There is absolutely no cost or obligation. Just phone any Easy dealer, or write us if there is none near you, and on your regular washday the Easy will be at your home. Easy monthly purchase terms.

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION, Syracuse, N. Y.

MODEL M

This is the famous Easy Washer with one-piece aluminum wringer. The hundreds of thousands of these washers in use today have created a permanent demand for this model. We shall continue to make it, embodying the same fine workmanship and materials as heretofore.

The EASY WASHER

(Continued from Page 230)

Then one evening the horse arrived. It arrived at sundown in a large van drawn by four horses, a van belonging evidently to some circus. It was yellow and covered with paintings of nymphs being wooed by swains, in clothes hardly fitted to agricultural pursuits; of lions of terrifying aspect being put through their paces by a trainer of an aspect still more terrifying; of an Indian gentleman with a vast turban and a small loin cloth playing a penny whistle to a snake that would have put the heart crosswise in Saint Patrick himself; of a most adipose lady in tights swinging from a ring while the husband and seven sons hung onto her like bees in a swarm. Floridly painted over the van was: "Arsene Bombaudiac Prop, Bayonne." The whole added no dignity to Destiny Bay, and if only some pythoness had disclosed to Mr. Prop of Bayonne that he was about to lose a van by fire at low tide on the beach of Destiny in Ireland within forty-eight hours! The driver was a burly gypsy, while two of the most utter scoundrels I have ever laid eyes on sat beside him on the wide seat

"Do you speak English?" I asked the driver.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "I am a Petulengro."

"Which of these two beauties beside you is the jockey?"

"Neither, sir. These two are just gypsy fighting men. The jockey is inside with the horse."

My Uncle Valentine came down, stroking his great red beard. He seemed fascinated by the pictures on the van. "What your poor Aunt Jenepher, Kerry," he said, "misses by being blind!"

"What she is spared, sir! Boy," I called to one of the servants, "go get Sir Arthur Pollexfen. Where do you come from?" I asked the driver.

"From Dax, sir, in the south of France."

"You're a liar," I said. "Your horses are half-bred Clydesdales. There is no team like that in the south of France."

"We came to Dieppe with an *attelage Basque*, six yoked oxen. But I was told they would not be allowed in England, so I telegraphed our chief, Piramus Petulengro, to have a team at Newhaven. So I am not a liar, sir."

"I am sorry."

"Sir, that is all right."

Sir Arthur Pollexfen came down from where he had been speaking to my Aunt Jenepher. I could see he was tremendously excited, because he walked more slowly than was usual, spoke with more deliberation. He winced a little as he saw the van. But he was of the old heroic school. He said nothing.

"I think, Sir Valentine," he said, "we might have the horse out."

"Ay, we might as well know the worst," said my Uncle Valentine.

A man jumped from the box and swung the crossbar up. The door opened and into the road stepped a small man in dark clothes. Never on this green earth of God's have I seen such dignity. He was dressed in dark clothes, with a wide dark hat, and his face was brown as soil. White starched cuffs covered half his hands. He took off his hat and bowed first to my Uncle Valentine, then to Sir Arthur, and to myself last. His hair was plastered down on his forehead, and the impression you got was of an ugly rugged face, with piercing black eyes. He seemed to say, "Laugh, if you dare!" But laughter was the furthest thing from us, such tremendous masculinity did the small man have. He looked at us searchingly, and I had the feeling that if he didn't like us, for two pins he would have the bar across the van door again and be off with the horse. Then he spoke Basque gutturally to someone inside.

A boy as rugged as himself, in a Basque cap and with a Basque sash, led first a small donkey, round as a barrel, out of the outrageous van. One of the gypsies took it, and the next moment the boy led out the Irlandais colt.

He came out confidently, quietly, approaching gentlemen as a gentleman, a beautiful brown horse, small, standing perfectly. I had just one glance at the sound strong legs and the firm ribs, before his head caught my eye. The graceful neck, the beautiful small muzzle, the gallant eyes. In every inch of him you would see breeding. While Sir Arthur was examining his hocks, and my Uncle Valentine was standing, weightily considering strength of lungs and heart, my own heart went out to the lovely eyes that seemed to ask, "Are these folk friends?"

Now I think you could parade the Queen of Sheba in the show ring before me without extracting more than a well-turned compliment out of me, but there is something about a gallant Thoroughbred that makes me sing. I can quite understand the trainer who, pointing to Manifesto, said that if he ever found a woman with a shape like that, he'd marry her. So out of my heart through my lips came the cry: "*Och, asthore!*" Which is, in our Gælic, "Oh, my dear!"

The Spanish jockey, whose brown face was rugged and impassive as some Pyrenee, looked at me and broke into a wide, understanding smile.

"*Si, si, señor,*" he uttered; "*si, si!*"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Clouds Over Rae Lake, California

Psyche's Ankles
wouldn't pass inspection TODAY

Leading stores everywhere sell "Onyx" Hosiery and especially the "Pointex" styles listed below

Silk, with Lisle Top

Style 155, Medium weight	$1.65
Style 255, Service weight	$1.95
Style 355, "Sheresilk"	
Style 265, Service weight with new 4 inch lisle top	$2.25

Pure Thread Silk

Style 450, "Sheresilk", the finest web of silken strands	$2.50
Style 350, Service weight	$2.75

THE most mythological thing about Psyche was the fabled charm of her ankle lines. Psyche's beauty may have excited Venus to green-eyed flights of jealousy, but, when one considers her ankle-girth, she'd never cause the modern girl to miss a heart-beat—UNLESS Psyche wore "Onyx Pointex".

For, Psyche's ankles were FAT! They would be as much out of place on a country club porch today as a bustle or a leg o'mutton sleeve.

That is, as remarked above — UNLESS she wore "Onyx Pointex".

For, "Pointex" is that little wonder-working slenderizer at the back of the heel that accentuates every graceful charm that Nature places in ankles. "Pointex" allows ankles to look their best — stockings to wear their best. You will find this little worker of ankle miracles ONLY in "Onyx".

"Onyx" Hosiery

"Pointex"

© 1926 "Onyx" Hosiery Inc. Manufacturers New York

Healthy hair is thick, strong, free from dandruff

Your Hair—is it still vigorous, abundant, clean-looking ? ?

THINNING HAIR needs special care to regain normal health. Dandruff will never leave you unless you definitely combat it. Unchecked, either of these ills leads all too soon to baldness!

Yet both can be prevented and can, in most cases, be overcome even when long established.

And the means of doing this is *very simple:*

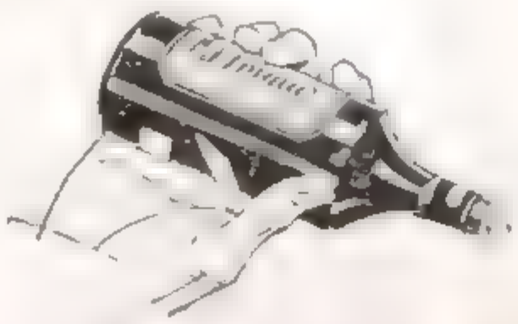
EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Just shake the bottle, with its convenient shaker top, over your head. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp. Comb and brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it

The whole treatment takes less than three minutes and leaves your scalp tingling with new vigor! Within a few days the improved appearance of your hair will astonish you.

For Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine does the two things needed to promote hair health—destroys dandruff infection and stimulates active circulation, which nourishes the hair at its very roots.

Make this care of your scalp as regular a part of your morning toilet as brushing your teeth.

Get Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine *today*—at any drug or department store. Each bottle bears the signature of Ed. Pinaud. Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Ave., New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.



ED. PINAUD'S *Eau de Quinine*

SEVEN YEARS LATER

(Continued from Page 7

changed attitude toward the League of Nations on the part of so many of his contemporaries. But other forces, infinitely more subtle, were at work.

In the first place, the soldiers who had taken part in the fight were returning to their homes. Their first-hand acquaintance with European conditions had not made them overanxious to continue the close intimacy of the past two years.

In the second place, the people at large were beginning to recover from the mad fury of the war. They were no longer in fear for the lives of their beloved sons and daughters and once more were able to think soberly. The traditional distrust of Europe began to reassert itself. Soon it became clear that George Washington's ominous warning against entangling alliances had as much of a hold upon the mass of the people of the year 1918 as it had had a century before.

In the third place, after two years of parades and four-minute speeches and Liberty Loans, it was very pleasant to go back to the quiet routine of a profitable business career.

In short, the infant League of Nations which President Wilson had dumped so unceremoniously upon the threshold of Europe was now repudiated by its own spiritual parents. The child did not die. But it lived a precarious existence and grew up to be a weak and emaciated creature, too feeble to make its influence felt in any decisive way and merely irritating those who were its friends by an occasional futile scolding and the waving of a naughty-naughty finger.

Once more we are confronted by an ominous historical "if."

If the League of Nations had really turned the whole of the civilized world into a successful United States of the World ——

I don't know, but even under the most favorable circumstances, the plan of President Wilson had only a slender chance of success. For the war, as we are now beginning to understand, was not so much a war as a revolution; and it was a revolution in which the victory was carried away by an unsuspected third party, who since then has been identified as the grandson of one James Watt, and who is coming to be known in wider and wider circles as the Iron Man.

The Iron Man's Shadow

Originally the steam engine—like its younger brother, the electric engine—had been a welcome addition to the family of civilized human beings, because it was a willing slave and ever ready to lighten the tasks of man and beast. But soon it became clear that this inanimate factotum was full of cunning and devilment, and the war, with its temporary suspension of all the decencies of life, gave the iron contraption a chance to enslave those who in reality were meant to be its masters.

Here and there some wise men of science may have foreseen the danger that threatened the race from the side of this unruly servant; but as soon as such an unfortunate prophet opened his mouth and issued a word of warning, he was denounced as an enemy of society, as a rank Bolshevik and a seditious radical, and he was bidden to hold his tongue or take the consequences. For the politicians and the diplomats who had been responsible for the war were now engaged upon the serious task of fabricating a suitable peace and they must not be interrupted in their holy endeavors.

Unfortunately, as a class, such worthies are almost always completely ignorant of those elementary principles of natural science and political economy which happen to dominate our present industrialized and mechanical form of society, and as a rule they are less fit to handle complicated modern problems than any other group of men of whom I can think at the present moment. The plenipotentiaries of Paris were no exception. They met in the shadow of the Iron Man, they talked of a world that was dominated by the Iron Man, yet never became aware of his presence, and until the very end talked in words and symbols that represented the mentality of the eighteenth century, but not that of the twentieth.

The result was inevitable. It is impossible to think in terms of the year 1719 and prosper in terms of the year 1919. But that, it is becoming increasingly evident, is exactly what the old men of Versailles did.

Now behold the world as it has been left in the wake of this orgy of hatred and unreason—a crazy quilt of fantastic new nationalities that may possess some value as historical curiosities, but that will never be able to hold their own in a world dominated by coal and oil and water power and wholesale credits; a continent divided by artificial frontiers which look pretty enough upon a children's atlas, but bear no relation whatsoever to the urgent necessities of modern civilization; a vast armed camp of people in yellow and green and purple uniforms, masquerading as feeble imitations of their mythical ancestors, but of less practical use to our contemporary society than any little cash girl that works in the basement of a ten-cent store.

From Under the Yoke

This may sound like a brutal condemnation of a state of affairs that still fills the souls of millions of honest European patriots with gratitude and pride.

I am sorry, but not until the statesmen of Europe shall be willing to leave the solution of modern problems to people with modern minds can there be any lasting improvement. Meanwhile, in their agony and distress, the people will turn to the cure-alls offered by Bolshevism and Fascism.

Incidentally, this outburst of rhetoric will explain the most dangerous and regrettable of all recent political developments—the rapidly increasing dislike between the peoples of Europe and those of America. Since I am trying to write for the children of all races, and not merely for those who live on the fortunate patch of land that stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, this apparent waving of the Stars and Stripes may be considered as an exhibition of very doubtful taste.

But this is a time for plain speech, and even at the risk of being mistaken for a 100 per cent patriot—the very last honor to which I aspire—I shall try to make my point clear.

I do not for a moment claim that, man for man and woman for woman, the Americans as a nation are superior to any of their cousins of the Old World. But fortunately for themselves, they have little consciousness of the past and therefore they are more able to approach the problems of the present with an open eye toward the future than the members of almost any other race. As a result, they have accepted the modern world without any reservations; and having accepted it with all its good and all its evil, they are rapidly reaching a modus vivendi wherein animate man and his inanimate servant shall be able to exist on terms of peace and mutual respect

It sounds absurd, yet it is true that the country which has achieved the greatest mechanical perfection is also the first to bring the Iron Man to terms. In order to do this the American people have been forced to throw overboard a great deal of ancestral ballast. They have sacrificed hundreds of ideas and prejudices and ideals that served a highly useful purpose 200 or 2000 years ago, but which today are of no more value than a stagecoach. As far as I can see, there will be no hope for Europe until the mass of Germans and Englishmen

(Continued on Page 237)

—AND HOW IT HEATS!

$5 to $8 for Ford, Chevrolet, Dodge & Hudson. $8 to $10 for all other popular makes.

Here's a new heater that literally pours clean wholesome hot air into your car~

YOU can laugh at zero weather when you get this new Perfection Heater in your car.

For it heats almost instantly. Before you're hardly under way, its glorious warmth comes streaming into your car, and the cold misery of winter driving is dispelled.

It's very simple · · · this new type Perfection Heater. Inexpensive too, · · · costs much less than any other genuine Perfection Heater ever built.

Yet it's fool-proof. Can't rattle or magnify motor noises. Can't leak poisonous exhaust gases. Approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

And so easily installed that any mechanic can make a quick job of it. So don't compromise with cold this winter. Tell your car dealer or garage man to put a Perfection Heater in your car. If he hasn't it in stock, send us the coupon below—now—today.

We'll give you complete information on the Perfection Heater for your car and tell you exactly where you can have one installed.

Also the standard exhaust type Perfection Heaters, as used by leading car manufacturers, $12.50 to $20.00.

PERFECTION HEATER & MFG. CO.
2545 Carnegie Avenue · Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a full description of the Perfection Heater for my car and tell me where I can have one installed

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

My car is _____

That sensational development in carburetion, the Swan System, is made by this company's subsidiary The Swan Carburetor Company.

PERFECTION MOTOR CAR HEATERS

NO CAR IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A PERFECTION HEATER

SPARTON RADIO

"The pathfinder of the air"

The Sparton Console

Presenting a truly successful blending of modern radio science with period furnishing design.

The beautiful finely balanced receiver without cabinet creates a blaze of quiet old world splendor. The large built-in cone speaker suspended in seasoned wood, fills the room with full rich melody and faithfully reproduces every inflection of voice or music. These two units make the ensemble.

A complete line in prices of $95 and upward, in the far West, and in Canada, slightly more.

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON COMPANY (Established 1900) JACKSON, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 234)

and Spaniards and heaven-only-knows-what-they-are-called do likewise.

In a chapter like this it would be so easy to deliver noble harangues upon the accomplishments of Locarno; the unfeasibility of a Marxian program of applied economics; to discuss the follies of those small-town French politicians who have not yet learned that the days of Louis XIV and Napoleon have long since been relegated to the era of the Stone Age. But it would be a waste of energy and printer's ink.

The misery that has come over the world during the past ten years—hastened along by the Great War, but by no means caused by that sanguinary conflict—is in reality due to a profound change in the economic and social structure of the entire world. But Europe, steeped in the lore of the past, has thus far been unwilling or unable to realize this fact.

The peace of Versailles, the last great gesture of the old régime, was meant as a final stronghold against the inevitable approach of the modern era. In less than eight years it has become an obsolete ruin. It would have been considered a sublime piece of statecraft in the year of grace 1700. Today not one out of ten thousand people has ever bothered to read it. For the twentieth century is dominated by certain economic and industrial principles which recognize no political boundaries, and tend with absolute inevitableness to turn the entire world into a single large and prosperous workshop, regardless of language, race or previous condition of ancestral glory.

What eventually will come out of this workshop, what form of civilization will be developed by an intelligent and willing cooperation between man and his machines, that I do not know, and it really does not matter so very much. Life means change, and this is not the first time that the human race has been faced by a similar emergency. Our remote and our less distant ancestors have lived through such crises.

No doubt our children and grandchildren will do the same. But for us, who are alive today, the one and only serious problem is a world-wide reorganization along economic rather than worn-out political lines.

Seven years ago, our ears deafened by the noise of the big guns, our eyes blinded by the flash of the searchlights, we were still too dazed to understand whither the great upheaval had carried us. At that moment any fairly honorable and sincere man who pretended that he could guide us back to the happy days of 1914 was welcomed as a leader and was assured of our willing loyalty.

Today we know better.

We have begun to understand that the comfortable old world in which we dwelt so unsuspectingly until the outbreak of the war had in reality outlived its usefulness by several decades.

This does not mean that we are absolutely certain about the road that now lies before us. Most likely we shall follow a dozen wrong tracks before we find the right direction. And in the meantime we are fast learning one very important lesson—that the future belongs to the living and that the dead ought to mind their own business.

WHEN MANKIND WAS YOUNG

(Continued from Page 9)

took up his station in the middle, stood like a statue, grim and motionless, while the great ox-drawn wagons lurched squealingly from the pass, formed in a square around him. From one of those wagons a woman, clutching to her breast a terrified child, shrieked his name again and again. He gave no sign that he heard, stood sternly impassive.

The square was complete, the whole genos in high excitement jostling each other at a respectful distance from him. There was a brief, tense silence, and then a quickly hushed murmur of voices as two white-bearded old men dragged from one of the wagons an ancient log of oak, plentifully besmeared with the red ocher that had become the customary substitute for a more primitive reality of blood. Reverently, with averted faces, they carried it across the field toward the chief, set it up on end close to him. Behind them came another old man, holding on high, so that all might see, a flint knife of antique pattern with a hilt of massy gold. He deposited it on the turf beside the upright oaken log. All three withdrew. Xanthus did not move. The woman in the wagon had ceased to shout his name. The silence was absolute, oppressive.

For a moment or two that silence, that immobility, continued. And then Xanthus slipped over his head the strap of his shield, flung it and his two spears upon the turf. With a steady step he advanced toward the ocher-daubed log, took up the flint knife. He raised it above his head, cried in a loud clear voice.

"I sacrifice to Dzeus the Bright One, the all-powerful, dweller in the heavens and in the oak, destroyer of our enemies!"

In the voices of men, women and children came the answering shout, "We sacrifice to Dzeus the Bright One, the all-powerful!"

Xanthus cried again, "I sacrifice to Dzeus!" He paused, resumed with a ring of peculiar defiance in the voice that carried all over the field: "Bring forth the captives my spear took yesterday!"

Instantly, from all round that square of covered wagons where the oxen took the opportunity to browse, came a storm of tumultuous protest, a brandishing of weapons, a yelling of angrily deceived men and women. "No! No! Not the captives! Not the captives! The great sacrifice! The great sacrifice!"

Xanthus raised his arm, obtained a precarious silence. Once more his voice rang over the field.

"Children of Hellen, the mighty one, our glorious ancestor, descended from the god that dwelleth in the oak and covereth the earth! Dzeus has brought us from afar to the borders of this unknown land ——"

"Therefore shalt thou give him the appointed sacrifice!" came a harsh shout in the voice of Lykus. "Is it not so, O warriors?"

"Yea! Yea! The sacrifice! The great sacrifice!" was the clamorous response from the square.

Again Xanthus gestured for silence, spoke through the scattered shouts that continued:

"Many are the foes awaiting our spears in this unknown land," he resumed sternly, "and we are but few. To me, the chief, Dzeus the Bright One has revealed that henceforth the children of his race shall not be slain in sacrifice lest his enemies prevail over us by reason of our scant numbers. Behold, I offer instead the captives that are mine! Thus is it decreed. Xanthus the chief has spoken!"

Again the clamor broke out. Loudest of the voices came the voice of Lykus:

"Not the chief art thou, O Xanthus! I cry sacrilege to Dzeus, to whom thou hast refused the sacrifice that from the chief is due! Let another chief be chosen over us! Give up the collar of gold!"

Xanthus swung round to him.

"Wilt thou take that collar from me, O Lykus?" he cried scornfully. "Wilt thou take that collar and be chief?"

Lykus shook his spear at him.

"Yea, that will I, O Xanthus, and give thy body to the dogs and thy soul to the place of unburied ghosts! I challenge thee—I who am also of the blood—grandson also to that grandfather thou shamest! Warriors, I claim the ancient law—the law of the tribe!"

INDOOR MEN

Indoor men need light weight union suits. Carter makes them as sheer almost, as fine hosiery. In cotton, cotton-and-wool, rayon-and-wool, rayon-and-cotton

Tailored for men just like you!

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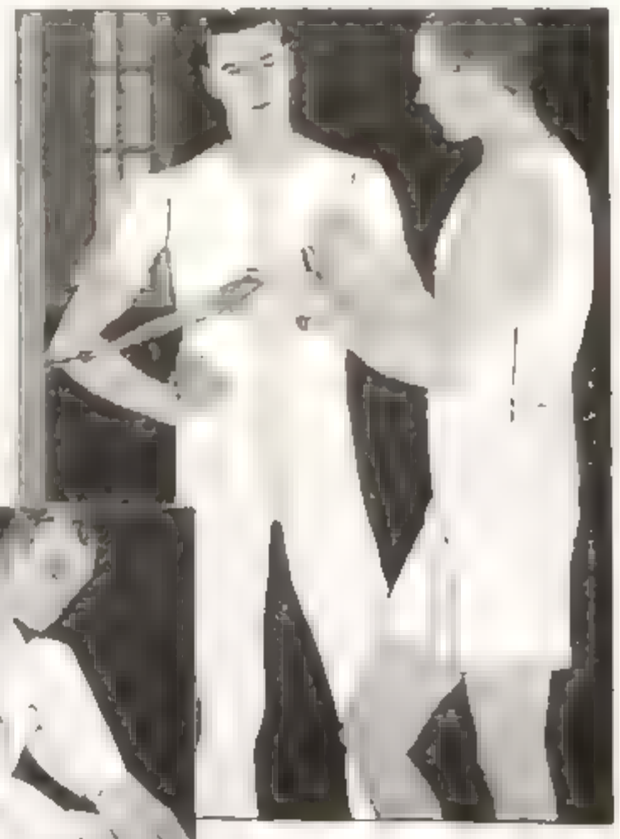

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Xanthus strode to where his shield and spear lay on the turf, picked them up. There was a sudden fierce joy on that face whose ruddy beard was fluttered by the mountain wind. He turned and raised his spear that flashed in the sun.

"To thy chariot then, O Lykus! Thou hast invoked the fight no chief may refuse. Chief shalt thou be if thou prevailest. . . . The chariot, O Hippometis! . . . Clear the field, warriors! Make space! Dzeus the Mighty One shall choose the chief over ye!"

In a tumult of shouts, savagely gleeful at the excitement to be afforded them, the square of tribesmen dissolved. With wild yells they impatiently urged on the slow-moving oxen of the covered wagons, leading them away to the sides of the stretch of turf, leaving for the combatants the maximum of open space. On the tailboard of one of those wagons the woman who had cried the name of Xanthus stood erect, a child lifted high in her arms, and cried out again and again, invoking the protection of all-powerful Dzeus upon her warrior husband, shouting insults to the women on the other wagons who pointed to the tears still streaming down her cheeks. She thrust out a finger at the wife of Lykus and laughed hysterically, in already certain triumph, so that the other woman went deathly white and screamed vituperations at her in superstitious fear. Of the divine blood was Klumenë, wife of Xanthus, and possessed of an awesome reputation for inspired prophecy.

There was a rapid thudding of hoof beats. The chariot of Hippometis dashed across the field toward Xanthus, was jerked to an abrupt stop, as with a strong hand the charioteer pulled back on their haunches the foam-flecked pawing horses. Farther along the tethered line of them Lykus was running to his own chariot. Hippometis leaped over the curved bulwark of stretched oxhides, in one bound was at his horses' heads.

"Permit that I challenge Purrhus, the charioteer of Lykus, and drive for thee in the fight, O chief!" he cried as he wrestled with their impatience.

Xanthus smiled a grim gratitude at him. "Not now, Hippometis. Between chief and chief is this fight. Another day shalt thou challenge Purrhus." He sprang into the chariot, adjusted his great oxhide shield against the left curve of the bulwark, put one spear into the socket provided for the spare weapon, and retaining the other in his right hand, picked up the reins. "Let free!"

Hippometis jumped back from the out-flashing hoofs as Xanthus pulled the pair sharply round. With the hand of a master the chief checked their first excited gallop, brought them to a canter and then to a subdued trot, drove quietly toward the end of the field where the covered wagons were congregated. Toward the other and more distant extremity of the cleared space Lykus was already whirling furiously, his spear waved about his head.

First of men to tame the horse though perhaps the Aryans were, not yet—except as an athlete's applauded feat of ability—had they or the men of any other land learned to mount the back of the "swift one," as it was termed in all the variants of the Aryan speech. Men drove long before they rode. A thousand years before the saddle was invented they had discovered how to harness the more or less divine animals to the pole of a chariot that was scarcely more than a plank between two wheels; and only thus, century after century, did they dare to utilize that formidable speed which gave a mastery as of gods in battle.

Still charioteers only were the warriors who, eight hundred years later, would gallop headlong against each other on the plains of Troy, and charioteers the horsed hosts of ancient Egypt. Not yet, indeed, had Egypt even seen the horse; centuries were to pass before the Hyksos invaders would bring it to the land of the Nile. Still unknown to the Mediterranean world was that beautiful, sensitive creature under whose hoof beats the ancient prehistoric civilizations would be trampled down; which, charging victoriously across a myriad battlefields of Europe through century after century, would, more than any other factor, perhaps, establish the supremacy of that Aryan race whose special and slowly evolved civilization still spreads in a mighty wonder round the globe. Of singular portent to the watching gods were Xanthus and Lykus as they drove their primitive chariots to the opposite ends of that high meadow overlooked by Mount Olympus.

They now took station facing each other, their horses pulled to a halt, awaiting the signal. It was given. Midway between them the oldest man of the tribe ran a yard or two from the spectators, flung a spear into the field.

Instantly, with a wild battle yell, Xanthus loosed the reins of his straining steeds. They leaped forward with a jerk that would have thrown any but a trained warrior from the little platform of the chariot, raced down the meadow with necks outstretched, their long manes streaming to the wind, in a gallop that was a competitive frenzy of unleashed speed. He encouraged them with reiterated fierce shouts, balancing in his right hand the heavy copper-bladed spear, the chariot thudding and jumping over the inequalities of the ground, hoof-flung fragments of turf flying up around him.

From the other end of the meadow, Lykus, his spear similarly held high, was hurtling down toward him, his madly galloping horses tossing the bit foam from their mouths as they flung out their eager hoofs. Already Xanthus could clearly see the blond-bearded, scowling features of his rival as the distance shortened rapidly in that swift meeting. He swerved slightly so that he might pass with the shield on his left hand toward his enemy, fixed his eyes on the already distinguishable fierce eyes of Lykus, threw back his spear arm with the weapon poised. He saw Lykus do likewise, just heard his shout as the horses thundered toward each other on courses so close it seemed they must collide the next instant. They passed each other in a flash of bright copper, a flurry of upflung dirt, a brief yell. In that flash and yell Xanthus had hurled his spear, had dodged down under the oxhide shield. Something went over his head.

He dragged round his horses, reached for the other spear. Fifty paces away from him Lykus was also turning, was wrenching out of his shield the spear that Xanthus had flung. He retrieved it, waved it over his head. There was a wild shout from the delighted spectators.

Once more the chariots rushed together. Once more Xanthus saw the blood-lusting face of his rival become swiftly close and vivid to him. Once more it seemed the frenziedly racing horses must collide. Once more they swerved. Once more they passed in a flash. Once more a spear swished over the head of Xanthus even as he hurled his own.

Again, with the chariot tilting on one wheel, he dragged his horses round to a reverse course, looked to see the condition of his enemy. He had missed. Lykus was circling at full gallop, was plucking from its socket his reserve spear. From the spectators came a wild tumult of shouts and yells. For Lykus, thanks to the spear which had stuck in his shield and which he had used in the last encounter, still had a weapon. Xanthus was disarmed. His fate seemed inevitable. The tribesmen screamed their excitement. Lykus laughed to them as he waved his spear, brought his horses round.

For a moment Xanthus checked slightly his own still eagerly racing pair, got them well in hand. On the turf lay the spears which had been thrown. Normally, had they both been disarmed, both would have dashed to snatch up the weapons, each trying to outmaneuver or outpace the other, with victory to the first. Now this chance was denied. Not an instant in

(Continued on Page 241)

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(Continued from Page 238)

which to pick one up would be allowed him. Already Lykus was thundering down upon him, aiming, as he now safely could, for the right-hand side not protected by the shield. He dared not turn: pursuit from behind would be certain death—there was no longer time to turn. He saw the arm go up with the fatal spear, heard the mocking shout. The horses were not ten paces apart—not five—not two. With all his strength he pulled the right-hand reins. The crash—the violent shock where the horses pitched headlong in their sudden arrest—was instantaneous, came even as Lykus hurled the spear that missed. Instantaneously, also, Xanthus had vaulted from the chariot, was sprawling upon the turf.

He picked himself up, ran to the wreck where the entangled horses kicked and plunged. Lykus, dazed, his head bleeding, was crawling feebly from the menace of their hoofs. Xanthus sprang upon him, fastened upon his throat a pitiless grip at which the other vainly clawed. The yells of the spectators were a maddening frenzy of delighted vociferation. Not twenty paces away stood, still erect, the ocher-smeared log which was the symbol of the god. Xanthus dragged his spasmodically resisting enemy along the turf to it, shifted his throat grip to that of the left hand alone, drew from his belt the ritual flint-bladed knife.

"Behold!" he cried, sternly triumphant. "I sacrifice to Dzeus the All-Powerful! Lykus who boasts of the blood of chiefs I sacrifice, even as the law demands!"

For one second he had the savage satisfaction of seeing the eyes of his enemy staring at him in helpless terror, and then those eyes went staringly lifeless as the blade plunged home.

Ritually, as the circumstance demanded, he wiped the blood-dripping knife upon the log.

"Behold!" he cried again, turning to the people. "The sacrifice is fulfilled. Mighty is the great Dzeus!"

From the spectators came the answering shout:

"The sacrifice is fulfilled! Mighty is the great Dzeus!"

Superbly Xanthus surveyed the tribesmen, a redly wet hand playing with the ruddy beard that descended over his golden collar.

"Dzeus has chosen! Doubts any warrior that I am indeed Xanthus the chief?"

There was a silence, and then a storm of acclamation. "Dzeus has chosen! Dzeus has chosen! Verily the chief is Xanthus!"

Thus ungently but effectively Xanthus made good his chieftainship on the threshold of that land where his descendants, merged though they would be in other invading Aryan hordes, conqueror succeeding conqueror, would—half a thousand years before Christ, and for the first time in the history of humanity—imagine those strangely novel ideals of philanthropy and democracy which are still the heritage of the Aryan alone.

There was an acrid smell of burning in the air, and beyond the roof arch of the wagon the night sky was suffused with a red glow. Within, a crude pottery lamp flared smokily. By its feeble yellow light, Klumenē, her long fair hair braided to her waist, sat and examined the chief's share of the spoil—a robe dyed a rare and splendid purple; pottery jars of exquisite form, decorated with a representation of objects that were incomprehensible to her—they were ship scenes from the Mediterranean islands; necklaces of amber that came familiarly from the far north; necklaces of blue beads that came—though she knew it not—from the already changeless civilization of Egypt. All these treasures she fingered over one by one, holding them up to the poor radiance of the lamp in a feminine delight at new acquisition, put them back on the heap of those already gloated over. Wealthy they were now beyond anything of which their genos had ever dreamed. And then again she picked up for further examination the greatest treasure of all—the piece of booty over which Xanthus had shouted with joy when he had brought it to her—a chief's sword of a strange new metal that was not copper, though somewhat of its color.

Klumenē poised in her hand the long ribbed blade whose hilt was of heavy gold, admiring it with the expert judgment of a wife and daughter of warriors. Utterly novel both in design and metal, to her as to her husband, was that weapon which some Cretan trader had sold to the half-savage chieftain whom Xanthus that day had slain. Short copper blades for spear and knife dagger the tribesmen were well enough accustomed to hammer out, but so slim and lengthy a blade, of such hardness and temper, she had never seen.

Not until men learned the art of casting a specific alloy of copper and tin did the long sword become even possible; and though long ago that revolutionizing secret had spread from the bronzesmiths of Assyria to the clever craftsmen of Egypt and Crete, not yet was it known to the wild tribes of Central Europe. Klumenē's blue eyes were awed and troubled as she ran her fingers over that smooth excellence of workmanship which seemed beyond the skill of mortal man: as she tried that nice balance which impelled one almost irresistibly to thrust. Surely there was magic in it—dangerous magic! She almost put it from her in superstitious dread. Suppose those secret influences should work bane for Xanthus when—as he had exultantly vowed to do—he used it in the next fight?

She sat brooding in that fear of uncannily evil hap to him. Magic, she was well aware, might by appropriate spells be overcome, or better, be transferred from the service of the late owner to that of the new. Not without reason was the genos in secret awe of Klumenē; of royal quasi-divine blood, many were the ancient socially useful magics her mother had imparted to her—monotonously repetitive songs that brought victory to the distant venturing warriors; songs that caused the harvest to grow; songs that insured a multitude of cattle; songs to a vaguely omnipotent Great Mother, never even to be whispered of to the men, that procured for wedded wives the blessing of children at the breast. Such a song of magic she began now to croon—softly lest she should wake Xanthus sleeping in battle fatigue upon the skin rugs, a head wound dark on his ruddy hair; softly lest she should wake the little Dasys sleeping with prettily doubled baby fists between the skins where presently she, too, would sleep.

She sang an old, old song of magician against magician, weaving the mystic potencies of half-understood traditional words into a spell that should overcome the spells of a surety once mumbled and crooned by the fashioner of this gleaming implement of death, rendering them obedient to her superior might. Trembling with her own temerity, she invoked the Great Mother, ancient beyond Dzeus, beyond any god worshiped of men, she who gave life and to whom the dead were returned, to grant invulnerable life to him who should wield this sword—even to Xanthus her husband and to Dasys her son after him—to put a spell of certain death upon whatever enemy of theirs should find himself at its sharp point. So, with all her spirit she strove—the long blade upon her knees—turning an alien magic to the service of those she loved. Were those spells efficacious? She was haunted by an elusive sense of insufficiency, of some decisive rite left undone, as she sat alone awake there in the night.

Through the arch of the wagon roof the red glow had faded from the sky, leaving a blackness innumerably pierced with brilliant stars. The settlement they had plundered had burned itself out. Within the camp there was silence. The last carousings had come to an end. Even the groans had ceased. In that silence a distant wolf howled suddenly, summoning the pack to feast upon the unburied dead. Klumenē smiled, wrapped in the mood of her magic.

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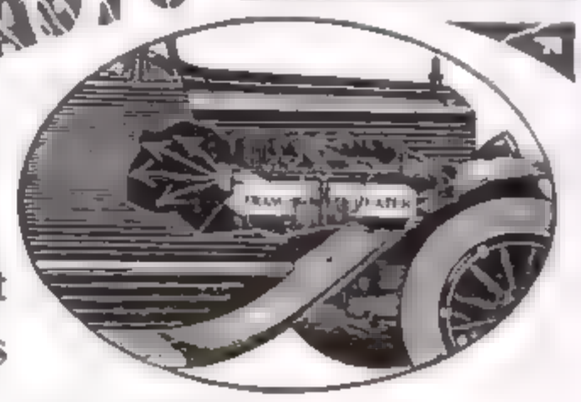

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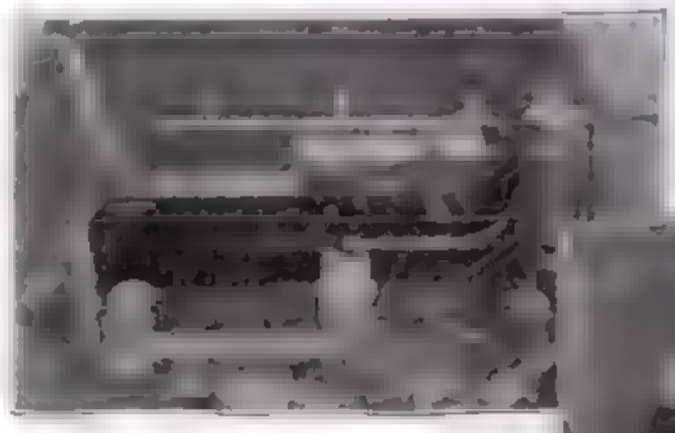

Illustration above shows FRANCISCO HEATER installed on Buick.

Illustration at right shows FRANCISCO HEATER installed on Dodge.

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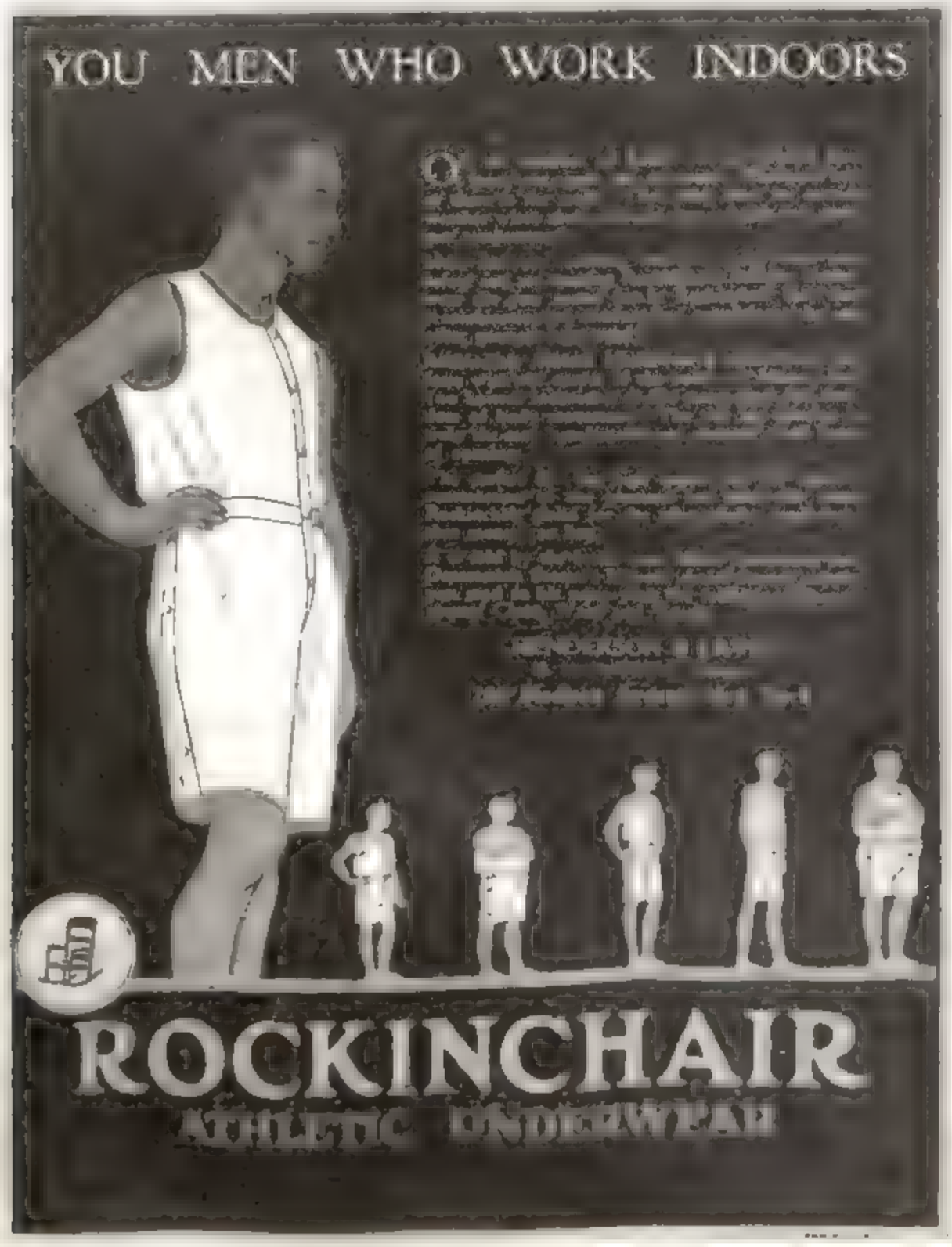

Many such feasts should this sword provide, terrible in the hand of Xanthus, her lord!

The silence reimposed itself in the night, and then again it was broken. From close outside the wagon came a faint whimpering moan. Klumenë sat suddenly upright. She had forgotten that girl captive—the daughter of the chieftain that was slain—whom Xanthus had dragged to the wagon as his share of the live booty, whom he had left bound to the axle until the morning. An inspiration flashed into her mind, gloomy with grim imaginings. The final magic offered itself to her, plainly obvious. The one act needed to complete the transfer of the magics inherent in that sword to the service of its new owner was surely to bathe it in the blood of one of the race of him who had been its possessor! Henceforth it would be compelled to the new allegiance.

She rose cautiously from her sitting position, careful not to make a sound lest Xanthus should wake, should intervene. He would assuredly not permit that captive dark-haired and beautiful she was, as Klumenë had seen—to be slain. If an element of feminine jealousy entered into her grim resolve, however, Klumenë was not consciously aware of it. The possession of such female slaves, captives of the warrior's spear, was too commonplace a feature of her environment: their existence implied no diminution of her wifely rights in that equal-partnership monogamy which was distinctive of all the Aryan tribes. Nor had she any pity for that wretchedly moaning creature who but yesterday had been youthfully happy in her father's house. Such was the accepted fortune of war. Such, assuredly, would be the fate of Klumenë herself if the warriors of the genos were exterminated in defeat. The conquered had no rights. Not yet had the conception of mercy emerged in the slowly evolving human soul.

Stealthily, the long sword in her hand, she crept to the end of the wagon, slid to the ground. For a moment she stood accustoming her eyes to the blackness, looking across that sleeping camp whose fires were now only low red embers. Again a wolf howled in the night, was answered from a distance, from near at hand. Too familiar was that sound to unnerve her. She crept along the side of the wagon, muttering to herself the spells which should give magic efficacy to her act. There, in front of her, a light-colored robe making her vaguely discernible in the darkness, the captive drooped against the wheel. Klumenë hoped eagerly that she was not already dead, for so the deed would be rendered futile. The sword must take a life from the race it had once served. She put her hand on the girl's bosom, with a fierce joy felt the heart yet fluttering beneath the thinnest skin, raised the point ready to plunge.

Suddenly, in that pause where she muttered the final invocation, a dark figure leaped up from the ground beside her; a figure with a weapon that glinted in the starlight; a figure that yelled a strange fierce battle yell. The enemy in the camp! In the instant that she realized it—that the yell came from his mouth—with the instinct of generations of warriors, she had turned the point upon him, driven it with all her strength into soft flesh that sank and pulled it down. She disengaged the blade with a savagely satisfying jerk, screamed the battle cry of the genos with all her lungs.

The next moment she found herself with her back to the wagon, striking at blades that stabbed at her, at dark figures surrounding her from nowhere in the night.

That solitary crisis lasted but the briefest time. The little camp flaring in one hand, his great spear in the other, Xanthus leaped from the wagon, shouting the rallying cry loud above the sudden tumult which filled the camp. He perceived her, rushed at her assailants with a wild shriek of her name—she loved him for the love in that cry—smote savagely among them. A heavy body lurched against her, knocked her from her feet, fell stiflingly upon her, was added to crushingly the next instant by another body.

When, breathless and dazed, she managed to crawl from under those wet and twitching men, the camp was a phantasmagoria of flaring torches borne hither and thither in swift movement, in whose patchily lurid illumination dark figures rushed to meet in a clash of weapons, to escape in a shriek of fear.

Nor did that phase last long. More and more triumphant, the familiar wild battle cry of the genos drowned the less and less frequent yell of the enemy. There were a few last shrieks and screams, and then the noise of battle suddenly ceased. In its stead was only a babble of excited voices, speaking the tongue that was hers. Holding high a flame-streaming torch, Xanthus came running toward her where she stood with the sword still in her hand.

"All are killed!" he cried excitedly. "A war party that returned to the village we sacked today. They thought to revenge themselves." He laughed still in the battle ecstasy of the warrior. "But"—the sight of the sword recalled him to his discovery of her hard-pressed outside the wagon—"what called you, O Klumenë, to be thus the first in the fight while yet I slept?"

She smiled proudly at him.

"I made magic for thee, O my lord!" Succinctly she explained to him her purpose, told him of the sudden alarm, of the man she had slain. Then raising the sword, she turned to the captive still drooping in her bonds. "Now, my lord, will I make perfect the spell that turns the long knife to thy service and to the service of thy sons!"

He laughed again, holding the torch above the body of the young man in whom was a neater wound than the gaping wounds dealt by the broad-bladed spear.

"There is no need, O mother of warriors," he said, "if this be he whom thou hast slain. The long knife has drunk the blood of those it served. Behold, the son of the chief I slew today! Seest thou not the chief's paint mark on his brow? Thou mayst give me the magic blade, O Klumenë, and spare this, thy handmaiden, who shall spin and toil for thee in the rich house that shall be thine!"

Klumenë held the sword toward him.

"Take then, O my lord! May its magic ever destroy thy enemies! And first with it cut the bonds of this captive maid that I may revive her in the wagon lest she die."

For yet more days they had journeyed in a slow progress of squealing wagons, through primeval forest into comparatively clear plains walled about by the ever-present mountains. Fewer now were those wagons, for desperate had been the resistance of the dark-haired, olive-skinned, small-statured inhabitants of the land. In the daytime fighting, the Aryan warriors, charging furiously in the chariots, had easily enough routed the scattering tribesmen who screamed with superstitious terror as the surely divine never-yet-seen horses thundered down upon them, assisting to kill with hoofs that smote and teeth that tore, fiercely participating they also in the battle frenzy.

Day after day Xanthus and his foemen had happily glutted themselves with slaughter. Day after day that magic blade had run red with blood as Xanthus smote and smote again with it over the bulwark of the chariot driven by Hippometis.

But at night, when the wagons had been formed into a square and at the camp fires the women tended the wounds of the weary warriors, it was the turn of the others. Night after night there had been the howl of a wolf, the squawk of a bird, and then the attack always unexpectedly—had burst upon them in a swishing storm of arrows, an unnerving vociferation of savage yells. Dangerous enough were those stone-pointed arrows, and many a woman and many a child lay stretched with the shafts quivering in them, stricken down as they

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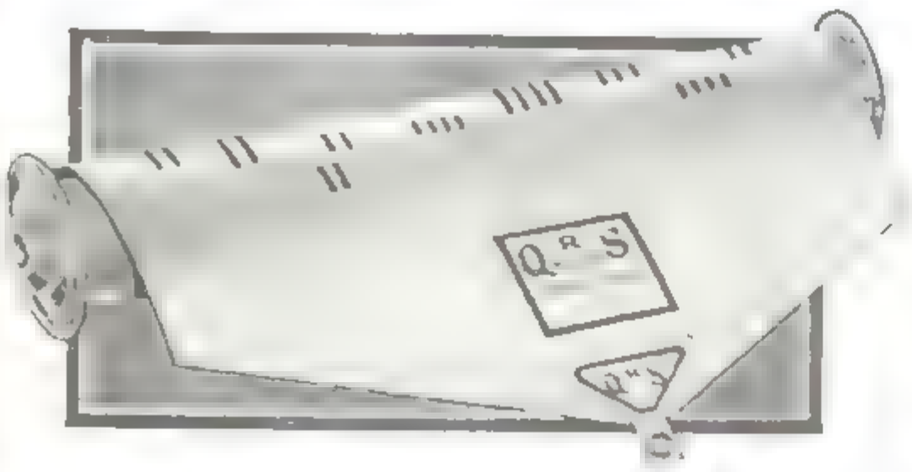

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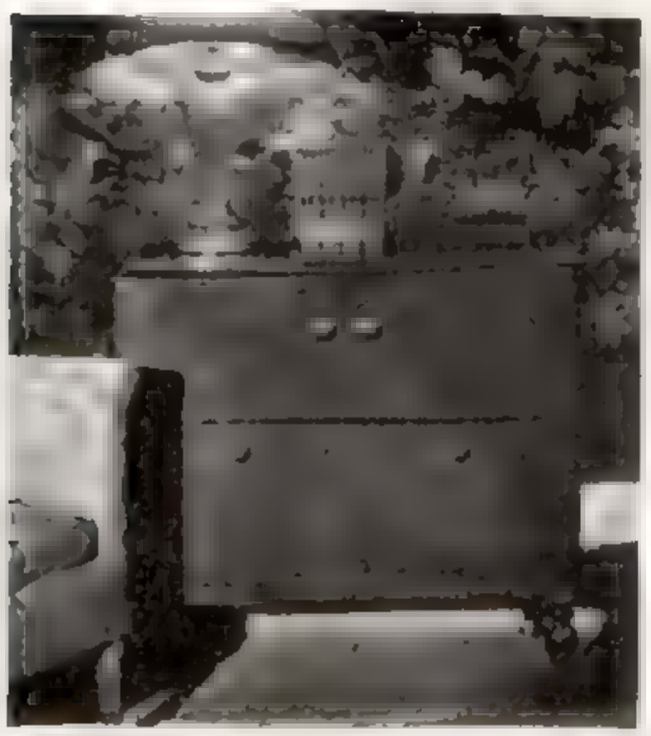

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(Continued from Page 242)

rushed for shelter. But even more dangerous were the arrows that came like fiery meteors through the darkness, falling upon the wattle roofs of the covered wagons. One terrible night of multiplied roaring blaze there had been when more than half the wagons had been destroyed, and in a pandemonium of feminine shrieks men had fought desperately hand to hand by the illumination of the sky-leaping flames. Scarcely half a dozen now remained to roll clumsily onward. But they were stuffed full with booty, and behind them women and children drove swollen herds the warriors were insufficient to guard. On their route there was now no settlement which was not a stretch of whitened ashes.

Hippometis spoke with Xanthus as they stood side by side in the chariot, the horses cantering back from a brief happy fight, the chariots of the other warriors following hard behind them.

"When reach we our abiding place, O chief?" he said. "Many fair lands have we now seen and passed by. The warriors murmur. They become few, and they weary now of endless journeying. Almost they weary of the clash of spear and shield. Also, their wives scold. Surely, this captive maid betrays us leads us on and ever on till one by one we fall in the fight and our wives and children become slaves of the people of this land."

Xanthus stroked his ruddy beard, his battle-worn countenance grim and prematurely aged. Well aware was he of the murmuring of the warriors. And those wives clamored at him, held their wounded children up to him, dawn after dawn, demanding that this day's journey should be the last. Only Klumenë chided not, made no reproach, though the arm of fair-haired little Dasys had been ripped from shoulder to wrist by a glancing arrow. For Klumenë shared his faith, believed, as he believed, that the captive girl, whom that night they had revived in the wagon, led them with honesty in her fierce brown eyes. Above all, Klumenë believed in the magic of that sword.

Strange had been the episode in the wagon that night. He had stood over her, a lamp in one hand, the new-won sword in the other, as Klumenë had dashed water on the white face. And presently the girl had come back to life, had stared at the sword in his hand, had burst forth into excited speech they could not understand. And then Klumenë had bethought herself of a thrall, speaking a dialect of their own tongue—a captured pioneer migrant like themselves—whom they had released from that village they had sacked. He had been sent for, had interpreted for them her rapid incomprehensible speech.

Magic indeed there was in that sword. Her father had made those magics himself when he had bought it, not a moon since, from the swarthy-faced trader; had vowed that it should drink the blood of that chief who was his lifelong enemy, who had driven him with only a remnant of his people from rich territories to the southward to this remote borderland among the mountains. Both his son and his daughter had he made stand present at those revengeful incantations; had made them swear the oath that could not be broken, that even though he died, they should devote themselves to the grim purpose of that still-rare and awe-inspiring weapon, should never rest until the spell upon it was fulfilled—until it plunged into the heart of his enemy. And now the old man and his son were both dead and the captive maid, waking from her swoon, saw the weapon in the hand of a fierce-visaged, tall, strangely fair-haired man who to her could not be other than a god, whom that day she had seen terrifyingly borne into the battle by madly galloping creatures that must themselves be also gods. Surely the magic spells had brought him—a god of war, blindly destructive—to perform that bloodily vengeful deed to whose service she was vowed!

With intense interest Xanthus had listened as the interpreter had translated. Many days' journey to the southward dwelt that chieftain with the unpronounceable name, in a strange great house, built—although Xanthus could scarcely credit this, never having seen any architecture but that of wood and thatch—of immense stones piled one upon the other on an almost inaccessible steep crag. Even such, it seemed to him as he listened, was the abiding place he craved for—an invulnerable dwelling, looking out over broad rich fields where his thralls would labor. In answer to his eager question the girl had said—through the interpreter—that gladly would she guide to it the bearer of that predestined vengeful sword. Everywhere in that turbulent time such internecine feuds as this helped the handfuls of Aryan invaders to conquer the new lands, even as the feuds of old Mexico helped the scant companions of Cortés to conquer the empire of the Aztecs.

And now many days had they journeyed, and still that elusive hill fortress had not yet gladdened their eyes, and the women of the train mocked at the captive, threatening her life in the bitterness of their fatigue. The remnants of the genos clamored to be allowed to build their houses of wood and thatch where they stood, renouncing further adventure. Should they not have opportunity to enjoy the rich booty they had already gathered? What profited them these driven flocks and herds if they left their bones on this interminable quest? Only Hippometis, in the unshakable loyalty of blood brotherhood, had taken no part in those mutinous vociferations round the wagon where at night Xanthus sat with Klumenë his wife and the captive who was her handmaiden. And now even Hippometis ——

Xanthus ceased to caress his ruddy beard, looked his friend in the eyes.

"Sound the horn that brings the warriors to the wagons, O Hippometis!" he said. "The genos shall make choice!"

Surprise, almost incredulity, leaped for a moment into the blond-bearded, wound-scarred countenance of Hippometis, but he made no comment. Lifting to his lips the oxhorn mounted with gold that hung from his neck, he blew the resounding call. Behind them the warriors shouted from their chariots. Away to right and left other horns answered in acknowledgment from the scouts moving on the flanks. They themselves continued to canter forward, Xanthus fingering the golden collar which was the symbol of his chieftaincy.

Ahead of them the ox-drawn covered wagons suddenly appeared, topping a rise of the grassy ground, escorted by the warriors left as guard. At the first of those wagons Klumenë and her handmaiden plied the goads, prodding on the weary head-bowed beasts.

By that wagon Hippometis pulled up his proud-necked snorting horses, sounded again the blast which summoned to the council. Xanthus stood silent in the chariot, his face grim, his fingers still playing with the golden collar that had been the collar of Polymetis, and before him the collar of warrior chiefs in long descent. The chariots of the tribesmen drew up adjacent to him, their occupants fierce-faced, their woolen tunics torn and stained with dirt and blood. His own wagon had halted, Klumenë and her handmaiden clambering up to the board behind the oxen that they might see over the throng which rapidly collected. For from the following covered wagons, irregularly brought to a standstill on the grassy slope, poured now a swarm of women and children, running with the men who had not gone forth with the chariots, hastening to this sudden assembly, unwonted at midday. Travel-worn and ragged were their garments, and thin-faced the women who carried children at the breast. A confused murmur, with here and there an insolent shout, came from them as they massed themselves.

Xanthus surveyed them, held up his hand.

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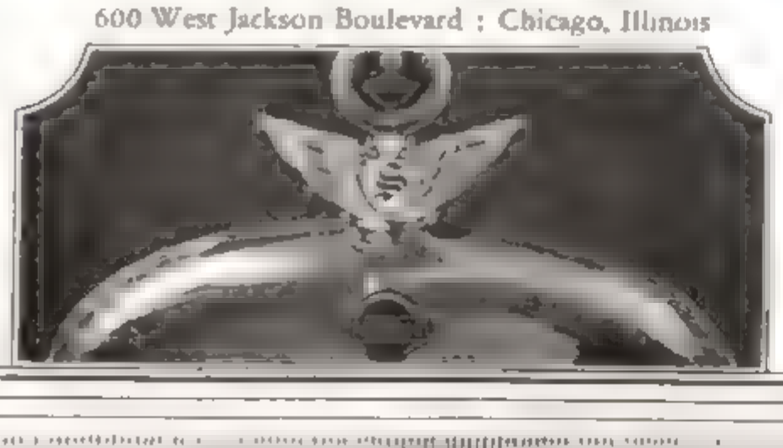

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all lands in booty! Ye murmur! Ye cry out to me, the chief, that ye are weary; that not farther will ye journey; that not longer have ye trust in me who have brought ye from afar. Therefore have I summoned ye into council, as is the law. Here shall ye make choice whether ye will build your houses on these plains, or whether ye will yet follow me to plunder richer than any we have ravished."

A great shout came from the throng.

"Here will we build our houses! Not farther will we journey! Here will we stay!"

Xanthus once more held up his hand.

"One thing only will I say to ye before ye make choice. Behind us come, and will come in the seasons that follow, other warriors like unto ourselves. They will make war upon us, even as we have made war upon the dwellers in this land. On these broad plains have ye no defense. Your homesteads will be burned even as we have burned those in our path. But in the great house built with stones high upon a mountain that we seek, none can come at us. There shall we dwell in security and riches. I have spoken. The genos shall choose, as is the law!"

Again came the great shout, tumultuous, many-voiced.

"Here will we stay! Not farther will we journey! Slay the captive maid who has betrayed us! The genos chooses! The genos chooses! Unyoke the oxen! The genos chooses!"

Xanthus looked at them, his ruddy-bearded face grim and impassive.

"So be it!" he said, in his stern voice. "The genos has chosen. Chief have I been over ye since we ventured into this new land. Now renounce I that chieftainship!" He took from his neck the linked collar of gold, slipped it over the neck of Hippometis. "Hippometis I proclaim the chief! He shall lead the genos where he wills. My wagon and the cattle and the thralls that are mine go forward. Thus have I sworn, by Dzeus the All-Powerful, and I break not my oath!"

Hippometis had swung round to him, his unhandsome face red in the shock of surprise. He jerked the collar from his neck.

"Nor do I break my oath, O Xanthus, my blood brother! Chief thou art over me, and where thou leadest I follow, even were it to the place of shades!"

He held out the collar to Xanthus while a clamor came from the warriors.

"Agenor! Let Agenor be chief! The collar to Agenor! Here will we remain and build our houses! The collar to Agenor!" A charioteer touched his horses so that they came close to the chariot where Xanthus and Hippometis stood together, snatched at the authority-conferring collar of gold. Xanthus forestalled him with a quick hand.

"Not so!" he cried. "To Hippometis, my blood brother, I freely cede the chieftainship. To none other. Hippometis refuses. I am still the chief who is obeyed—save that one of ye dares to ride against me, even as Lykus rode against me. And him shall this sword of magic"—he drew it from its sheath—"send surely to the place of unburied ghosts! What warrior of ye dares?"

The chariots moved slightly away from him, the warriors muttering. Then the man who had first cried the name of Agenor—Agenor, the brother of Lykus—waved his spear on high.

"Slay him, warriors! Slay this doomed one of the gods who is under the magic of a slave girl so that he leads us all to certain death! No longer chief is he! He wears not the collar! Slay "

He did not finish his sentence. In that instant, with half a word to Hippometis brusquely pulling round his horses, Xanthus had reached over the chariot, plunged his sword into the mutineer's throat.

A wild clamor broke from the charioteers, and the women and children scattered in flight as their horses reared and pawed under the suddenly pulled reins.

"Slay! Slay! Not one of us, but the genos rides against Xanthus! Make space! Make space! Gallop thy horses, Hippometis, that thou mayst have the space allowed thee! The genos rides against Xanthus!"

Already some of the chariots had drawn out of the press, were galloping, circling, their warriors wildly waving their spears. Hippometis jerked round his horses, started them racing from this imminent danger. Yet, even in the open field, what chance of escape was there against a dozen?

Xanthus laid his hand upon his friend's arm.

"Leap down, O Hippometis! I ride against them alone!"

Hippometis held firmly to the reins, half turned his grim scarred face where the white teeth showed above the blond beard.

"Not so, O blood brother! I ride with thee, even to the death!"

At that moment a great shout—a shout in a curiously changed tone—came from the wagons clustered behind them. Xanthus jerked round his head to see its cause. Erect upon the footboard of the covered wagon Klumenë and the handmaiden stood shouting wildly, their outstretched hands pointing to the horizon. Their voices came shrill through the clamor.

"See! See!" they cried. "The house of great stones! On the mountain! The house of stones!"

The chariots were halting one by one, the warriors pointing also to that range of distant hills. Hippometis likewise pulled up his horses. There, away high up among the confused crags where yet drifted belated patches of mist, was a white blur, suddenly clear in the sunlight. The house of great stones!

The chariots came cantering up to Xanthus.

"Lead, O chief!" cried the warriors. "Lead us to the pillage! The chief art thou, O Xanthus! Lead us to the house of stones!"

Some thirty hours later Xanthus, the chief, stood in a massively built stone hall where the corpses lay yet strewn upon the floor.

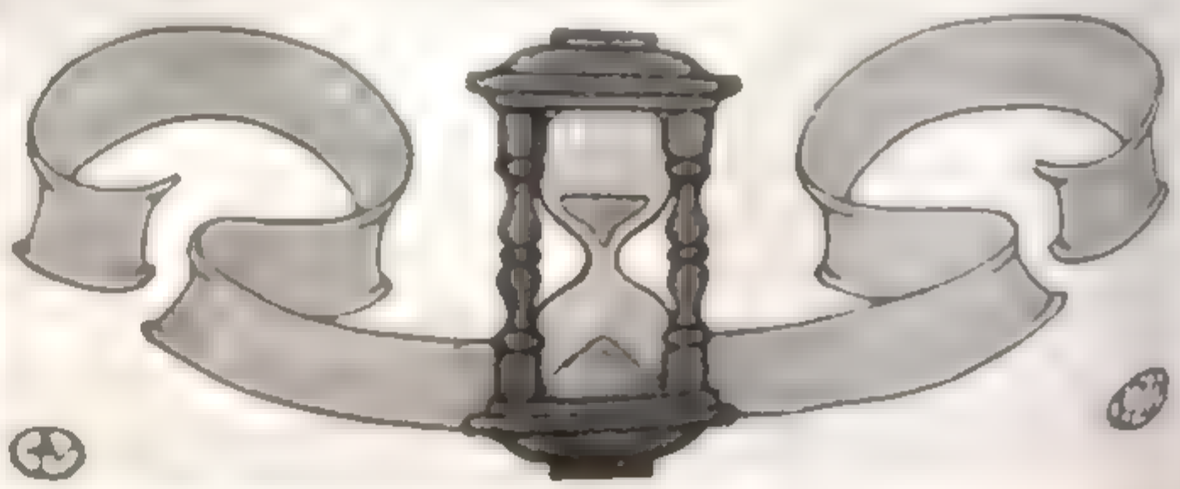
He wiped a chief's blood from his sword with a fragment of richly dyed robe.

In a far corner a group of women and girls were huddled, their long black hair disheveled, their garments torn. Klumenë came into the hall, fair-haired and queenly. Xanthus greeted her with a triumphant shout.

"Behold, O Klumenë, thy handmaidens to toil and spin for thee in this thy home!"

Behind her came a mob of warriors and their womenfolk, grotesquely garbed in oddments of loot with which they had adorned themselves.

"With tomorrow's sun, O warriors, we will divide the lands!" he cried to them. "Tonight, the festival where we burn the wagons!"



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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

MAGNAVOX CONE SPEAKER

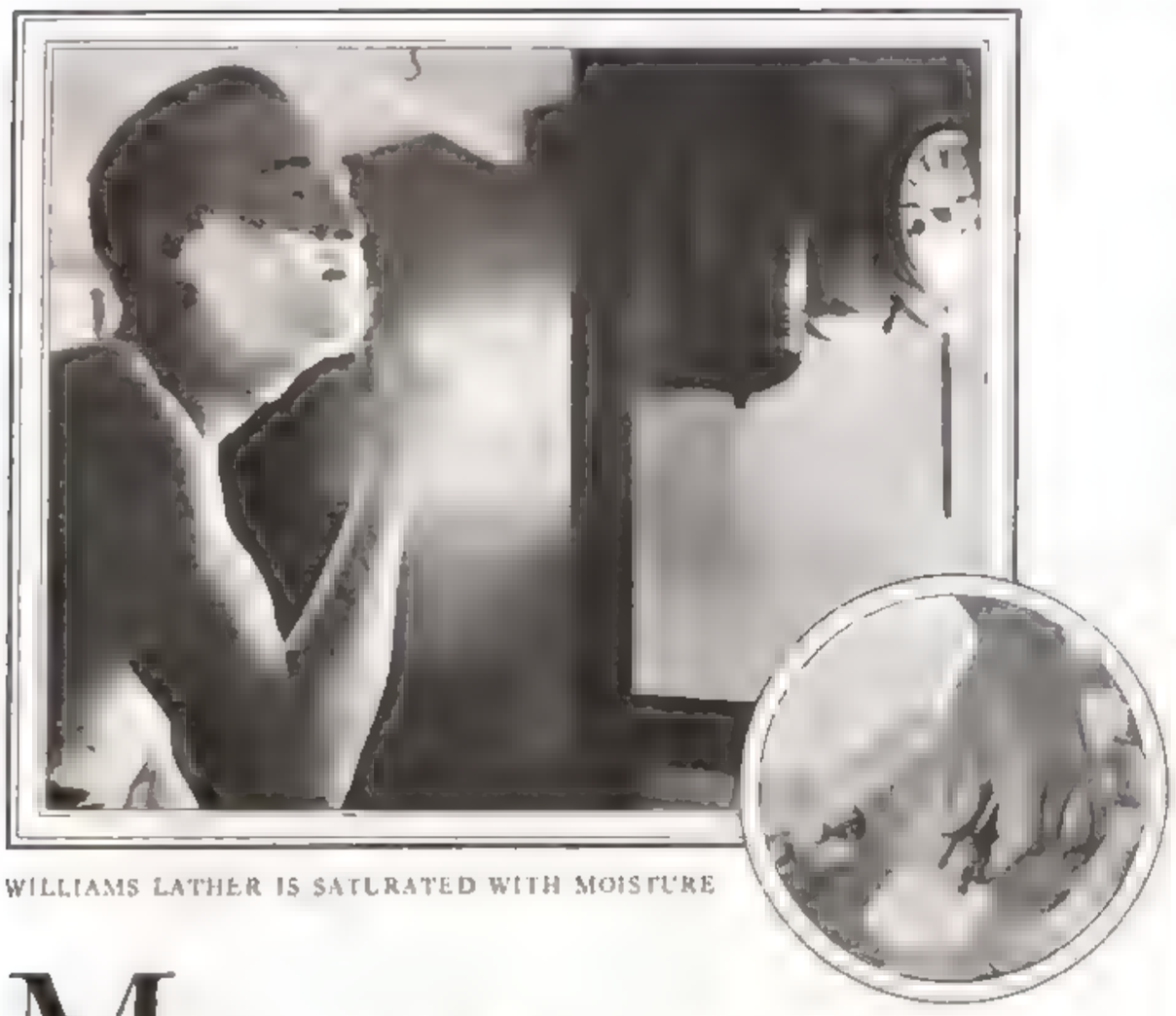
(PATENTED)

Another MAGNAVOX marvel ♪ Now a radio loud speaker reproduces the entire tonal scale ♪ all notes, all instruments, all enunciations, precisely as rendered. You can now hear ♫ radio programs as you've never heard them before. It is a history making achievement, quite as marvelous as the original radio loud speaker which was also a MAGNAVOX. ♩ Go hear a demonstration. Let your ears ♩♫ prove the vast difference. The *Cornell* model, pictured here, $22.50. *Stanford* model—all mahogany case, $35.00. They operate with and improve any radio set. MAGNAVOX is the world's popular loud speaker—400,000 now in use.

Actual Size
—FROM PHOTOGRAPH
59 © 1926

Made by THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY • *Oakland, California*
R. S. Williams & Sons, Ltd., Toronto, Distrs. for Canada [not inc. B. C.]

FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF MAGNAVOX PROGRESS IN RADIO



WILLIAMS LATHER IS SATURATED WITH MOISTURE

MOISTER Lather ... *Smoother* Shaves

This saturated lather makes razor cut without pull

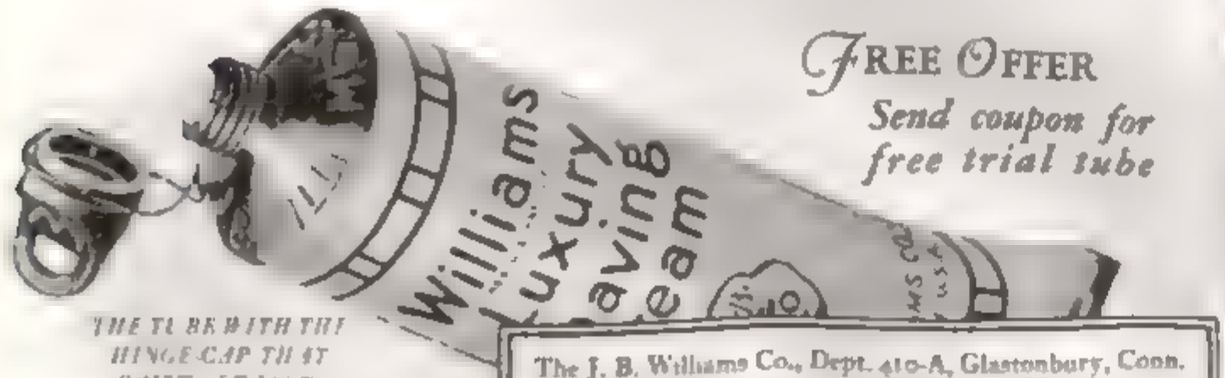
SOAP doesn't soften the beard. It's moisture held in the lather that does the softening!

Williams lather is saturated with moisture. First, it works up *fast*—smooth—bulky. You use lots of water on the brush and get mountains of firm, white lather. While you are doing this, the mild, pure soap in Williams emulsifies every bit of oil on the beard. This lets the bristles absorb water.

Then the abundant moisture in Williams lather drenches each hair—soaks the beard soft. The razor seems to glide—leaves the face glove-smooth!

Williams Shaving Cream is absolutely pure—no coloring matter. It lubricates the skin for easier shaving. After a Williams shave, you feel as if an expert barber had given you a massage.

Please prove our claims for yourself. We'll send you a week's supply of Williams FREE. Send the coupon below, or a postcard, TODAY.



FREE OFFER
Send coupon for free trial tube

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 410-A, Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal.

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

THE regular large-size tube of Williams is 35c. The double-size tube, holding twice as much, is 50c, and is the most economical tube of shaving cream you can buy.

AQUA VELVA IS OUR NEWEST TRIUMPH A SCIENTIFIC AFTER SHAVING PREPARATION WE WILL SEND A GENEROUS TEST BOTTLE FREE. WRITE DEPT. 410A

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 40)

"So good-by, darling, wiv millions 'n' millions 'n' millions of sweet kisses.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN PITTS."

Mr. Pitts called a messenger boy, who delivered the missive to a lovely lady. The lovely lady clapped her hands with glee and forwarded it to her lawyer.

—Morris Bishop.

Believe it or Not

OFF the mouth of Tampa Bay, where the leaping tunas play and the fishes hold their fashion show each June, I was foolishly afloat in a leaky motorboat, when the engine knocked off duty just at noon.

Well, the tide was going out and 'twas hard to put about with the single clumsy oar I'd brought along; and a nasty tropic breeze was unloosening the seas—I'd 'a' sold my lots in Tampa for a song.

Pretty soon I heard a splash and a gosh-a-mighty crash as a hundred pounds of tuna jumped my rail; then the hungry-looking snout of a chasing shark poked out, till I broke my oar on him and he turned tail

Now it may have been the fright and th storm-shot, murky light, but I'll swear tha tuna eyed me gratefully. Anyway, my chance was slim and I had to trust to him quick drowning weren't the scheduled fat for me.

"Mr. Tuna," I remarked, "you are useless where you're parked." You'd 'a mistered him yourself in such a pickle. So I harnessed him with cord and I shoved him overboard, and I hoped he knew the way and wasn't fickle.

Then the hurricane broke loose, and it wasn't any use to attempt to steer my ocean-model fliv; but I knew he couldn't fail as I poked him in the tail and he bucked the tide with all that he could give. Plowing forward, battered back, holding grimly to the track, that good fish staged an epic tug of war; and I shook him by the fin when he'd brought me safely in, and I never fish for tunas any more.

—R. S. Underwood.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Wherever time is treasured and beauty prized you find the watch of railroad accuracy

THE "BUCHANAN"

A BEAUTIFUL new Hamilton chased case of green or white filled gold. 17-jewel adjusted movement. Priced at $50.00.

THE "FILLMORE"

ANOTHER attractive Hamilton that your jeweler can supply in a daintily chased case of green or white gold. 17-jewel adjusted movement. Priced at $50.00.

THE pocket model shown on the left is the Hamilton "Masterpiece." Case of 18-k green or white gold, hand made throughout, dial of sterling silver with 18-k gold numerals, at $250.00; can also be supplied with platinum case at $685.00.

Choose from a variety of beautiful models ...including many at $50

WHEN you want the utmost in watch beauty and timekeeping quality—choose the watch of railroad accuracy.

It has earned its reputation by years of unfailing service where accuracy is vital—on the railroads of America. Famous flyers—the 20th Century, the Broadway Limited, the Olympian, the California Limited, and many others—are timed by the Hamilton Watch. The Hamilton holds a unique prestige with railroad men because it has justly earned its reputation by meeting the exacting demands of railroad service.

For gifts or for your own personal use, you may choose from many beautiful Hamilton models. Illustrated here are several at $50.

Other models may be had at prices from $48 to $685.

Choose any style in confidence, for each is a Hamilton of the same high Hamilton standard of accuracy. Each is a beautiful watch, prized for its beauty, which alone can equal its matchless timekeeping quality.

Ask your jeweler to show you his assortment of Hamiltons. We can show you a wide variety of pocket and strap models for men, and charming wrist watches for women.

We have prepared two very useful booklets, "The Care of Your Watch," and "The Timekeeper." We will gladly send both on request. Address Hamilton Watch Company, 850 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

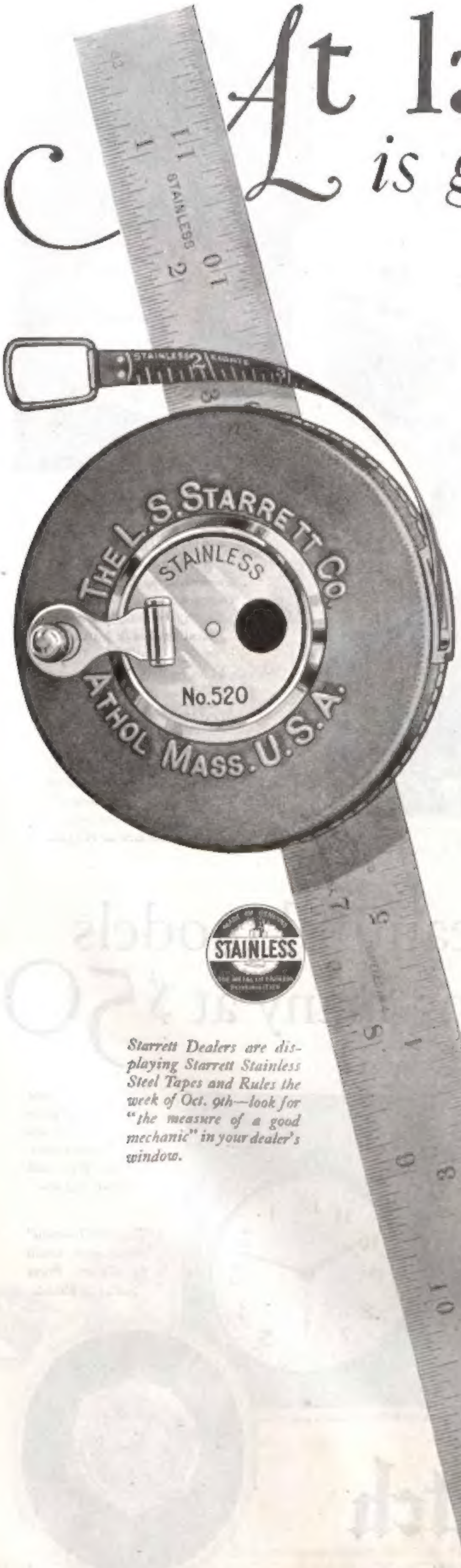
The "Jefferson" case of filled green or white gold, 17-jewel adjusted movement. $50.00. With dial shown, $53.00.

The new "Tonneau" model wrist watch for women. Prices $48.00 to $60.00.

Hamilton Watch

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

At last *a* STEEL TAPE *that is genuine* STAINLESS STEEL



Starrett Dealers are displaying Starrett Stainless Steel Tapes and Rules the week of Oct. 9th—look for "the measure of a good mechanic" in your dealer's window.

The measure of a good mechanic—wherever good tools are used

HERE, at last, is a steel tape that won't rust. Carpenters, builders, contractors, surveyors, mechanics—everybody who has used steel tapes knows how often they have to be scoured and what scouring does to a tape.

But this tape *can't* rust—it's made from genuine Stainless Steel. Use it in mud and water as much as you like—and then wind it up and forget it. It won't rust or stain, it will never need scouring or cleaning and the graduations will be as sharp and distinct after years of use as when the tape was new.

Made in 50, 75 and 100 ft. lengths of genuine Stainless Steel; graduated in feet, inches and eighths of an inch or in feet, tenths and hundredths of a foot. Quick reading figures—the foot mark is shown in a different sized figure before each inch mark. Has leather case and push button handle. Ask your hardware dealer for Starrett Stainless Steel Tape No. 520.

You also get these same fine non-rusting qualities in Starrett Stainless Steel Rules, 6 and 12-inch lengths, hardened and tempered, and in 6-inch lengths flexible—graduated in 8ths and 16ths on one side and 32nds and 64ths on the other.

If you're interested in fine tools, write for a free copy of the 352 page Starrett Catalog, No. 23 S. P.

THE L. S. STARRETT CO., ATHOL, MASS.

"STEEL TAPES—STANDARD FOR ACCURACY"

World's Greatest Tool Makers

Starrett STAINLESS STEEL Tapes and Rules

Genuine Stainless Steel is manufactured only under the patents of the

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY · COMMONWEALTH BUILDING · PITTSBURGH, PENNA

for Pies—
Puddings *and* Custards

THE creamy consistency—the "melt in your mouth" texture—the wonderful flavor of perfect pies and puddings and custards—are assured by the use of Pet Milk, and you will require less butter and fewer eggs than with ordinary milk.

The distinctive richness and flavor of Pet Milk guarantees the same unusual results in all your cooking. Pet Milk is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk—every drop uniformly rich. There is no cream on the top of Pet Milk—it is always in the milk. Sterilized in sealed containers, Pet Milk is always fresh and sweet and clean. Pet Milk costs no more than ordinary milk—less than half as much as cream.

Apple Meringue Pie

2 cups apple sauce (unsweetened)	½ teaspoon salt	1 cup sugar
Grated rind of one-half lemon	2 eggs	1 cup Pet Milk
	½ teaspoon nutmeg	2 teaspoons cornstarch

To apple sauce add lemon rind, nutmeg, salt, cornstarch, and sugar. Beat egg yolks slightly, add Pet Milk and water. Combine two mixtures. Turn into pie pan lined with plain pastry. Bake in quick oven (450° F) ten minutes. Reduce to moderate oven (350° F) twenty to twenty-five minutes. Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites with two tablespoons sugar. Return to oven to cook meringue.

Illustrated below, is our new book, which we will send free upon request. It will show you, in a hundred recipes, how Pet Milk will give you better food, at lower cost with greater convenience.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
836 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Now... Fresh and fragrant from the oven–*Daily*

Today you can get bakers' breads, cakes and pastries—fresh each day—just around the corner or delivered at your door

How different from the days when women baked at home! Then—one day's bake had to last for many days. Now—your baker bakes *fresh* breads, cakes and pastries for you every day.

Special breads and rolls of every kind—and dainty cakes and pastries—the modern baker makes them all. And always they come to you pure and wholesome—fresh and fragrant from his oven. For bakers today use *your* methods. Their ingredients are the same reliable brands that you have used for years.

And wherever you live—bakery products are convenient for you to buy. You can be sure to get them pure and fresh right in your neighborhood. A short trip to the nearest store or bakery; or a phone call; or delivered at your door. It saves you time. It is economical.

35,000 bakers working together for you

Today bakers work together. They have their own schools to train their men. They have their own laboratories where all their methods are tested. The scientific world is helping them, too. The bakers are working with thousands of chemists and dieticians—home economics teachers—domestic science experts—the millers of flour—to bring health to you and your family.

Eventually

Why Not Now?

You can honestly call the modern bakers' products true "health" products. For they are the kind that authorities agree is the best and most wholesome for you.

* * * *

More than 15,000 bakers in the United States and 10,000 in foreign countries use Gold Medal Flour. Because it "acts" the same perfect way in all their baking. At least 50% of baking success depends upon the way a flour "acts" in the oven. But the average flour may not always act the right way. Although the same chemically, a flour often differs in baking results.

The one sure way a miller can tell how his flour will act, is to bake with it himself first. That is why we bake with samples of each run of Gold Medal Flour at each mill—in one of our Test Bakeshops every hour in the day. In this way each batch proves its uniformity and stability—before it leaves the mill. Bakers who use Gold Medal Flour are sure of serving you the same high quality products each day.

A special word to bakers

If you are not receiving the Gold Medal Bakers' Service, write for details or ask the Gold Medal man. This service is free. Many hundreds of bakers use it regularly. It's worth looking into. No obligation.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY; GENERAL OFFICES, MINNEAPOLIS. MILLS AT MINNEAPOLIS, BUFFALO, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO, LOUISVILLE, GREAT FALLS, KALISPELL

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Oven-tested